

THE SUPERWOMAN" A COMPLETE NOVELETTE
BY MIRIAM MICHELSON
The Bankruptcy of Beauty"—An Essay, by Edgar Saltus
August 25 Cts.

The SMART SET

*A Magazine of
Cleverness*



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is even more desirable than
good form in the drawing-room

LONDON

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Vol. XXXVII

AUGUST, 1912

No. 4

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

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452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MARK LEE LUTHER, Treasurer

The September SMART SET

A Foretaste

The Magazine of Cleverness



For Minds That Are Not Primitive

AMONG THE NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS of THE SMART SET in the past decade is that of having published many remarkable novelettes, each complete in one issue. Many of them have afterwards been reprinted in book form and become "best sellers" at the regular price of a novel; others have been dramatized with extraordinary success. The September number will contain a complete novelette which has aroused the enthusiasm of our whole editorial staff. The story is called "Her Soul and Her Body," and Louise Closser Hale, the well-known actress and novelist, is its author. It concerns the battle waged by a young woman against the conditions that surrounded her in a big city, against her own nature, and against the natures of others. If any magazine next month, or any other month in the near future, contains a more interesting, more human, more sincere, or more intense piece of constructive fiction, we want to know about it so that we may do homage to its author.

OF VERY GREAT INTEREST, TOO, will be Gelett Burgess's article on San Francisco, its people, and the quality of its life. This gifted writer has managed to instil into his pages the very essence of the joyous city by the Golden Gate, the city of "go as you please" and "do as you like."

THE LENGTH OF A STORY, of course, has nothing whatever to do with its merit. The September SMART SET will contain a little story, "The Rules of the Game," by Paul Crissey, which occupies less than three pages; but if it does not send a thrill along your spinal column, we miss our guess. It has to do with the supreme devotion of a newspaper man to the requirements of his calling.

"BLUEBEARD FOR GROWN-UPS," by Anne Warner, is a delightfully whimsical and audacious modern version, very much adapted, of the old fairy-tale. "The Yellow

Motor Car," by Robert Emmet MacAlarney, is a dramatic story with a strong psychic element in it. "Revelation," by Gertrude Lynch, deals with the situation of a woman of great natural charm who gave up what promised to be a brilliant career to become the wife of a man who seemed to have no particular distinction. "A Daughter of the Stars," by Martha McCulloch-Williams, tells the tale of a horse-race at a Hunt Club Meeting, a horse-race that was really a duel. It is as spirited a piece of narrative as we have read for a long time. The reader is carried along breathlessly with the race and finds himself hurling his body over the last jump with the contending horses. "When East Meets West," by Adaschi Kinnosuke, is another story of strenuous physical endeavor. This time it is a long swimming race in Japanese waters, the principal contenders being a Japanese and an American. The American performs an act of heroism; but the story is told from the Japanese point of view, in quaint and amusing Japanese English. "Duras the Great," by Herman Marcus, is a story of the Latin quarter in Paris, with a pathetic interest and clever touches of local color.

NEXT MONTH'S ONE-ACT PLAY will be "Ministers of Grace," by J. Hartley Manners. It deals with an embarrassing situation in the life of an English statesman. Mr. Manners's dialogue is a model of crispness and precision.

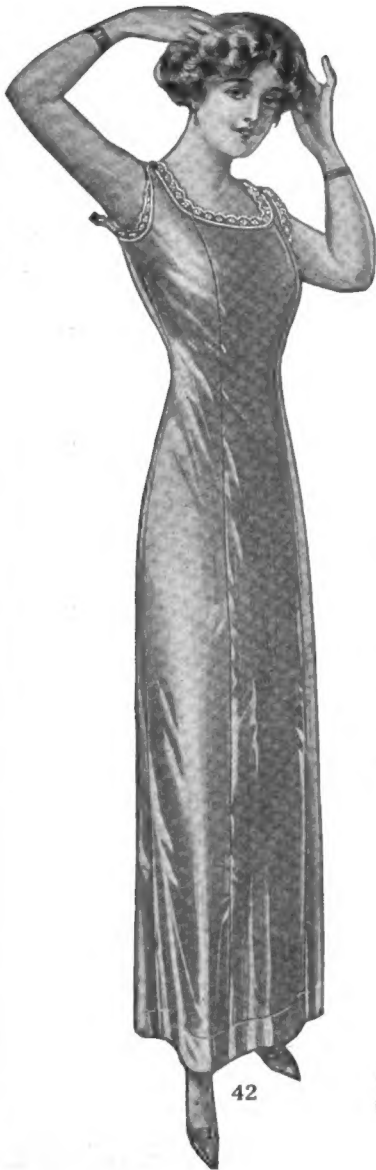
THOSE BREEZY IRREPRESSIBLES, H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, will contribute articles respectively on the books and plays of the day, and the magazine will contain a wealth of epigrams and short witticisms.

THE FRONTISPIECE should be of unusual interest. It is a picture made for THE SMART SET by Rose Cecil O'Neill, a picture that inspired Richard Le Gallienne to write some verses which will be published with it.

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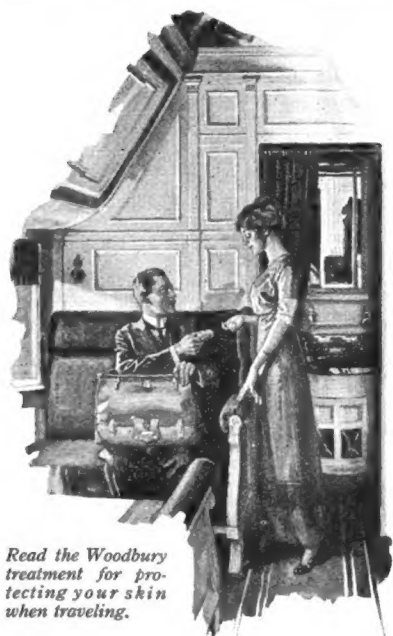
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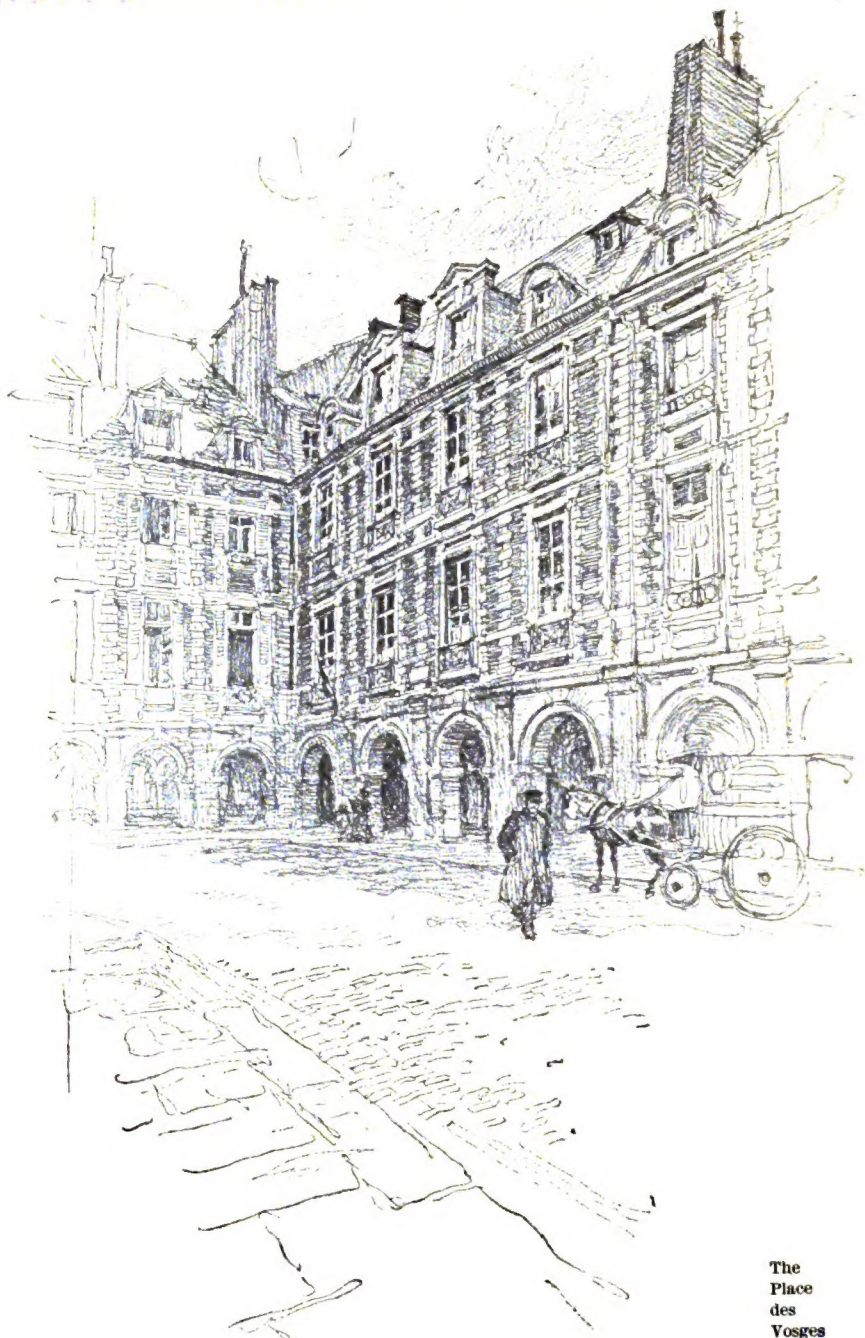
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THE SUPERWOMAN

By Miriam Michelson

IT was a curious chance that had brought the three together aboard the same ship—a most disagreeable chance, Welburn declared it, when he and Millicent Bourn met Mrs. Finlayson face to face at the foot of the main stairway.

He and Millicent, with Mrs. Bourn of course behind them, were coming up from the saloon. Mrs. Finlayson was coming down. And a superb descent hers was! She was in black, a black of elegance, of distinction, in which the poise of her exquisite figure was apparent—in fact, just apparent enough. And the black hat—despite its exaggeration of smartness, its ultra-long, wide plumes and almost grotesque size—became on that wonderfully placed head and throat the fitting crown to a face whose radiant charm challenged the roses she carried.

They were his roses; Welburn noted this with satisfaction, even in the vexed moment in which he recognized the difficulties of the situation. He had selected those gorgeous American Beauties himself, and he thrilled now to see how perfectly the young widow became them. He had not known what boat she was taking across; he had left it to Seldner, his man, to find that out and to see that the flowers reached her.

And now here they were together, the

three of them, he and the two women, one of whom he intended to marry.

Welburn did not like it; in fact, he distinctly disliked it. He had taken passage on the boat the Bourns had chosen with the determination to give five days to his fancy for Millicent Bourn and to see what came of it. If in the close consecutive companionship of ship life she should still seem to him the delightfully girlish, tender, docile, well bred, properly schooled and exquisitely pretty little thing he had known her, why, then he would marry her.

He had said it to himself, and he meant it, though he sighed as he said it, thinking regretfully of the *diablerie* that was Paula Finlayson, the fearless sophistication of her, the wit and worldly wisdom—all aside from her beauty. Ah, the man that married Paula would never be bored for a moment, would never curse the sodden futility of life, the worthless inadequacy of accomplishment, the ennui of inaction!

And Welburn had been so bored all his life, all his life! Oh, how he had wished with a fever of desire that there had been something to wish for! To crave, to want, to hunger for something—anything! To will with passion to have; to fight, to struggle; to care enough to struggle! To live! For what is life

but to want and to get, or even fail to get? - And he had merely got all his life without wishing first, as his father had before him, and *his* father, too. Welburn's was a heritage of distinction as well as of caste.

Therefore what could he want? How could one want whose millions slipped ever before him superserviceably anticipating, quenching desire; whose childhood had been a succession of unwished-for toys, of unearned diversions; whose manhood's talents had never tested themselves, for all those eager, golden fingers that officiously fitted keys to every lock before he could even long to break one open?

But he had decided to marry because—well, merely because. There were subsidiary reasons, such as disgust at the temporary substitutes for a mate which a multimillionaire might find, but it was not this that really determined him; nor was it because of the dignity of the married state, nor the prestige of family appanage, nor the feebleness and incongruity of old bachelorhood. To be honest, and he was honest with himself—a man of great wealth could afford to be, he had often said—the reason that he was marrying was because that was the next thing to do.

And he was marrying either little Millicent Bourn or Paula Finlayson; either of them, he said with a grin to himself, because both being of his caste and to be won only on the terms of a man's complete surrender, he could not wed both.

And now here they were together on board. He might not even, having the presence of the one, learn to long for the other. Both were here. Both were willing.

Ah, didn't he know it? Didn't Millicent show it, in every unconscious turn of her girlish body, that felt his presence as naively as a flower feels the sun, as a petted dog quivers in anticipation of its master's touch? Didn't Paula show it, by every artful grace she could not but exhibit before him, by every clever intuition, by her tact and her social skill, by her very garments, by the daring suggestion her eyes made to his?

And here they stood within his hand's reach, the flower of the women of his class, the two perfect blossoms shaped by wealth and culture and caste. In all the garden where his kind was privileged to rove, there was nothing to equal them. If ever women were worth the price a man has to pay for such as these, the two who stood—one behind and below him on the stairway, the other just above—these two spelled value received for a man's liberty and the perquisites of the wedding ring.

Perhaps, he said whimsically to himself, all in the moment before speech that they stood there, perhaps he might take one, and so at last come to know what it was to want—to want the other.

But which one, and which should be the other, Welburn had not decided when evening came—nor when the second evening came—nor the third. But he had determined to make his decision before the boat landed. If he did not, then he must toss up for it.

Therefore on the fourth night he did not sleep; in fact, he did not go to his suite at all, but told his man to turn in and not to wait for him. Snug in his fur-lined burberry, though a high wind was on and the sea wild with a driving rainstorm, he walked the deck as long as he could keep his feet, walked and pondered and let fancy picture the future for him, first with Millicent for his wife and then with Paula Finlayson.

And then suddenly, as he was standing clinging to the railing, so deep in thought as to be half unconscious of the madness of the storm and of the gigantic battle between the great ship and the furious sea, a mighty wave broke over the struggling vessel, and, receding, swept Welburn off his feet and away with it.

II

WELBURN could swim. At college, after a tremendous water feat, they had christened him the "Twentieth Century Leander."

"Leander!" he had repeated then, folding his dripping arms and standing

a moment in his trunks facing his admirers. "Leander—bah! Show me the Hero worth swimming for, the girl that won't meet a fellow half—no, three-quarters—of the way!"

Tonight, after the first submerging and the resenting reaction of his body against the indignity of force—a body that had been guarded and trained and ministered to since babyhood by experts in the cult of the flesh—he came to the surface, struggled from his coat and struck out manfully. Then, lifting himself high in the water, he shouted for help.

Again he shouted. And again.

The steamer, a high, black mass a-twinkle with lights, nosing doggedly into the black storm ahead, passed with the rush of a limited train. And he went down again into the boiling whirlpool she left behind her.

When once more he came to the surface and cleared his lungs, he shouted again for help. And again. And then, though he could no longer see the steamer's outline, nor hear for the buffeting of the waves, he called again.

The feebleness of his cry in that roar of the elements was absurd, even to Welburn. He unfastened his shoes when he could and kicked them from him, swam a few strokes, rested, and then relieved himself of his coat and waistcoat and swam on again.

Where? In what direction? Wherefore?

Never once in that struggle in the cold, wet blackness did the questions come to him. He swam because he could swim. He swam ahead because that was his route so far as he knew, the route he would have taken had he been lying aboard ship snug in his cabin *de luxe* with its perfectly appointed bath, its private dining room and drawing rooms.

"I'd have done better," he said to himself as he buffeted his way along, "to have tossed up for it—heads, Millicent; tails, Paula—and gone to bed and to sleep on it."

He felt himself shivering with the cold of that black night water. He struck out then with a swift, long over-

head stroke that set his heart to beating hotly.

"Wonder which it would have been?" he mused—or rather, something in him, independent of him, mused. "Heads or tails?"

His eyes began to become accustomed to the darkness; he could see now the white gleam of foam at the edge of the rushing waves when they broke. He threw himself upon his back and looked up into the black heavens, but the sharp rain cut his face, and, because he was weakened probably, he did not protect himself and the waves swept the salt water into his lungs.

He was still weaker when he had cleared his lungs and, turning on his side again, swept forward. But even then he, or some part of him, muttered: "All for love or the world well lost!" and his strained, salt-frozen features stiffened into a cynical grin.

And all the while he swam—swam as though ahead of him, a mile maybe, or two, or even five or ten or twenty, lay land and life and common, ordinary things.

"If only it had been love," he said once in that unreasoning, hindered, buffeted passage onward through nothingness to nothingness—"if only it had been, it might—have been—worth while."

It was not only his words that came in gasps now; his thought, too, hesitated. In time he was capable of no thought further than the reflections that had come to him since he struck the water. All else he forgot; but over these he went again and again mechanically, hardly knowing that the thought, each time it presented itself, was not new.

He knew cold and darkness and the strangling taste of salt water; and, too, his body began to know utter weariness, the fatigue of superhuman, impotent effort. But all this was physical. Behind the senses thought slumbered or was drowned, only now and then coming to the surface with a mechanical iteration that was robbed now of meaning. He knew always that he was swimming for his life. But the only words that were left to him at the last were the

foolish words in which he had couched a foolish thought.

So he muttered, "Heads, Millicent; tails, Paula," without the slightest concurrence between expression and will.

And so he swam and lost consciousness, but swam still and found it again; and found himself measuring his futile strokes, beating them futilely against the tireless waves to the rhythm of his folly: "Heads, Millicent; tails, Paula."

III

WHEN he woke to life and felt the rise and fall of a vessel's deck under him—though he had no idea how he had come there, nor whether the last sinking he remembered had indeed been the last—the rhythm of that senseless tune he had chanted so long still twisted his blue, shivering lips.

"Heads, Millicent," he whispered through his agony of living again, to somebody whose arm he felt uplifting his frozen, stiffened body. "Tails, Paula."

And then, under the illusion that he had unburdened himself of a communication of tremendous significance, he fell back again into the blackness of unconsciousness, and revived, not knowing how many hours and days had passed in the interval, to mumble feebly: "Was it heads—or—or was it tails?"

There was no answer. And this time Welburn was himself enough to resent it.

"Heads—or tails?" he demanded authoritatively.

It was all the ideas he had. Apart from physical sensations—and these were all torture now—it was the only consciousness of life he possessed. Obscurely to some blind instinct that was fighting for his reason the thought was of value, merely because it was all he had. It seemed to him a vital necessity to cling to this, therefore, to insist upon it.

"Heads or tails?" he mumbled again, and, his will dragging consciousness with it as one might drag a dead weight to light against almost overmastering

forces, with such an effort his groping hand found his pocket and sought there for a coin to toss.

That was the limit, though, of his endeavor. He knew that he had failed; he knew that he was no longer in the sea—though in dreams for months after he beat his way nightly through mountains of water—but he did not know when he was taken off the boat that had rescued him, nor where he was, nor the sort of people into whose hands he had fallen. Although he must at times, during the days when he was being nursed back to life, have lifted his eyes to the strange faces that bent over him while he drank from the cup held to his lips, he never afterward remembered seeing anyone between the time he had been swept overboard and the day that Gurtha stood before him.

She stood in the doorway of the little house, a heroic figure, looking curiously down upon him as he lay outstretched, large, statuesque, deep-bodied, wide-breasted, clear-eyed. And he knew there was only curiosity in those eyes of hers in almost the same moment that he knew she was there. The heavy braids of her brown hair were wreathed about her haughty head and low across her forehead; he noted this unconsciously, and that her wide parted lips showed teeth square, strong and white. The folds of the single garment wrapped about her left bare an arm and shoulder massively strong yet shapely, legs sinewy and to him unbeautiful, and sandaled feet large, compact and perfectly proportioned.

He supposed it was his illness, his weakness that made the sight of her unpleasant to him. He turned from her in distaste; she was too big for a woman, too calm, too arrogantly poised. She made him feel weak, effeminate—doubtless, he reminded himself, because he was ill. But he closed his eyes to shut her out.

Then suddenly as he did so he had a vision of what memory had shut in behind those lowered lids. He saw Millicent Bourn as he had seen her last—blonde, petite, childlike, exquisitely, softly, fragiley pretty in the

delicate fabric of her girlish white embroidered frock. And he saw Paula in her sapphires and emeralds, her trailing peacock blue chiffon with the shimmering of iridescent net that caught and held it, clinging to that lithe, sinuous body of hers as though it loved it.

Ah! He caught his breath. Now he wanted—with all his soul he wanted something. And that something was civilization.

It was a suddenly perceived want that told this to his mind, though his body, for all the days that he had lain there sick and suffering and beaten, had craved, dumbly craved, for the comforts of that very civilization he had not known he lacked—till he saw Gurtha.

Quickly he opened his eyes and saw her again. The unbleached linen sort of chiton that clothed her had slipped aside as she bent for a moment to enter below the low lintel, and her left breast showed full and round and firm, set high upon her broad chest and strongly uppointed.

Welburn's features twisted into a quick grimace. His world knew him as anything but an anchorite, but just now there was to him something grossly distasteful about the figure that came toward him, something he would have called almost indecent in this half-clad, boldly erect young woman, whose stride in its long, wonderful lines was like a man's—no, like some animal's—a panther's, perhaps. And yet some ungainly animal's, he added to himself, for his mind's eye was filled with the petticoated grace of cultured girlhood in Millicent Bourn, the grace of artful maturity in Paula Finlayson.

Oh, to hear the sound of silks as women move! In memory it came to Welburn, a music of the spheres. At the thought, suddenly his eyes lit with laughter. Whose skirts? What woman's? He asked himself the question, and decided then and there to let chance solve the riddle.

Again his hand sought his pocket; and as he made the gesture it seemed to him—so long he had lain unconscious, so complete was the gap he had not

bridged—but the consummation of the thought that had come to him aboard the boat that rescued him.

But he had no pockets, he discovered. He was clothed in a long, loose, sleeveless tunic, the color and texture of that worn by this strapping young woman who now bent over him.

"I want to flip a coin," he said peremptorily, irritated by his pocketless, pajamaless condition. "Where are my trousers?"

She paid not the slightest attention. Putting his hands aside and holding them with a placid strength that astonished him, she felt with wise, experienced fingers of his ribs on the left side and then on the right; and under that strong, knowing pressure, so skillfully directed, he felt pain.

"Rib smashed, eh?" he said, and discovered that it was difficult to draw a full breath.

She did not answer. She bent her head. "By Jove, what braids!" Welburn exclaimed to himself. Her ear over his left lung, she listened carefully to his breathing.

Then she tested the rib again, just where Welburn knew now the hurt lay, watching him attentively to see when he winced, till he cried out angrily and shook himself free of those strong, merciless hands.

"Yes, you've struck it all right," he snarled. "Suppose you take a hammer now and make sure!"

She looked down upon him a moment reflectively, and Welburn said to himself that he hated gray eyes in a woman, particularly that dark, greenish gray without a hint of blue in it; and then she turned without a word and walked out of the place.

IV

HE pulled himself up with difficulty and lifted his head to look after her.

Perhaps she was dumb. But even so, she certainly was not deaf, or she could have had no reason to listen to his breathing. Having her hearing then, she had heard him speak and had calmly ignored everything he had said.

He was obliged to lie down quickly; he found that he was very weak.

His pillow annoyed him. It wasn't a pillow really, but a small, hard cylinder that fitted into the nape of the neck. Oh, for a pillow, the full, freshly laundered, fine, linen-covered down ones smelling faintly of lavender which Seldner used to place with almost reverential care one behind the other when he opened his master's bed at night and laid out the silk pajamas on the chair and the slippers beside it.

Welburn took the cylinder from beneath his head and hurled it as far as his strength would permit. It went clear across the room and, banging forcibly against a shelf whereon stood a row of jugs and plates of a deep red pottery, sent them crashing to the floor. With a sigh of content Welburn settled back on his bed.

A little old man came running in. He looked bewildered from the broken pottery upon the floor to Welburn upon the bed and back again. And his amazement was so great and so genuine that Welburn laughed aloud.

The man looked up from his task—he was picking up the pieces of pottery from the floor—and, the pillow in his hands, came trotting over to Welburn. Welburn took the pillow from him and, instead of placing it under his head as the old fellow evidently expected, sent it flying again to the shelf upon which the pottery had stood. A light of comprehension dawned in the little man's eyes.

"Exactly," said Welburn drily. "You can see through a hole in a millstone yourself, evidently. Perspicacious old party, you are."

The old man turned from contemplation of the shelf upon which Welburn's pillow now rested and, at first hesitatingly, as though distrusting Welburn's sanity and his capacity to reply reasonably, and then more rapidly and eagerly as he saw the stranger's eye fixed lucidly upon him, burst into speech—in a tongue which Welburn had never heard.

Welburn listened eagerly. His ear drank in the uncomprehended words,

for he had not heard human speech for ages, it seemed to him—ages ago when Paula Finlayson—the last to leave the deck late that last night on the steamer—had looked up at him, in her dark, deep eyes the light whose significance he had thrilled to as she herself was thrilled. He knew that by the rise and fall of her breast beneath the chiffon that exquisitely revealed its contour.

"Good night," she had said in her sweet, warm contralto. "Good night, dear old boy." She put a hand on his arm, warm and white and blazing with jewels. "There was an ass—Balaam's, the Scriptures say," she whispered, "who knew not how to take the gifts the gods provided. Good night." And she had danced away, blowing back to him a kiss from the ends of her fingers whose pressure he still felt upon his arm.

Ah, what an ass he had been, indeed!

He looked up at the little old man in front of him, still chanting in his syncopated speech, still marking every phrase with a rising inflection that plainly demanded an answer.

"Foolish question number nine hundred and ninety-nine!" said Welburn when at last he paused. "I suppose you want to know what there is in it for you if you restore one Hugh Ellinwood Welburn to the bosom of his family, to his friends, to little old New York and the world in general, eh?"

A torrent of speech broke from the old man. It was accompanied by much gesture, out toward the open door where Welburn heard now the surging of the sea, out toward the glassless window through which came the sound of many soft, sandaled footsteps, up toward the open roof and even down to the floor. And here was a gesture that Welburn thought he comprehended, the gruesome pantomime of burial, the universal, common process of entombment the old man was sketching with his gnarled, trembling hands.

"Yes, yes, you mean you thought you'd have to do that same kind office for yours truly," interrupted Welburn with a shiver. "Thanks, awfully. But now what's more to the purpose is: Where am I? Who the devil are you

people? Is there cable connection in this God-forsaken Somewhere? After you found me and hauled me into your boat, where did you take me? Where's my belt with my money and papers? I'll settle with you all right. Can't you send me the chief, if you've got one? Any old high muck-a-muck will do. I want to get into communication with New York. Are there any Americans or English here? I want—oh, hell, I want everything! I want to get out o' this. I want a doctor, d'ye hear? And I want to know what right that female who poses for the almost altogether has to jab me in the ribs where they seem cracked, and what she found out by laying her dear head so confidently upon this manly breast—and, incidentally, where she got her manners."

To this outburst the old man joyfully responded. It gave him pleasure evidently to know his charge a talking and a rational being, however incomprehensible. And as he talked, more slowly now and carefully, it seemed to Welburn that, though his meaning was altogether beyond him, he caught a word now and then that was familiar, a German word, he fancied, in a maze of unfamiliar sound, a sort of old High German of the Dark Ages, it might have been, he surmised, with a remote likeness to the Suabian dialect. Welburn, who had been educated abroad, had spent some time on classical linguistic philology, and felt himself upon not entirely unfamiliar ground.

"Undoubtedly, my dear sir," he said at length with a sneer. "I don't know what the deuce you're saying, and you are evidently a benighted being that never heard of English, or Volapuk, either, I'll bet. I wonder if I might try you in Dutch or—or Lord knows what!" He was depressed by the knowledge that communication between himself and his rescuers was impossible. He realized the futility of speech on his part, as on theirs; besides, he was very weary now, and weak, too. "All that you say is beautifully expressed and shows perfect judgment," he added with a wry grin. "In other words, you can spiel to beat

the band; the only difficulty is you don't say anything. Consequently, this talk-fest of ours may just as well quit right here. Gee, I'm tired!" Wearily he closed his eyes.

The situation was worse than he had expected. If there was no one among these queer folk that he could make understand, his return to comfort, to his people, to Manhattan in short, might be postponed for some time. And he wanted—more intensely than he had ever wanted in his life—he wanted his own—now, this moment. He wanted care. He wanted comfort. He wanted consideration, subservience—the everyday things he had had ever since he had known himself and his world. He was wretchedly weak, and there was a curious hollow sort of agony somewhere under one of his left ribs. It seemed to him he was so tired that a world of lifetimes could not rest him. And he lay upon a narrow pallet of boughs on an earthen floor among a beastly lot of—of dagoes, he growled to himself for want of a better word. And you never could have made him believe that, even among savages, there could be so unfeeling a creature as that one who had poked and prodded him and found out—he knew she had—what was the trouble with him, and then walked off unconcernedly without a word, even a word in her own tongue. And he could not make himself understood. And he was helpless and sick and stripped of his clothes. And—and— He pulled himself together. Suppose so! One needn't behave like a woman about it.

The situation was temporary, though horribly disagreeable. Other fellows, of course, had had unpleasant adventures, and had described them afterward as though they were the greatest jokes imaginable. He should have much sport relating it all when he got back. What a stir it would create! He could imagine the newspaper accounts.

And yet there were tears of utter weakness in his eyes when after some minutes he felt an arm slip under his head and, looking up, saw the little old man bending over him. He held a bowl in his hand of that same dark red

pottery which Welburn had destroyed so enjoyingly.

Welburn was so weak and indifferent now that he wondered at and envied himself even the wrathful desire for expression that had moved him. Now he could only drink from the bowl. Its contents were strange to his eye, and their taste not such as to provoke an Epicurean palate. But the stuff was hot and soothing and satisfying.

He drank it all with the old man's encouragement and help. Then he settled down upon his cot, and soon he slept.

V

IN the days that followed Welburn learned much. He learned patience, for one thing, and gratitude. For the old man's care was incessant. A sharp pneumonia had developed in Welburn's left lung, due he supposed to its being pierced by the broken rib; and he was, of course, weakened by exposure and handicapped by the lack of comforts to which his body was accustomed.

He learned to know what longing is. But the things he longed for would have made him shout with derisive mirth, if there had been either mirth or derision left in him. He lay long days thinking; he dreamed at night of doctors, of doctors and nurses and clean, comfortable hospital beds and medicine bottles and—yes, the odor of hospital disinfectants. He wanted so much, he had so little. Oh, for the frock-coated, suave, deferential man of medicine with the flattering seriousness with which he regards a millionaire's ailments, the capable hands of him, the scientific gravity, the artful eye, the manner of weight, of purpose, of power! How curative, how blessedly curative the whole civilized hocus-pocus of his practice! Fevered, in pain, in doubt as to the effect of the curious treatment to which he was subjected, his morale weakened by isolation from all that was familiar, by bodily helplessness and mental imprisonment due to ignorance of the strange tongue this people spoke—Welburn thirsted for the pathological

priest of civilization with a fervor that had its pathos as well as its absurdity.

He waked often with a word on his lips to a white-capped, white-robed nurse of whom he had dreamed, and his voice (which the old man who tended him had never heard save authoritatively, in irritated resentment at lack of comprehension, at lack of comfort, at pain) was melodious now with satisfaction, with consideration.

If at this stage of his illness Welburn could have been asked what was in his estimation the crowning glory of twentieth century civilization, he would probably have answered—starch! Starched skirts, starched cuffs and collar, and a fever chart—and a clinical thermometer. He wanted nurses, many of them, a whole hospital staff if he could have telephoned for them, all white-robed, all quick-footed and soft-voiced, all experienced, attentive, eager, devoted, as millionaires' nurses should be.

And he had so little. Only a wrinkled, mild-eyed little old man whose name, so far as Welburn could judge from its frequent repetition accompanied by a gnarled finger pointing at himself, was Ainu. This, and the smell of something like eucalyptus oil vaporized, and the odor of its burning leaves.

He learned, as his disease ran its course and his vitality went down under the virulence of it, to feed his imagination deliberately as a morphine fiend might on dreams, whose fatuity was mercifully not apparent to one so weakened as himself; dreams of how delightful it would have been to be thus ill at Ellinwood Towers, his newest country place, or on the yacht, or abroad, for the flutter the illness of H. E. Welburn would cause among European medical savants. But he found himself, after luxurious contemplation of each of these blissful possibilities, fixing upon New York as the place of all places in the world where he wished to be and to be ill in. Oh, the many, many doctors there, and the nurses, and the hospitals! In imagination he saw himself lying in turn in every one of them, with the whole hospital staff concerned about him, with every nurse upon the

qui vive for his comfort, with the city's administration even so wrought up about him that the streets upon which the hospital abutted were withdrawn from traffic and covered with tanbark.

And the newspapers—oh, the columns and columns of printed hopes and fears of the effect of such a death upon the nation's finances; the photographs of himself and his mills and his forests and his factories, his corporation presidencies and directorships, his country places, his city residences, his philanthropic fads, and feats social, erotic and athletic! Oh, the gluttonous delights of disease under such conditions! To be ill in New York!

In the critical hours of his illness, shut in upon himself, without companionship, without hope, he never wished himself well; he had not strength enough for that. To be ill and cared for in modern scientific fashion, this was the acme of desire to the multimillionaire, H. E. Welburn. And he felt that one might even die content, if twentieth century American doctors and nurses could not save one.

Imagine the funeral. The mighty men of dollars who would mourn, and sincerely, for many a house of finance would go down in wreck, many a fortune be offered up on the funeral pyre of a Welburn. And the priests of high politics that would be affected, and the social blight on all his many connections, and the flags at half-mast, and the massive buildings draped in black, and the long, long lines of silent marching men, his men, his workmen, whose industrial lives and fortunes he held in the hollow of his hand, tramping, tramping solemnly through the hushed, cleared streets behind his prone, quiet body.

A tear—a tear of self-pity, of weakness, of sorrowing resignation—slid from beneath his closed, fluttering eyelids and ran down his cheek.

That tear and the wet path it traced before it was lost under his unpillowed head shocked and astonished Welburn. He opened his eyes full of protest at his own incredible sentimentality.

They fell upon Gurtha.

VI

A FLUSH of shame, of intolerable indignity, swept over Welburn's body. A woman had seen him weep. At that unbearable thought he could have wept again—with rage. How he hated this woman—hated her with that burning hate the proud spirit has for the one who beholds it humiliated!

His eyes, still tear-suffused, sought hers defiantly.

She met them for a moment incuriously, almost abstractedly; there was no surprise in her own calm gaze, and no sympathy.

Welburn winced. There was something even worse than being caught sniffing by a woman. What if the woman were utterly unmoved by and uninterested in the fact?

He caught his breath and his fists tightened.

"Oh, you ministering angel!" he said aloud—as loud as he could, which was a weak whisper, devoid of strength as well as humor, a mere gasp of wrathful sarcasm. "You sweet and tender creature! You—you everlasting womanly near-divinity! I—I'd like to wring your neck!"

She listened, not to the words evidently, but to the querulous, febrile quality of his voice. Then she turned and gave a quick order to Ainu, and the obsequious little man obediently hurried away.

She bent over him then intently, her strong hands hurrying over the examination, her ear listening at his breast, her probing eyes upon his drawn cheek, his fever-tightened mouth, his shining, raging, sullen eyes. Once she even lifted him, and sitting there beside him bracing his body with hers, she held him upright while she listened between his shoulders to his labored breathing.

He let her do with him what she would; he was too weak to resist, to care. He longed for only one thing—to speak her tongue, of which he could but stammer a few bare substantives, that he might tell her what he thought of her, sexless, unpitying savage that she was!

Oh, how Millicent Bourn would have behaved under such circumstances! How solicitous her sweet face would have been! How she would have pitied him!

A hysterical gasp shook him. Instantly Gurtha's eyes were upon him.

He ground his teeth. He would die before he should sob outright in this woman's presence.

He turned from her. It was an instinctive movement of repulsion, but he could not bear the pain it cost him to lie upon his left side. With a sigh of utter surrender he fell back and lay prone.

Ainu came back, not alone. Behind him walked four sturdy, sandaled men, clad like him in the linen tunic, and bearing a litter. Upon this, at a command from Gurtha, they laid him; and he moaned, despite himself, at the pain the mere moving cost him. The bearers looked curiously down upon him then, curiously and a bit contemptuously.

Then Gurtha covered him with a great fine cloak of feathers, and walking beside him as the litter was carried out of the house, kept it close about him.

What were they doing? Where were they taking him? Welburn did not know. He thought he did not care, so weak and wretched he felt.

When they stopped to put the litter down he was unconscious. And he waked to find himself lying naked in the ground, in an open, shallow trench of hot, muddy earth, near which he could see a small geyser steaming.

He fought them in despair, in rage, in terror. Was this what they had rescued him for, to bury him alive? He cried out, and struggled and sweated and swore.

In vain. Quietly Gurtha gave orders, touching his face now and then as though to feel the temperature of the skin. The hotter he got the better she seemed satisfied. And the bearers piled the hot, moist earth about him stolidly, quickly, till presently he lay buried indeed, but only to his chin.

In utter exhaustion he closed his eyes and lay there motionless. And as he lay, to his pain-stupified brain suddenly,

even as though someone had spoken it, the word "death" came.

He knew the word in this people's tongue. He had learned it from Ainu the week before when a spider, crushed beneath the old man's foot, writhed for a moment and then stiffened and lay still. Welburn, idly lying there, had watched, and when the thing lay quiet his questioning eyes had met the other's. The old man muttered a word that evidently signified death.

And Welburn, repeating the word after him, had stiffened his own body, thrown back his head and closed his eyes in simulation of death. When he opened them, the little old man was nodding vigorously. Welburn had learned one of his first lessons in the new tongue.

Was he, Welburn asked himself now, going to die? They were evidently not going to bury him alive, since they had left his eyes and nose and mouth uncovered. But was he going to die? Oh, it was not fair that such a question could be put only to oneself! Was he going to die? He must know. Someone must tell him.

He opened his eyes and stared at Gurtha. She still stood over him considering him gravely.

"Death?" He put the question in her own language.

Quickly she bent down to him, her face alight.

"Death," he whispered, not questioningly this time, but gravely, almost resignedly.

"Death!" she cried then, and her voice rang out vibrant, sonorous, as though his weak whisper had set a great bell clanging. "Death?" She shook her head superbly and smiled.

It was wonderful to see her smile. In the very crisis of his emotion, the rebirth of hope for life that her confident voice begot in him, Welburn could but look at her. She was so splendid as she stood there with that smile of battle on her lips, in her shining eyes.

"Death!" she said again disdainfully, and smiling, shook her head. "Gurtha!" And again, tapping her own breast, "Gurtha."

She was promising it to him, promising him life. Who could doubt that superb assurance?

Welburn closed his eyes.

Soon, all through his relaxed body, a welcome warmth diffused. Soon his laboring lungs felt the balm of a curative oil, for they had placed a sort of cage about his head in which, from a purring kettle swung over a tiny heap of coals, a thin stream of vapor expanded. A fine perspiration broke out all over him; he felt a heavenly fatigue, an exquisite, painless, infinitely gentle drowsiness.

VII

"WHEN I return to my country," Welburn was saying to Gurtha, speaking slowly for the difficulties the new tongue presented, "I shall buy a steamer, fit it out and come back here to bring you many things which we have that you have not."

"You have learned quickly to speak our tongue," she said irrelevantly, looking at him with a sort of impersonal speculation which he had found particularly trying.

"Thank you," he said drily. "At college they used to tell me I had a genius for dialects."

"Yes?" she commented idly.

"Yes," he said curtly.

He had never met anyone so unresponsive to sarcasm; it was as though this woman was tone deaf to the vocal inflections which, he realized now, supplied a second language in his world, finer, more subtle than the first.

But who would think of subtlety and Gurtha in the same breath? He looked over at her with his old feeling of distaste, and met her eyes calmly regarding him. She was so deplorably unfeminine. How did the women of her world—the quizzical thought came unbidden to him—contrive to get husbands, if they were like her, so destitute of charm, of that fascinating coquetry of indirection, for instance, that ever present suggestion of flight which so spicily stimulates pursuit, that Paula Finlayson evoked in him, in every man who knew her?

He sighed heavily.

Gurtha made a quick movement of attention, of effort.

"Why—why did you not become a teacher?" she asked in the tone of one who renews an uninteresting conversation through sheer kindness.

Welburn winced, her intention was so apparent. It was as though she treated him like a sick, peevish child whose nonsense one pretends to listen to. And Welburn was not accustomed to women's regarding his conversation in that light.

"Because," he snarled, "a Welburn is altogether too valuable to the world to be turned into a mere animated dictionary."

To his surprise she turned animatedly toward him. Her face was fine, he could not help noting, when she was interested.

"Valuable!" she cried. "Useful, you mean? Splendid! Tell me, what great place is yours in your world?"

He laughed. She looked almost like the women of his world, women he had known, though modeled more largely, as she bent forward, her great eyes fixed upon him. Not in costume—he glanced deprecatingly at the uncolored linen folds that draped her—but in that natural, feminine attitude of being impressed, of desiring information about himself, so to speak, of hanging upon his words.

"My father, you know," he said lazily, "was John J. Welburn."

He said the mighty name half apologetically, as he was used to saying it to strangers, for really it was too tremendous a club to use on mere ignorance.

She waited.

He laughed again, this time with vexation. He had forgotten that, by a superlative irony of fate, he was now upon one of those few spots on the whole globe where John J. Welburn's name was not talismanic. Actually, a name like that! And this queer woman had never heard of it, did not know what it implied.

A sudden determination came to him: he would make her know.

"My father was the richest man in the world," he said baldly, partly because

his command of words in the new speech was not great, partly because of the necessity of crudely expressing himself to this crude nature, but mainly because he needed to say it once this way; it almost atoned for the deprivations, the humiliations he had suffered. "This island upon which you live, the whole island kingdom, in fact, he could have bought, with all that there is on it, if he cared to, and sunk it—as he probably would—without feeling one ten-millionth as poor as you would if you lost that bronze buckle that holds your dress."

He pointed to it. Her eyes fell to her hip where the buckle was clasped, then lifted again to his face.

Welburn was pale. His illness had been long and convalescence slow, and even yet at times he felt that hollow pain in his left lung. But now a deep flush mounted to his very eyes. Oh, the braggart that he was, that circumstances, that this woman made him be!

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "I—I don't know exactly how otherwise to phrase it, to make it clear to you. You see, my—my father was the biggest money king on earth. He owned ships, railroads, whole territories if his land could have been put together. A man like that holds European kings and princes in his hand, sets them flying at each other's throats or keeps them at peace. In America he fixes the tax—really he does—though indirectly—he fixes the tax the world shall pay him on supplies—food, clothing, fuel, that sort of thing. He owns the Senate, for all practical purposes—a working majority; he makes Presidents. He brings about panics, says when the earth shall wax fat and when it shall be lean; when men shall prosper and reproduce their kind and when they shall starve and die childless. He limits production as he sees fit, and plays God to men's hopes. He lifts up his friends and crushes his enemies. He—well, in short, he's the system; he's It. And since my father's death, why, of course," he concluded lamely, "I am all that he was."

So! He had said it. He had had to say it, vulgar as it was; there was no one to say it for him. How else were these dense people to understand his position, his requirements, his rights, now that he had been temporarily stripped of everything, who owed the very garment that covered him at that moment to the charity of these outlanders?

Could he lie there sick, weak, stripped, and let them think him a beggar—he—H. E. Welburn?

He waited a moment. She did not speak. Then he added deliberately, biting out his words with that disposition to thoroughness which marked him: "I have more money—which means more power—than almost any other man on earth."

Thoughtfully she shifted her position.

Piqued, astonished, Welburn looked curiously at her.

Could it be that he had overshot his mark? In his desire to make her—herself and her people—comprehend, had he put the facts into terms too great for her comprehension? Were riches such as his conceivable to such a mind, or—a growing, intolerable, incredible thought tortured him—did she merely believe him to be a liar, a bragging liar striving to attain consequence in her eyes?

"Good God!" he exclaimed in English, pulling himself up on his couch, sweating in agony and staring at her, his eyes demanding at once belief, accession, apology.

She took a step toward him and drew up over his chest the unbleached wool coverlet he had displaced.

"What did your mother do?" she asked in an unimpressed voice.

"My mother!" he repeated harshly.

He had a bewildered feeling that he had made a cad of himself to no purpose. What he had said he had said. And she calmly asked such a question!

"Yes"—she nodded slowly—"your own mother, what did she do?"

He laughed a short, angry, contemptuous laugh. "My father does not interest you evidently," he said.

She shook her head. "Who can

say," she asked simply, "what man is one's father?"

"What!" He gave a long, low whistle of astonishment.

"But the mother is different," she added.

"I should say so!" he gasped. "My mother was an Ellinwood."

"Yes?"

It was merely a vocal punctuation, but Welburn felt the question. In his exasperation he chose not to answer it.

"What, in your country, is an Ellinwood?" she asked interestedly.

He looked at her wrathfully, and looked away and looked again; in doubt, in irritation.

"An Ellinwood—" he began, and then stopped, smiling, restored to good humor by the very absurdity of the thing.

How explain to a mind like this, incapable of conceiving a John J. Welburn, what an Ellinwood is—an Ellinwood, the daughter of an Ellinwood, the flower of a fine, inbred race, the perfection of family culture, the exquisite crown of femininity, of grace, of purity?

She looked over at him, waiting eagerly.

"It interests me so much to know about her," she said with a quickening breath and that wonderful look of animation in her face that transformed it. "What did she do?"

A smile and a sneer lit up Welburn's eyes. It was such an old dodge, and so badly done this time; so many pretty women had tried it and thought it fetching—that interest in your mother for the sake of her son.

He fell back lazily.

"Embroidery," he mocked deliberately. "She had the loveliest hands I ever saw."

She looked at him quite evidently amazed, and then from him to her own hands, browned and long and close knit, and then to his, lying weakly on the cover, white against it.

"I don't believe you understand," she said patiently. "The word you have used is wrong, I think. It means in our tongue not weaving or spinning or making cloth in any shape, but mere-

ly a sort of playing with colors and thread or coloring earth—designing, in a sense."

He nodded. "The sort of thing," he suggested lazily, "that your mother does."

She sprang to her feet.

"My mother!" she exclaimed. "I am Gurtha Wynchild—Gurtha, daughter of Wyn, the Mother, whose mother is with the Mother Goddess."

"Ah!" He was unenlightened, so he added deprecatingly: "It was to other mothers, other women, that I alluded."

"And in your country do 'other women' do embroidery?" she demanded disdainfully.

"Surely." He knitted his brows perplexed.

"And you are the son of such a mother?"

"Yes." His lips twitched with amusement. "But won't you pity my ignorance and tell me what sort of embroidery does Madame Wyn do?" he asked with lazy patronage.

"Such embroidery as is fit for women's hands to do," she cried with significant emphasis, facing him now with uplifted head and flashing eye. "The weaving of cloth for naked bodies, the seeding of earth for hungry mouths, the building of shelter for unprotected heads, the making of laws for the timid and the weak, the sending up of prayer to the Mother Goddess of us all!"

He looked up at her amazed. She was a different being. Her sonorous voice echoed in his ears like a call to battle, and her haughty head and boldly chiseled features, her whole attitude, called to something in him, instinctive, hidden, buried under ages, a call to memory, race memory that stirred now as he gazed at her and lived again in its reincarnation—poetry.

"An Amazon!" he said to himself, his eyes dwelling with sensuous pleasure upon her statuesque pose. "A Valkyrie! A Theodolinda! With the goddess's winged helmet—all that glorious hair unbound—jeweled bosses upon those superb, impudent breasts!"

And to himself he hummed a bar or

two of the inspired chorus that is the beating of mounting wings upon the air. He forgot in that moment that it was with Millicent Bourn he had last heard the marvelous strain, with little Millicent the night of her introduction to the world that sat about in that glittering horseshoe of light and talked of the opera and of each other; and half the talk that night had been of him and whether he would marry her.

But all this Welburn had forgotten; he was looking up at Gurtha, a new light in his eye.

"Won't you please forgive me and be seated?" he begged with charming deference. "It was half a joke and all a misunderstanding. Your mother is—some princess doubtless. How should I know? Or—of course, I should have known." Pleadingly he held out his hand.

She did not take it. Was that a custom of which she was ignorant? Were there others, even more pleasing, that he might teach her?

"You will forgive me?" he begged.

She looked down upon him, obviously puzzled. His voice, now so soft and silken, the voice of allurements, the spoken song of the pursuing civilized male, till this moment had been that of the master to an inferior, querulous, sharp, imperious, commanding, patronizing or laden with the hidden significance of sarcasm.

"Yes," she said at length. "For you are merely ignorant."

Again he held out his hand, smiling as a man smiles at penances inflicted by feminine hands.

"There is a pretty custom among us," he said. "When a woman forgives a man who has offended, she gives him her hand in token of it."

She smiled as at some childish whim and put her hand in his; and he lifted it to his lips with as much gallantry as though it was Paula Finlayson's white, tiny, perfumed hand he kissed.

She drew it from him, but slowly, as though amazed, looking from it to him in wonder and disgust.

Then without a word she left him.

Welburn voiced his bewilderment at

her action to Ainu when the old man came in.

"Why, old fellow, in my country," he concluded, "the girl whose hand is kissed may box your ears if she's a prude or far above you in station, but even then—I say, tell me, what do you do here when you meet a girl you want to make love to?"

"You want to make love to a girl?" The little old man looked at him in astonishment. "Before she has made love to you?" he demanded incredulously.

"Wh—what!" Welburn pushed aside the bowl from which he had been drinking. "You can't mean— Look here, did you never— Hold on; I guess we're not talking of the same thing. Do you mean to say— Oh, nonsense! Did you wait for the girl to—"

"Of course," said Ainu simply. "I am still—waiting."

"Well, I'll be—" Welburn burst into laughter so hearty that the pain in his lung caught him till he choked. "And you'll die an old maid, eh? Oh, what a country! Say, Ainu—"

But the gentle little old man would hear no more. With dignity he set the bowl down beside Welburn's couch.

"You will drink when you have finished your cruel laughing," he said with a trembling voice, and went to the door. But there a second thought halted him. "You are strong enough to be taken to Wyn, the Mother, tomorrow. She will see you then," he said, and closed the door behind him.

Welburn looked after him, tears of laughter and pain in his eyes.

"Hugh, my boy," he said to himself, "you have evidently got yourself beautifully disliked by the only two people you know in this blessed paradise for females."

VIII

AMONG the experiences to which Welburn never alluded when he got back to the world was his first meeting with the Mother of all the tribe.

He knew her as soon as his eye lighted upon her for a person of consequence;

he had lived too full a life, his experience was too wide and varied for him not to recognize position and caste and dignity, even in such surroundings. And there was all of these in the manner of the woman who remained seated when all present rose to receive him.

She was not old, a woman of fifty, possibly more, of great virility and height, dressed as Gurtha had been, as all the women present were, but crowned—as they were not—by a coronet of graying braids.

Welburn looked for Gurtha, but she was not there. No young woman was present. At the head of a long table of a sort of grass fiber wound upon wood sat Wyn; about her were a dozen women approximately her age. At a smaller table to the left were half a dozen men.

"You have learned to speak our tongue, I am told," the Mother said when Ainu had led him to a couch and left him. She spoke very slowly and sat directly facing him.

"After a fashion—yes," said Welburn.

"Then you may tell where you come from, what is your place, who is your mother, how you came to be struggling in the water when the Captain of the Boats found you."

Welburn sat up.

"That's all very well," he said deliberately, "but I think I am entitled to know first where I am, who you are, you people, how soon I can have a ship to take me to America—above all, where my clothes are, particularly my belt, that I wore under my shirt filled with valuables and papers."

An indignant murmur arose. To his surprise, Welburn, watching the men at the table on the left, saw that their dissatisfaction was even greater than the women's.

But the Mother's voice stilled it.

"You are entitled—if you understand the use of the word you have spoken—to nothing," she said gravely to Welburn, but without anger. "You are thrown naked upon our bounty, our mercy. You are, besides, a man; and we have already too many men."

Welburn turned in amazement from

her to the men at the small table. But all he could read in their faces was approval of the speech he had heard, that and a curious grudging resentment of himself. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, turning again to Wyn, "that I'd be more welcome if I were a woman?"

"Of the last hundred babies born to the clans, seventy-nine are male children," she said severely.

"More than three-quarters, eh? I congratulate you," Welburn remarked easily.

They stared at him, amazement in every eye. And he smiled back politely, as one might who questioned the relevancy of such statistics to his own case, but was ready to be interested in them, nevertheless.

"Let us understand each other." The Mother leaned forward in her great chair and spoke very distinctly. "Do you mean to imply that in the country from which you come such a proportion of male births would be cause for congratulation?"

"I have never in my life heard of an unwelcome boy baby," laughed Welburn. "But what has that to do with me?"

Authoritatively the Mother rose to her feet. With a gesture she dismissed the men at the side table; and they withdrew without a word, though now upon their faces was a look of wistful doubt and delight, the look of a child as it listens to a fairy tale.

"Surely," Welburn interposed, a secret something in him responding to the look in every one of their faces, "surely I may speak before men as well as—"

"What have men to do with counseling?" interrupted the Mother harshly. "Concerning war—yes. Concerning hunting expeditions—yes, or the sailing of the boats. But what have men to say about management of the clans?"

"I—I guess I don't exactly understand your language," stammered Welburn, bewildered.

"We shall see," she said briefly. The men having departed, with another gesture she bade the women be seated,

then seated herself and faced Welburn.

"I am Mother of all the tribe," she said with dignity. "These"—she indicated the women about her—"are mothers of the clans. You may speak—openly. Why is the birth of a male child cause for congratulation among your people?"

"Why? Why? Why, it's obvious," he said impatiently, baffled by the puerility of the topic and her determination to pursue it. "If a boy has ten chances to a girl's one to make a living; if he has a hundred chances to a girl's one to distinguish himself—in business, in the professions, as a statesman, an artist, anything; if he has a thousand to her one to get the mate he wants and liberty to—to enjoy himself besides, would you want your child to be a girl or a boy?"

She did not answer. Evidently she could not. She and the women about her were staring at him as though he were mad. It compelled him to further expression.

"It seems," he began tentatively, stumbling over the words and trying to make himself clear, "it seems to be somewhat difficult for you to credit. But it's true, I assure you. In fact, I don't see how it could be otherwise. It's natural and it's right. Who could imagine a world where the rulers, big and little, in family and in state, were not men—the real rulers, I mean, however the *title* of royalty may be vested? We give our women a chance, a very fair chance. But the prizes of the world belong to the men, of course. How else could it be?"

"How else!" The Mother spoke threateningly; her breast heaved and her somber eyes shone with displeasure. "How else! We shall teach you how else." In insulted dignity she faced him.

"Hush—hush!" The woman closest to her put a hand upon hers. "See—do not be angered, Mother. A wise woman is never angered by a fool, nor a truthful one by her who tells lies."

"True, true. Thank you, Brida." The Mother turned from her and faced

Welburn calmly. "What is your name?" she asked. "Son of what mother? Or would you pretend that in your topsyturvy country descent is through the father? Does the man there bear the child?" And leaning back in her chair she laughed heartily, while the women about her gave way to immoderate laughter.

A dull red burned in Welburn's pallid face. He had lost his sense of humor. Never in his life had he been so laughed at. He had been defied, he had been villified, he had fought the bloodless, bitter, merciless battles of civilization, but he had not known ridicule, nor heard his word doubted. He set his teeth and braced his body against the raised back of his chair, and caught his breath with the pain that pierced his chest at the quick motion.

"I decline to answer your questions," he declared deliberately, "or to speak further with you. I don't know just how savage you and your people are. You can kill me if you want, I suppose, but you shall not insult me."

Defiantly he rose and faced her.

For a moment then her eyes, glowing with vengeance, met his. But only for a moment. She had sat, a finger on her lip, as though meditating upon his fate. Now she leaned forward, and threw out her hands with an ample gesture.

"It is as well," she said slowly. "It is as well; keep silence. Keep silence among the clans. They'll not believe. Who would? And fear not for your life. The Earth Mother bears males as well as females. You have no right among us. You have no welcome from us. But live, if you desire, and learn that the great Mother Goddess of us all decreed the woman clan and the mother right."

She rose, and, followed by the women, left him. And he sank back upon his chair, angry, weak and helpless, and raging at his helplessness.

He started to go and then sank back, remembering he must wait for Ainu; and so he sat there, his face buried in his hands.

Gurtha came out to him, a gracious

motherliness in her face now, softened by the sight of his helplessness.

"Here, this is yours," she said, and laid upon the chair beside him a little heap of shrunken clothing and his oil-skin belt. "My mother bids me tell you you shall have all that is yours, and more."

Eagerly he caught up the belt and ripped it open. Its contents were intact. He drew a long sigh of relief. With the touch of these new bills in his hands he was himself again; he held the magic that was his power; and with that touch the incident of his adventure became transitory, trivial, too trivial for emotion, too transitory for impatience.

He drew out two five-hundred-dollar bills and held them toward her.

"I must beg your mother's pardon," he said courteously, "for my display of temper just now. I owe you much—much more than I can ever repay. But the material debt to you personally for your services you will permit me to discharge at least."

She took the bills from him and examined them curiously.

"An excellently strong, tough weave of paper," she said critically. "More durable and finer, I think, than our own."

He smiled at her *naïveté* and at her knowledge, both so queer to him.

"That money," he said, seeking for an equivalent that should impress her, "would buy twenty thousand loaves of bread in my country, or a thousand garments such as you wear. It would feed and clothe a family for a year comfortably."

"Yes?" she said indulgently, and tore the bills in half. "Here, you know, it is useless, except as a model for better paper weaving." And she bent interestedly over the edge of the fragment she held, examining closely its composition. "Of what is it made?" she asked intently.

Welburn eyed her angrily.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said curtly. His money was money to him. All his life it had been a real thing, a tangible thing, the most precious of things. It angered him to see it de-

stroyed. It angered him to hear her call it useless. "Your mother says I am to have all that is mine," he added, with no modulation to his embittered voice. "Does she include in that the right to be sent back to civilization?"

"To be sent away to your country?" she repeated. "Oh, surely; we have too many men. I wish you had been a girl," she added softly.

There came a hysterical catch in Welburn's throat, born of the desire to laugh at her folly, and to cry, to cry for joy at the prospect of getting back to the world.

"But when?" he asked huskily, eagerly. "When?"

"We do not know where your world is," she said gently. "The best we can do is to send you out to sea when the boats go, to where Captain Than picked you up, and there to abandon you in a boat. Would you dare?"

"Dare!" He laughed aloud. "Dare!"

"You must like your world, to take such a risk," she said wistfully.

"A man's world! Ah, it's a man's world!" he cried.

She nodded. "I have heard," she said, and eyed him indulgently.

"And when do the ships go?" he demanded, so content he could not even find fault with the doubt in her accent.

"Every spring," she said, "to the north to get shark oil."

"Every spring!" Welburn's face was ghastly. "Only once a year? My God!" he exclaimed. "A year! A whole year!"

IX

A CRUSHING depression fell upon Welburn, an inhibited mental state in which he could neither face the future nor bear the present. It was impossible, he said to himself again and again, to live a year in such an environment; it was impossible to get away from it.

Everything in him revolted at his position; by temperament, by training he was the last man fit to cope with such a problem in readjustment; his nature was unpliant, rigid. "The Welburns never change," had been a

shibboleth in the family; he had heard it first when he was too young to understand its significance. And that hereditary tenacity of opinions, beliefs, instincts had bred a race of unyielding, strong-willed men and stubborn, if apparently docile, women.

And yet unceasingly reason impressed it upon him now that he must fit himself into this new life; that he must adjust his point of view, at least temporarily while he should be among them, to that of the strange people with whom he found himself.

But what was that point of view? His habit of mind turned away, repelled from contemplation of it, from an attempt to conceive it. How could Hugh Welburn face a situation in which everything that had been a cause of congratulation to his family for the twenty-eight years of his life—his wealth, his power, his standing, his personality, his very sex—had, by a curious miracle of reversion, become a disadvantage, a positive hindrance?

He found himself brooding continually upon a phrase the Tribe Mother had used—the words “mother right.” What did that phrase mean? What half-remembered curious social corollary did it carry with it?

Somehow it sent his groping mind back to his early days at college. The solution, he felt sure, was there, away back there, somehow. Every time he said the phrase to himself in his search for enlightenment, some odd association of ideas brought before him the campus and the old hall of archeology. What had these things to do, these very sources of wisdom and culture, with the curious social customs of the people among whom he found himself, a people that spoke of “mother right”?

Mother right! Mother right!

The campus of a summer night, sweet with scents of evening; the old hall ivy-overgrown, and within—within, on the platform, the famous old German archeologist from across the seas, who spoke to the students in his own language of—of— Of what did he speak? And what was the obscure connection between that night's lecture and this

strange adventure of his into the unknown?

Mother right—yes, the lecturer must have said the words, and in the same tongue which Wyn had used with a different accent. Mother right and—and— Welburn could see despite the lapse of years, despite the fact that he had not been consciously so impressed, he could see the grin upon the face of the lad next to him, and all along the bench whereon his particular group had sat that night years ago; a grin of crude amusement, of boyish speculation and derision.

But at what had they, and he, smiled at that particular time? What could have been funny in a dry lecture on archeology? What was there amusing about—about—yes, he remembered—about long quotations from Cæsar concerning the Ancient Britons and Strabo's Arabia Felix?

Mother right—yes. Mother right and—and—the *matriarchate*!

He cried the word aloud. It was that—it was that—the rule, the supremacy of women. No wonder the fellows grinned.

He had dug the memory out of the past. It all came back to him now; the old, old primitive supremacy of women had been the lecturer's theme; a rebuilding in fancy for the benefit of the students of that ancient absurdity, that race blunder, as though the world stumbled in its evolution upward into civilization; the sex-superiority of women; its tribal and family and individual supremacy.

No wonder the fellows grinned.

As Welburn sat in his cottage thinking the thing out, a smile of amusement, of derision, came over his face—the same smile of mocking speculation that he and his fellows had worn that night years ago when the old German archeologist and author had pictured forth that primitive time in the world's history of its peoples.

But as he sat, slowly, slowly the smile faded from his lips; in his eyes there grew an expression, affronted, incredulous, the look of one whose intelligence is insulted. The matriar-

chate was dead these thousands of years. Was he asked to credit one instance of survival of the system in this isolated island state; a survival inexplicable, unscientific, anachronistic as that of birdlike mammals, mere links in evolution's chain, which persist in obscure and out-of-the-way corners of the world, having strangely outlived their contemporaries?

He was still sitting with this amaze upon his face, in his eyes the refusal to believe what one fears is true, when old Ainu came in to him.

"Ainu," he asked quickly, "how long has Wyn, the Mother, ruled here?"

"I was a man of fifty when she came to rule," answered the little old man.

"And—and Ainu"—Welburn's voice was tentative, hesitating, a hesitancy that made him indignant at himself—"did her father rule before her?"

"Her father!" Ainu looked at him curiously. "No. How could that be?"

"Who? Who then?" Welburn demanded with quickening breath.

"Why—the mother, the mother of Wyn, who is mother to Gurtha, who shall one day be the Mother if she lives and strengthens the tribe."

Welburn looked at him in dismay, and the kindly little old man met that look and puzzled over it.

"How should it be otherwise?" he asked patiently. "What child shall know its father for certain? Surely descent is through the mother. What have you of the father but his belief—his mere belief—in his own paternity?"

"In—in families of chiefs, of rulers?" asked Welburn. It was a forlorn hope.

Old Ainu lost patience. "In all families. How else?" he demanded with rare self-assertion. "Is there any way of tracing, of proving the father's connection with the child?"

Hopelessly Welburn looked at him and looked away. He had more questions. They surged within him; they crowded to his lips. But he could not ask them, so sure he was what the answer would be.

"See then," old Ainu said soothingly as he bent himself over his tasks over the stone hearth, "what foolish ques-

tions a man may ask. From the Mother Earth comes all life. From the mother woman comes human life. She is the creator. She is ruler, head of the tribe, of the clan, of the family. She makes the laws for her children and her children's children, and, by reason of their common motherhood, communes with the Mother Goddess over all. She chooses her mates and strengthens the tribe with that source of strength—girl children—if the Mother Goddess be favorable. She presides in council, being wise and experienced in ruling her own family. She decides vexed questions for the good of the people, having mother love in her heart of course. She fixes the fishing season, being a good housewife, portions the fields, cures the ailing, prays for the dead."

"And—and man?"

"Man!" Again Ainu bent that curious, doubting look upon him, as though questioning his sanity. "What of man? What is left for *him*?"

Old Ainu turned his back indignantly and busied himself with his pots.

"What does man do?" repeated Welburn. "Tell me."

The old man turned upon him, pot in hand, stirring its contents while he talked.

"Behold," he said with simple dignity, "what man does."

"He cooks!" exclaimed Welburn.

"Aye, cooks and sews and nurses, if he be weak and old. If he be young and strong, he builds houses and ships which the architects plan, plows fields, makes roads, spending his great strength as a docile animal might, or a great machine, under the direction of one not so strong always in muscles but greater in wisdom and authority."

"A woman?"

"A woman."

"Ye Gods! Welburn dropped his head into his hands. It was impossible but it was true. The old, centuries old, discarded mode of living, the curious system which the old archeologist had insisted was merely a *Vermittelspunkt*, a thoroughfare for the race in its progress, its education in living, this, this feminist system was the rule among the

people into whose hands he had fallen! Its men had never known any other; its women believed he lied when he spoke of any other!

How was he, H. E. Welburn, the most masculine of men, the most devout believer in male primacy, to live a year of his life in such an atmosphere as this? He sighed, and thought enviously of adventurous predecessors who had merely fallen into the hands of cannibals; here was he, caught in an eddy, as it were, of time, where social customs only whirled about instead of progressing. He thought of that old German professor, dry, systematic, destitute of humor, profoundly learned, with a leatherlike complexion, a still, expressionless face, shortsighted eyes and a queer, nervous affection of the facial muscles that kept his eyebrows dancing. And he had an irrelevant longing to do that scientific gentleman bodily harm.

Gurtha found him in an attitude of extreme depression when she came to him that evening.

Solicitously she regarded him. "Let me listen," she said, and bent her head to put her ear at his chest.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, reddening and drawing away. "There's nothing the matter with me."

"Why do you sit then looking as though you were in pain?" she demanded.

"Because—because," he cried angrily, "I want to get away. I want to get back to my own kind. I can't live here among—" His tongue stumbled; after all, one couldn't say what was in one's mind. "I can't live among people who don't live my way. I must get away. Look here. I will pay any price, anything you ask, for a ship. But now—now—tomorrow morning! Anything you ask I'll pay."

"In what?" she asked.

"In—why, in money."

"This?" She drew from a flap in her gown the torn bills he had given her.

He buried his face in his hands. Oh, the mockery of it—to hold in his hands unlimited purchasing power and not to be able to buy a thing!

She came over to him and laid her hand upon his shoulders.

"Don't be discouraged," she said, and her full voice was low and very pleasing. "Perhaps you can work and earn enough to pay for men and boats. You are not strong as our men are. You cannot hunt, nor make your own weapons, I fear, nor do the work the women do upon the farms. But in your country you must have had your place. Tell me what can you do? Can you make clothes?"

"Clothes! Do I look like a tailor?" He bit out the words ill-temperedly.

She looked at him as though a bit puzzled by his accent.

"I don't know. Can you prepare food?" she asked.

"Good Lord! A cook! What next?"

"I don't understand," she said slowly.

"What did you do in your own country?"

His eyes met hers, indignant, outraged.

"I did nothing," he said deliberately.

"Nothing!" She repeated the word doubtfully.

"Absolutely nothing."

She stared at him.

"You would call it nothing," he added in defiant explanation. "I mean, nothing except to amuse and interest myself. I traveled and entertained, sailed my yacht, ran my automobile, was learning how to fly, gave orders to the managers about the mines, the mills, and attended a few—mighty few—directors' meetings. But a gentleman, you must understand, does nothing—what you would call nothing."

There was a silence. She stood quite still regarding him, and despite himself he grew uncomfortable in that silence.

"You seem," she said at length hesitatingly, "not ashamed of it." She pushed aside a chair that stood in her way. There was contempt in her eyes and in her poise. "Either you are lying again," she said slowly, "or you have no shame. In either case—"

"Look here!" cried Welburn, springing to his feet. "Don't you dare to speak to me like that!"

Her amazed eyes met his calmly.

"Dare!" she repeated. "Why not? What could you, a weak, blemished man,

do to me?" And she fronted him, calm in her strength, her astonished eyes level with his.

Disgusted, he turned from her. "Gentlemen," he said bitterly, "do not lay hands on women."

"No?" she commented interestedly. "What did you mean then?"

He opened his lips to reply, then with a glance of scorn turned impatiently from her.

"Perhaps you did not mean anything," she said placidly, "and I misunderstood. But, as I was saying, you must work. The men begrudge your being here, as it is. They will not feed and clothe you. Think, if you can, of something you might do, if you would live with us till the boats sail in the spring."

And with this she left him.

X

WHEN Welburn became reconciled to the inevitableness of his sojourn among these strange people, he began to interest himself in their origin, in the peculiar reversal of their social customs, in the sociological problem they presented, in their beliefs, their myths, the degree of their ignorance of the world, his world.

He learned that the Teutonic hint in the structure of their language was confirmed by certain traits in physiognomy and in tribal customs. They knew that another world existed, for the waters of the sea had from time to time laid at their feet evidences of a civilization unlike their own. But it never occurred to them to go out and seek that other world, nor could they conceive of a race life differing profoundly from theirs. Gurtha once told him of a myth that interested him—of two, a man and a woman, who, centuries before, had revolted against the customs of their tribe and had put off to sea, enduring incredible hardships and, coming at last to these islands, had founded here a new home.

But all these inquiries of Welburn's came much later. At first, for days and weeks and months, he would not let his

curiosity awaken; he would not permit himself to wonder how it was that these people had escaped discovery by the sea searchers, nor where on the round world these islands were located. He would not let his mind occupy itself with any solution of his fate but one—how to get away, how to reach civilization and the twentieth century. For he had come to believe that he was dwelling in an archaism, that he had been thrown back in time as well as in ways of living.

He shut himself up in himself. He asked no questions, cared for no explanation of anything he saw or heard, did not trouble himself to justify himself, was indifferent as to whether the delicacy of his left lung, resulting from his illness, was to be permanent or not, and met each new curious pair of eyes that came to gaze upon him with disdain, with defiance and cold, hard, incurious contempt.

He ate what Ainu set before him. He listened with such evident boredom when the old man chatted that at last communication between them became limited to the essentials.

There was one thing, though, in which, even at this time, he was keenly interested, and he used to tell of it, when recounting his adventures after he got back to his world, as a curious psychological trait in human nature.

"You'll laugh at it at first; you'll think it mighty funny," he used to say when with the cigars came after-dinner confidences he had for a few of his friends, "but my trousers were the one thing in all that topsy-turvy madhouse that kept me sane and a man. There, laugh! I knew you would. And now listen, and perhaps you'll understand how I came to feel that there is nothing inherently humorous about what the common or garden American calls plain 'pants.' But there is something psychologically potential about the dress that to a man means sex, something altogether disproportionate, I'll admit, but none the less powerfully effective.

"I would not dress as those people did—the men and women almost alike. I swore I would not. In my heart I think I was afraid of what the dress

and the feminist customs together might make of me. I feared, if you must know it, for my manhood. Yes, laugh! But remember that ever since I had known myself and my sex, I had known myself as differentiated in clothing from women; and without that differentiation, absurd as it may seem to you who have never been outside of a masculine world, I could not be myself.

"And those water-soaked, shrunken, torn, bedraggled breeches were all I had that was of value to me, since real money had none.

"So I set myself to tailor another pair, if you please. Oh, yes, it's funny," he would admit, at the guffaw this statement was warranted to provoke, "and you may laugh if you choose at the tongue-tied, scowling-faced, intent-eyed, blundering wretch whose fingers were all thumbs, who sat there for days after he had ripped up his only pair of trousers, trying to fashion a duplicate out of the unbleached linen that was the clothing of this people.

"Poor devil, poor fool of an amateur tailor! Can't you see him? He was always in a vile temper—which is funny, though he was joke-proof; his fingers were sore from blundering needlepricks, his heart was sore and hopeless, his pride, his sex vanity was trailed in the dust.

"The first pair, boys, was of a shape, a cut, never seen on sea or land. Besides, they shrank when I went out in the rain. But I didn't know how bad they were till one day Gurtha saw them on me. Then—well, then I'd have given every cent I had in the world for a marked-down pair made of shoddy from a Fourteenth Street show window.

"Do you wonder that I went straight to a factory in New Jersey when I landed? With my first breath I demanded to know how the damned things were put together.

"Well, I made others. And the disheartening thing about it was that in all that time I lived among those people and obstinately, determinedly, unhumorously was a scarecrow in hand-made, homemade, personally conducted breeches, I never knew whether or not

I had made a successful pair. For of course I was the joke of the place. You can't conceive, naturally, in a country like ours, where, in a sense, variety is the style, the effect of one breeched individual upon a skirted people uniformly clad. They never got used to me. I never could get a man among them to put 'em on, even for a minute, to let me see how they looked. They would not dress in tubes, they said, and upon each new arrival from the other islands or the mountains or the boats off at sea, the effect of me was a thing for entire clans to joy in. When Than first saw me—well, I won't speak of Than. There are reasons. I won't let myself think of him."

Welburn was wearing his last pair of summer trousers that year when he discovered that fate had another blow in store for him. The weather was changing. It was growing cooler. The linen trousers were uncomfortably light. He felt shabby, cold, too; but that was nothing compared to the humiliation of finding himself insufficiently, unseasonably clothed.

He remembered a scantily clad shop-girl he had seen on Fifth Avenue once as he came out of his club. It was autumn, but a sharp hint of winter was in the air, and this silly chit had on thin worn pumps, torn openwork stockings and a scant, faded wash skirt that drew tightly about her thin legs as she turned the windy corner. He understood now that proud, lying look of defiance and denial in her eyes as they met his before he stepped, buttoning his fur coat up to his chin, into his limousine.

He knew there was exactly that same expression in his own eyes now when Gurtha met him one clear cold day in his flapping linen trousers; a winter Gurtha, all in warm red wool, of that same dark, deep red that dyed the pottery.

"Let us walk together," she said. He fell in by her side, and they walked long, past the waterfront where the boats were being mended, through the village where the mills were grinding, into the

hills where men were hammering stone. (This was one reason why he never afterward cared to walk with women when he got back to America; he could not again fit his stride to theirs after walking with Gurtha.)

It was on this walk, though, that he thought he hated her more than ever for what happened, for what continually happened, forming a sardonic, running commentary upon his helplessness; for showing him to her so terribly at a disadvantage, here where he was as much out of his element as the fish just then escaping from the broken meshes of the long seine the folk were pulling in.

"Your nets," he said on the spur of the moment to the fisherwomen, "are so foolishly made, so soft and perishable. Surely they might be improved. Why, in my country, even in the most primitive villages, the twine is strong, much more durable than this."

He spoke as he would if he had come across incompetency and wastefulness in his own machine shops; contemptuously he shredded the soft fiber into bits and cast it from him.

"Yes?" Greyl, the head fisherwoman, came eagerly forward, while all the workers listened closely. "How do they make it? Tell me. Of what is it made?"

"How do they make it?" Welburn repeated the questions, lightly disdainful. "I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea."

And he turned away, joined Gurtha, and they walked on.

It was at the quarry that the scene was repeated. But here Rohn, the mighty quarryman, the sweat on his reddened brow, the muscles of his great naked arms shining with sweat in the sun, listened to Welburn's criticism of his rude axe and his scornful comparison of it with the mighty engines of his world.

"Ha!" he said. "Then tell us how. Tell us how 'tis done in that wonderful world of yours."

"Tell you how! D'ye think I'm a stone breaker?" Welburn demanded, turning haughtily away.

And then behind him a mighty shout

of laughter arose, of laughter and derision and unbelief.

"He knows!" Rohn cried after him. "He knows, but he won't tell! Oh, no! But sure he knows and tells the truth!"

At the village they stopped and watched Freyda and her husband, just married, building their new house in her mother's yard.

"Oh, for a hammer and nails," Welburn said to Gurtha—"an American workman's box of tools! It makes one's fingers itch to do the thing right."

"Oh, do it then," she cried, her rich voice warm with emotion. "Make us one," she added wistfully. "Show us how."

He laughed.

"If we are blundering on," she urged, "if we are doing weakly and ill what can be done well and easily, how can you resist showing us the way?"

He looked with some surprise into her eyes, wet now with unshed tears.

"My dear Gurtha," he said with some patronage—she was so feminine at this moment—"for a very simple reason: I don't know how."

"You don't know!"

"Of course not. How should I? Men in my position don't concern themselves with that sort of thing. These tools are turned out by the tens of thousands in factories. Do you suppose I ever inquired how it was done?"

"Then"—she hesitated and stopped for a moment, but began to speak again, a mocking, incredulous note in her voice—"then you wish me to think that everything we do here, all we know, all we are, is wrong and foolish and feeble; that your people know a better way, but that you cannot help us in one single instance! You have seen, but you do not know; you are wise, but you cannot help. How then are you going to live?"

"To live!" he repeated.

"Yes—even here, among us whom you despise. Of what use are you? What I know I know. When I suggest betterment it is because I can help to a better way. But you—will you make tubes for our men to wear—who will not wear them?"

Welburn looked down at his trousers and bit his lip with vexation.

"Well," she said, "tell me: what work can you do?"

Oh, that he might answer! Oh, that he might just once meet her upon his own ground, that he might show her what he was, what he really was with all his money back of him! Or even—yes, there were times—and this was one of them—when he said to himself if ever he should get back to civilization he would go into his own shipbuilding yard, or his steel foundry, or some friend's factory merely to learn how to do the things he had told these unbelieving people could be done; merely to come back and quench the mocking light in Gurtha's eyes and prove his veracity. Then, content, he'd sail home again.

But meanwhile?

Meanwhile Gurtha waited. More, the vital question waited. What could he do? He must answer that, and answer it with the means at hand; he must, but how?

"I have thought," he said at length slowly, angrily, curtly, "that I might give you and your people other designs for weaving patterns or ornamentation."

"For ornamentation?" She repeated his words in a low voice.

"Yes. I have, or used to have, some artistic skill. The artists—impecunious, gifted, foolish fellows—used to flatter me, they thought, by saying a good artist had been spoiled in making me a millionaire."

She did not speak.

He looked at her with some impatience. She might know, if she had any imagination, he said to himself, how hard it was for a fellow so completely out of his *milieu* to place himself. She might, at least, be sympathetic.

"I do think I can work at that," he continued with an effort. "At any rate, I'll try my hand at it."

"It—it's a child's work, you know, with us," she said slowly. "The boys amuse themselves with it."

He flushed an angry red.

"Among us, on the contrary, the artist is honored," he retorted.

"Then why do you speak of them with contempt?"

"I do not," he said stiffly.

"There was contempt in your tone. 'Gifted, foolish fellows,' you said."

He looked at her curiously. "You did not always understand my tone," he said significantly.

"I have learned. You say more in tone than in words."

"Ah!" He looked at her quizzically, even a bit fatuously.

"Yes, you say much," she repeated. "But you do nothing."

It was as though, awaiting a compliment, he had been boxed on the ears.

"Don't you think," he demanded wrathfully, "that you would find it a little difficult to fit yourself into *our* civilization if called upon suddenly? Don't you think it might be a bit difficult for *you* to earn your salt?"

She faced him quickly, stretching out a strong arm and laying her hand, not lightly, on his shoulder.

"Make no mistake," she said sternly. "If set in any world anywhere, Gurtha Wynchild could alone build her home, could make her clothes, could find her food. Would that your man's world, as you call it, had done as much for you!"

She stood there superb in her strength and in her confidence. But he, as he looked at her, had a swift vision of this strong, confident creature set adrift in his world of paved streets and skyscrapers, of workmen and working-women stripped by a new economic system and by crippling specialization of their tools, their opportunity, their very access to earth itself.

How would even such a non-interdependent as this fare in such conditions? How gallant might be her struggle against them—but how futile!

Welburn looked at her, and there was more pity than admiration in his eye. He felt a sudden, strong tug at his heart as in imagination he saw her taken at her word by fate and transported into a twentieth century environment. He felt the desire to protect, to help, to shelter. And in that moment, for the first time, their relationship was reversed.

But no comprehension of this could come to her. She dropped her hand and walked ahead.

"Come," she said; "you shall teach the children new designs."

XI

ON a raised platform Welburn stood drawing enlarged designs upon the slate wall that faced the children. He was giving them new patterns.

This that he was drawing now was his recollection of the mosaic in his bathroom at Ellinwood Towers; he had sent an artist to Pompeii to copy it for him. The one above was a fret that had been worked out in marble in the balustrade of his famous staircase in town. A third was something he had seen in the Forum. Another came from a Navajo blanket, and another was part of the decorative detail of the Colonne Vendôme.

He had not been sure that he could do this work; he had tried and failed once. Now that he found himself acquiring skill and ingenuity, he felt the need for better tools. He turned to Aldar, the young brother of the Captain of the Boats, who superintended the design class, and explained to him the necessity for a blackboard and crayons.

"Yes?" the young fellow agreed quickly; he was a pleasant, ruddy-faced, sweet-tempered chap, with an ingenuous boyishness whose charm even Welburn felt. "Yes, that sounds possible. Listen, lads." He turned to the class. "Welburn says that in the schools of his country they don't have walls of thin slate like ours, but great, low blackboards all about the room, on which they draw designs with white crayon. Tell us how it's done," he added to Welburn, "and we'll make one like that."

There was a hush among the students; in a moment a hundred boys' eyes were fixed upon Welburn. They were not all inquiring—Welburn saw that; most of them were slyly mocking. In an instant he regretted his suggestion. And in that instant he saw Gurtha stop at

the open doorway. She had heard. There was expectancy in her face; hope struggled there with apprehension.

"I—I wish I could tell you," Welburn stammered, a note of passionate regret in his voice, for he saw shame in Gurtha's face now at his admission—shame for him in his humiliation. "I'm sorry, but I never inquired what the process is. I wish I did know how blackboards are made."

A shout of boyish laughter went up, the amused laugh of children who have been told of an absurdity and find it come true.

Welburn understood the malice in that laugh. These boys had heard of him as a liar and a boaster who inevitably failed when put to the test. But, oddly, it did not pain nor anger him. He was hurt too deeply, touched too emotionally by that look of pain in Gurtha's face, that look of sympathetic suffering which he had not conceived those clear, confident eyes could wear.

Like a child then he yearned for power to make her proud of him; like a child he longed to display prowess, to compel her admiration, to fight and win before her, to make her heart beat with fear for him and delight in him. It was as crude and powerful a desire to "show off" as he had felt long ago, when, a boy of ten, he had waked to puppy love and it had driven him to make a fool of himself. But before Welburn could have yielded to it she was gone; she had passed the door and was out of sight.

Young Aldar, whose quick eyes had seen her, too, ran quickly after her.

Welburn threw down the roughly shaped piece of soft slate with which he had been drawing. The children were bending again over their work, with only a sly wink now and then at each other to betray them. Welburn stepped to the open door, drawn irresistibly to the spot where Gurtha had stood.

He was helpless, poor—poor in strength, in power, in skill, in repute, in influence—poor in everything, even opportunity. What chance was there for him to do the deed that should challenge her admiration? In this primitive and

perverse feministic environment, what room was there for masculine achievement?

He stood and gazed helplessly before him. His was an unseeing eye, for its vision was turned searchingly within. Yet almost subconsciously he beheld Korin, the farmer, overseeing her men slaves out in the fields to the east, and turned away only to become aware of the architect, Jefa, standing before a half-finished structure, patiently explaining details to her husband, Thoy, the carpenter; while from in front of the barracks came the voice of masterful Joliffe, Captain of the Army, berating her men for clumsy inefficiency.

With a sigh and a curse—though Welburn was not ordinarily a profane man—he turned to reënter the classroom. As he did so, Gurtha and Aldar passed down along a tree-shaded lane together. Welburn could not see her face now, but her arm was about the lad's shoulders, and in Aldar's boyish face there was a awakened glow of delight, a sudden putting forth of attraction, that brought to Welburn a quick memory of Millicent Bourn the first time her wise mother had left them alone together.

"Faugh!" exclaimed Welburn, and reëntered the schoolroom in disgust. It was disgust, Welburn repeated to himself as mechanically he stood with his back to the children drawing design after design, and all alike. It was disgust. But, oh, there was something else in it, a personal hurt, a longing, a desire for strength, for prowess. He had nothing, not even beauty like this boy's—a young, half-grown lad of color and gentle, pearly-eyed timidity and puppy prayer for affection that was wonderfully appealing.

"Faugh!" Welburn recoiled from his own thought. He was conscious of a subtle, insidious attack upon his morale. Was it possible that he could harbor weak, traitorous doubts of himself and his masculine primacy? Was he, despite all his training, despite his proud sex heredity and an uncompromisingly male temperament, was he yielding to the

steady, confident, established assurance of his environment?

He dropped his drawing pencil and faced his class.

There had come to him an overmastering determination to assert himself, to assert *himself*, his sex, to make the protest of rightful male supremacy. That such a protest could have but one result in such an environment was no concern of his; that it must mean misapprehension and further obloquy for himself could not now be a consideration to influence him. He had the martyr's one-idea insensibility to atmosphere, to effect; he had the proselytizer's indifference to futility. He must speak. He must protest. Above all, he must make his protest to these boys, the youth of his sex, so strangely denied their birthright.

"Boys," he cried breathlessly, ardently, "stop your work. Listen to me. I want to tell you something, something that concerns you, that touches upon your inner selves, your manhood. Listen!"

Curiously the eyes of the lads were lifted to him; the feeling in his voice was an imperative demand for audience. They shoved aside their slates and, looking up to him, fell into attention.

"You must know, you've got to know and I've got to tell you," Welburn went on, so in the thrall of his subject as to be unconscious of the slight interval that had elapsed since he began to speak. "I've got to tell you what it means to be a boy, to be male, to be a man. You can't know, of course—you can't conceive, trained as you are to subservency; it isn't your fault. But do you know, can you realize that there is a land, a great, great world, infinitely greater than this petty island matriarchate, where everything is as it is not here; where sex—your sex—is supreme; where every earthly advantage is masculine; where men are masters and rulers and makers of conditions; where to be a man is to have every door of opportunity and experience and achievement open to you; where all the traditions are of male accomplishments; where all future hopes are based on

masculinity of brain and masculine strength and masculine genius? There to be a woman is to be a thing of dependence, of limitations, of sufferance, of magnanimous and kindly forbearance, of pity and negligible consequence; a thing that lives by subterfuge and coquetry and indirection; that has no given name even, but a contemptuous feminization of some man's, her father's or her husband's; that holds all she has as the generous gift of man; that submits her mind, her heart, her soul, her body and sometimes life itself to the pleasure of man—her teacher, her lord, her benefactor, her master!"

A hush fell upon the little assembly, a silence of awe, of doubt, of uncertainty, even of palpitating, guilty hope.

Could such things be? Could such things be and be accepted, be right? With the ardor of youth's perennial belief in the ideal, in the impossible, these boys faced this new creed of sex. However incredible such a condition might seem to lads born to reverence of the mother right and a deprecating admission of the disadvantages of masculinity, there was no doubting the sincerity in their teacher's voice.

It was sincere, so sincere that for the moment they were blind to the incongruity of Welburn's present helplessness and inferiority in their world, in the light of his claim to male primacy; blind to the reality of his personality's conflict with the ideal he preached to them; blind to the absurdity of himself in his present situation as an apostle of the doctrine of manhood triumphant, of the sardonic commentary he was himself upon his own apotheosis of masculinity.

So they listened. So he talked. Talked? He sang the saga of sex, the glory of the male, the earth heaven which he had seen with his own eyes where the lowly of the matriarchate were lifted up into might, into power; where, this breeched Ezekiel proclaimed, man's Man God had exalted him that was low and abased her that was high; where, in short, man had come into his kingdom.

It was inevitable, of course, under the circumstances, that Welburn should

in this outpouring forget all else. In a sense, his tongue was rehabilitating him. Shorn of all artificial aids which the accretions of civilization had built up for him, weakened in body by the hardships he had undergone, thrown naked into another world, it was the only weapon he had. And it fought, it battled for his self-esteem, for his auditors' recognition of his worth, for sex privileges worn so long through the ages that the memory of man had forgotten their origin.

And then—was it suddenly or gradually?—something happened. He became aware that he was not alone with his disciples, that the *entente* between him and them had been broken, that a disturbing element had entered.

Swiftly he turned, and stood face to face with Than—Than, Captain of the Boats, the sea still in his throat, in his nostrils; Than, a sailor, just home from his semi-annual voyage south; bearded Than, bronzed, mighty, with a laugh of incredulous delight now in his childlike eyes, derision twisting his bearded lips and bursting chuckling from his throat.

"Look, lads, look!" His deep bass shook still with laughter as he pressed forward facing the class and pointing delightedly at Welburn. "Look at the mighty thing a man is in that man world, that—that *patriarchate* where the male is supreme! Look—look at this specimen! Don't you ache to go to his world, to be like him? I say, don't you? Wouldn't you like to look like him? Wouldn't you like to brag like him? Wouldn't you like to lie yourself big like him?" And, doubling over, he roared with laughter, in which the boys joined.

Welburn was white—with rage, with impotence, but with another emotion that held him dumb, that paralyzed him for the moment.

All at once, in the shout of amusement that went up from the class, in the broad-mouthed grin on every face, he saw himself as they saw him. He saw his body in its unnatural, inharmonious tubular costume, still unskillfully constructed, set against Than's; his pain-weakened, civilization-sapped, soft body

contrasted with the towering height and breadth of Than. He saw his personality, weak, emotional—as, when warring with its environment weakness always is—discredited, weakly attempting and failing, relying upon the weak weapons of speech, of argument, of vocal contention, appealing weakly to the ideal, to fancy, to the imagination; while Than merely stood and laughed and was himself.

When Welburn saw Gurtha standing with Aldar behind the mighty bulk of Than's body, the binding force of that self-revelation snapped. With a snarl then he sprang at the sailor's throat.

But she stepped between them with the gentle, good-natured fearlessness of strength.

"Than," she said, "I'll not have him hurt. He's not strong yet."

"By heaven"—the words burst from between Welburn's clenched teeth; he had borne too much—"I'll not be protected by you!"

Than looked quickly, incredulously from him to Gurtha.

"The thing I pulled out of the water," he said contemptuously, turning his back on Welburn. "It can live—for all I care."

But Gurtha did not listen. Folding her arm within Welburn's, she half led, half urged him away.

"Am I so unpleasant to you?" she said to him in a low voice.

XII

WHEN, one warm day of the late Indian summer, Welburn received a summons from Wyn, the Mother, he thought he was at last to be called to account for what he had said to his class. His effort had failed, it was true, but such as it was, it had been incitement to rebellion and disobedience of the Mother's commands.

To his surprise he found her gracious, though Than was with her.

"You two have met?" she asked, when she had welcomed Welburn.

Welburn flushed.

"Twice," said Than. "Once in the

open sea far to the northwest. My boat was fighting in unknown waters, waters I had never dared before, when there drifted toward me a thing pale, water-wrenched, water-bruised and beaten, so near dead it seemed hardly worth my while to fight the water for it."

"Oh—I—thank you!" Welburn's words came with difficulty. The gracious multimillionaire, men had called him, but his tongue stumbled now when he had to give thanks for his very life. "I have never thanked you," he added. "I did not know it was you. I do thank you now. If ever I can repay—"

"And once," Than proceeded imperturbably, "when the creature I'd dragged back to life, nursed by my clan, healed by the Mother's daughter, sprang at my throat."

"You said I lied," cried Welburn. "The life you saved is not worth living if saving warrants insult."

"You fought?" The Mother looked up quickly.

A smile played about Than's bearded lips and lingered in his eyes.

"Gurtha separated us," he said.

A silence came upon them. And in that silence, from nowhere, for no reason he could name even to himself, suddenly Welburn realized a change of position, sensed an attitude toward himself that was wary and watchful, that took him into account as one to be reckoned with.

"Tell him, Than," Wyn said, "of your discovery."

The Captain turned toward him. "At sea," his deep voice began, "that night I found you, I was far, far out of the beaten track. In all the history of our tribe no boat had ventured thus far out. But mine, my own boat, has a sort of outrigger I have learned to fashion that steadies me in the high seas. The night I caught you then from the crest of a black wave you had been dashed against the outrigger, but I caught you and passed you back to the men to see if there was any life in you; for myself, I went forward and stood in the boat's high prow, and there I saw a thing I never saw before, nor no man of our tribe."

Welburn leaned forward. "Tell me," he said.

"I cannot describe it exactly." The Captain knitted his heavy brows. "So strange a sight! It was as though a mighty shape passed me in the dark, passed me swiftly and far off with no sound louder than the angry waters, yet exciting them, it seemed to me, by its very passage."

"How large?"

The Captain shook his head. "Large as the world from sea to sky, and shining through the dark as though starred from base to topmost point."

A trembling came upon Welburn. His knees went weak and his heart beat fast. "The ship!" he gasped.

"You know—you recognize the thing?" demanded Than.

Welburn nodded. His heart seemed held by an unyielding hand. "My ship," he stammered. "The ship I was on."

"Ah!" It was the Mother's voice. She spoke in a gratified tone, as one whose calculations turn out well. "That makes you catch your breath!"

Welburn nodded; he could not speak.

"And yet," she went on easily, "it may mean joy to you—not regret."

"Joy!" Welburn repeated.

She nodded brightly. "Where Than, the Captain of the Boats, has gone, there Than can go again, and take you with him, and wait for the miracle to pass again."

Welburn started. Suddenly the hand that had seemed to hold his heart loosed its clutch; suddenly it went beating madly out of time.

"So that when the spring comes you may be sent to your home once more," Wyn said, and watched him closely.

"Thank you."

He looked out through the vine-enclosed doorway. Beyond the sea glowed, and, glistening from her bath, Gurtha stood erect, fresh from the sea.

"Or—or even sooner," she added, "perhaps."

He turned to see the Mother's deep, searching eyes upon him.

"Sooner!" he repeated. "I thought that could not be."

"And yet it can," she said deliberately. "Eh, Than?"

"If you wish," the sailor said simply.

Again Welburn's eyes turned to the strip of creamy sand without. Upon it Gurtha sat in her loose red robe drying the long wind-blown strands of her brown hair.

"Well?" said the Mother.

"Thank you," Welburn said again.

"It shall be when you wish," she said.

He could not speak. Something had caught him by the throat, an emotion so strong that the whole world seemed dead and dark and dull except for a shining blaze of strand by the sea, upon which a young woman sat and dried her hair.

He rose unsteadily. He was drunk with exhilaration, with satisfaction, with vainglorious delight.

He might go! He might be sent back in spring, or "sooner," or "when he wished." And why? Why should it be when he wished? Why should Captain Than get out his boats unseasonably and court danger for a stranger's sake, and the Mother concern herself to make so remarkable an exception to the tribe's rule of living? Why, if not for one sole reason?

And that reason?

They feared the thing he had not dared to hope.

Welburn went out to see if his suspicion was well founded—out to where the sun shone on the warm red of Gurtha's robe.

She looked up when he came. But the sun beat upon her golden lashes and half blinded her; it sought the gold in the soft brown of her wet unbound hair and dazzled him.

"Come," he said, "we must talk."

She looked down upon her bare feet in the sand, bare and strong and finely formed. He got down on his knees and took them between his palms and dusted the creamy sand from them; they were cool from the salt of the sea. Then he fastened on her sandals, and when he rose she put out a hand that he might help her to her feet.

He loved her for that. It seemed to him if he had not loved her for anything

else he must have loved her for that, for once having played the woman, his sort of woman, to his man. His glad eyes sought hers to tell her of it, to thank her for it, but she walked beside him, clouded in her hair, like some superwomanly saint of old, he said to himself, and only the fine, strong, straight profile was presented to him.

He did not care to talk till they were beyond observation. When they had reached a sheltered inlet where a narrow stream sought the sea, he turned to her.

"I may go home," he said slowly, his hungry eyes watching her. "I may go before spring. Captain Than will take me when I wish. The Mother has consented."

She looked at him in silence, gravely, consideringly; she was like a statue of womankind, he thought, as she stood and listened and looked. Yet her very stillness drew him; there was such concentration of passion in her intense, brooding face.

"Do you care?" he stammered, catching at her hand.

Her breast rose and fell as she stood there, her great eyes deepening as they gazed upon him.

"Gurtha," he cried, "will you care when I'm gone?"

"No," she said slowly. "No, for you will not go."

"Only one thing will keep me." He held out his arms. She came to him, and with a cry he folded his arms about her.

"A moment," she said, and bent her head till it lay on his breast.

His lips sought hers, but she put up her hand. "The lung is still weak," she said thoughtfully, listening at his breast as she had done that first day months ago in Ainu's cottage.

"But, Gurtha—" he began passionately.

She listened a moment longer. "It has improved, though," she said cheerfully. "Who knows—in time it may be entirely cured!"

His arms dropped from her. "I love you," he said angrily, not tenderly. "Do you understand? I love you! Damn lungs and pathology generally!

I love you—I love you—I want you!"

"Why, yes," she said, smiling into his enraged, longing eyes. "And I hope soon you will be a strong, full-bodied man fit to be father to a child of mine. Then I shall marry you."

Bewildered, he looked at her. "And if not?" he demanded. "If I'm to be a—a sort of one-lunger?"

Quickly she turned upon him. "Do you think," she cried wrathfully—"do you dare think a blemished man could be father to a daughter of Gurtha, daughter of Wyn, daughter of the daughters of the Mother Goddess? Ah," with disgust she added, "what sort of people do you come from?" And she hurried from him.

"Gurtha," he cried, running after her, "wait, wait!" and he caught her hand and held her. "Listen. I will wait, and I *will* get strong. I know I will, for I want you so. But you—will you wait for me? Can you?"

"I should marry soon," she answered thoughtfully. "No woman has a right, where women are few and men are many, to refuse to do her duty by the tribe."

"Indeed!" His voice rang wrathfully. "And whom should you marry, pray?"

She looked at him, open-eyed. "What does it matter?" she asked. "Than or Aldar or Jief the hunter or the councilor Namur?"

He met her gaze and laughed for very rage. "You'll drive me mad," he said in low, tense tones. "What sort of woman are you, and what do you think I am? It sets me frantic! I could murder you when I see you with young Aldar!"

"He's such a pretty boy," she said, and added regretfully: "If you think it unkind, if it vexes you, I'll not put my arm about his neck."

"If it vexes me!" He stood dumfounded, gazing at her. "See, Gurtha," he said slowly, carefully choosing his words, "it is not a matter of what your world calls right and mine calls wrong. It is something that lies just between us two. Do you love me? Tell me, do you love me?" he implored.

"Hush—hush!" she said, yet smiled upon him. "I should blush with shame for you if anyone heard us."

"But *do* you love me?" he cried.

"Hush," she said again; "a man must not be so forward."

An exclamation of wrath and impatience burst from him.

"Well, then," she added softly, resignedly. "But be forward only when we are alone."

He looked at her unheeding, throwing out his arms as though to dissipate intangible obstacles. "Listen," he said impetuously. "Would you burn with hate and jealousy and passion if I were to fondle Jola, Jefa's daughter, as you do Aldar—if I were to love her and you, too?"

She caught her hands from him and faced him now with horror.

"Go!" she said with repulsion. "Go back to your world where such an iniquity is possible! But I won't believe it. No, I *don't* believe it. It is not possible!"

Utterly bewildered, he looked at her. "But, child," he said, "can't you see how iniquitous your people's way seems to me?"

"That is because," she said earnestly, "you have not been taught the true way, the right way of life; because there is something fundamentally impure, wicked about your way of living. I do not know that you even worship the Mother Goddess. What belief is yours?"

"What is yours? Just what is it you believe first? Tell it to me."

"In the beginning there lived only Avah, the Mother Goddess. Alone she dwelt in all the world of sea and sky and land, and nothing lived save her. And as she dwelt through all the long, lonely centuries she came to long and long for companionship; till so mighty became her godly longing that alone and a virgin she conceived and created life. She bore a daughter, Hora, sister goddess to all maidens, and then sons whose names are of no consequence. And from these are descended all that live."

She finished. She had spoken solemnly, slowly, reverentially. Now she looked challengingly at him.

"What an absurd little myth!" he said gently.

She broke angrily from him.

"It's pretty," he said, "and in a small way is related to our belief. Will you let me teach you our belief, our ways?" he begged.

"No; I will teach you mine," she said, and put her two hands upon his shoulders, swaying toward him.

He caught her to him and kissed her again and again till he was breathless.

"You are mine!" he cried. "Mine! Mine! Do you hear? Mine, I tell you. There is only one thing we two can teach each other. I want you. God, I want you so, I'll—I'll— Oh, nothing matters—nothing! I can live your way—I can live any way except without you!"

She held his face between her palms and drew him close.

"Even according to our laws?" she demanded, her eyes in his, her lips on his.

Gurtha and Welburn stood side by side; the little finger of his right hand was bound to that of her left. He looked down upon the slender thong that bound them and, so strong was his sense of their unity of emotion, of passion, that he could hardly conceive so small a thing held them physically together.

They drank the contents of a single beaker.

To Gurtha old Ainu gave the whip, gave it in his capacity of bridegroom's friend, since Welburn had no mother here, as a symbol of man's subserviency. She took it and smiled; and Welburn smiled back at her, drunk with the light in her eyes.

He had carried fire to Gurtha's hearthstone, there in the place of her mother's house, where they should live and be part of her clan.

And then Wynn, standing before them, dipped the branch of a flowering eucalyptus in the basin of water Aldar held before her and sprinkled it lightly upon their faces, calling the name of Avah.

Then she turned to Gurtha. "Will you not cast away your husband?" she asked.

"No."

It was Gurtha's voice, and it sang like an organ to Welburn.

The Mother turned to Welburn. "Will you not cast away your wife?" she asked.

He met her gaze, but he did not see her. He listened to the words, but he did not hear them. For though his body was here in the place of the Mother's house, his spirit was far off. He saw the great Gothic church across the sea. February it would be now, with snow lingering on the crowded city streets where the people would be gathered. Within, too, it would be crowded, the organ throbbing. There was the odor of hothouse flowers, of perfumes, of finely clad human bodies. A man in black was walking down the carpeted aisle. A woman in shimmering white walked beside him. He could smell the roses in her bouquet, feel the texture of her satin gown as it brushed against him. He could hear Grieg's "Wedding March."

"Will you not cast away your wife?" Wyn repeated, looking searchingly at him.

Welburn laughed aloud. "No—no!" he cried, and laughed again.

"Happy will it be if thus with you two," said Wyn solemnly, and turned away.

"Come," said Gurtha, holding out her hand, which trembled. "We will build our house."

XIII

"Oh, if it only be a girl!"

"But, Gurtha!" Welburn exclaimed.

"A girl! A girl!" she cried, putting her hands upon his shoulders and pressing his face to hers. "Oh, love," she added despairingly, "if it be not a girl!"

He took her face between his palms, a face exquisitely humanized now, and looked adoringly into her eyes; they were welling with tears.

"How you care!" he said softly.

"Care! Care!" she repeated fervently. "Why—" But she had no words to tell how she cared.

"Yes," he said, "how women do

care! I have heard the women of my world speak with just that passionate prayer in their voice for a boy—a son."

"Oh!" She lifted herself from his arms and sat a moment amazedly regarding him. "Not truly? But only as a sweet second to a husband's wish, you mean?"

"Why not truly?" He laughed and drew her back to him. "If a boy be born to all the best and biggest life holds?"

She smiled patiently; she was always forgetting those curious, inverted customs of his world.

"So, in my world, shall my daughter be born to all the best and biggest our life holds. You do—you do hope my baby will be a girl?"

He looked at her and only smiled. The year of love, of communion, of loving enlightenment, had softened, had disciplined Welburn; he knew now, he thought, the few essentials there are in life; for him the one great requisite was this he held in his arms; he was content.

"You don't care!" she charged, and shook him by the shoulder with loving petulance. "Ah, but it will—it will be a girl," she sighed happily, and settled down again within his arms.

"How do you know?" He laughed and brushed her lips with his.

"Because — because — why, everything favors it," she whispered. "For one thing, don't you know that to seek your mate without the tribe is to increase your chance of a daughter?"

"Nonsense!" he said.

"Oh, truly," she insisted, opening wide eyes upon him. "That is old tribal lore. Oh, if it is, if it is a daughter, I shall owe her to you! How I shall love you!" she cried, and pressed her lips passionately to his.

"And if not?" he retorted. "How you will hate me!"

"Nonsense!" she said in her turn, and sat and thought for a moment in silence. "Had I married Than," she said then with conviction, "my firstborn might have been a boy."

Welburn's arms fell from her.

"Gurtha," he said firmly, "I have

given up my world and come into yours. I have taken my place in your mother's family and become a son of her clan. I have forgotten much and learned much. I know now that happiness is independent of custom, of place, of people. But there is one thing to which not even your love can reconcile me—or, rather, that for very love of you I shall never endure. And this I swear."

Her eyes were on his face as he spoke, tender, patient, prescient eyes, with a hint of apprehension in them of coming sorrow.

She rose and put her hands in loving caress upon his hair, upon his face, and in silent, loving sympathy she bent and laid her cheek upon his.

"I shall go now," she said with an effort. "You will let me go alone for an hour?"

He held her for a moment, all his tenderness awakened by the new, soft gentleness of her manner. She smiled again at him, a loving, maternal glance of tender gratitude, and then she left him.

Welburn's eyes followed her as she walked slowly with effort toward the house, and then, passing a moment from sight, out again, this time toward the forest.

There was something in that lagging step that tugged at his heart. She had been so free—her gait had been that of a wild animal, he remembered having thought when he first saw her, so silken-muscled, so lithe and strong in its grace and power. And now she was caught, the wild, free thing in the trap of the world, in that trap whose lure is love, whose springs are mighty with passion, from whose bars, when they close upon its victim, there is no escape save through death or agony—the agony of maternity.

A hush came upon Welburn's soul, the hush of humility and awe that man knows when the realization of womanhood comes home to him.

As he had said, Welburn had learned much in the year, a year of new life of the senses, of original and firsthand experience, of thought unhampered by precedent and bodily fitness working

itself out in terms of a new environment, pitting itself against new conditions and conquering them.

And—economically—he had forgotten more. He had all that sophistry of his civilization which makes men content to measure the height of their social accomplishment from the false base of what other men have done for them. He had forgotten the old terms of the artificial logic which shut its eyes to the pretense of the rich man's standing on stilts, the stilts of other men's labor. He had passed beyond pride in his wealth—the wealth others had amassed for him; he had passed beyond pride in position—the position others had achieved for him. He knew himself to be wealthy now for the first time in the independence Gurtha had taught him, an independence of every other human being in attaining a livelihood.

As he sat, his thoughts went back now to the spring nearly a year ago, when the boats sailed out to sea.

He was alone with Gurtha then on an obscure little island of almost primeval wildness. Here they lived alone while she taught him all she knew of living close to and wrestling with nature. Here he learned the universal and primitive joys of success, of meeting and conquering alone and unaided by civilization the primal facts of life. Here he felt that he had learned self-respect and become a man who had earned the right to live.

On the day the boats had sailed they two had swum far out to sea to watch them. But not till they were beyond the furthestmost point of the island did they see the long line of boats stretching out toward the horizon, their sails like a flock of drifting birds.

"Are you sorry?" she asked, as she swam with long, strong strokes beside him. "Do you regret?"

He smiled back at her and shook his head. He could not then swim as easily as she. Now he could outdistance her.

She came over closer, and, throwing herself upon her back, floated beside him, her face upturned to his.

"Listen," she said, "don't speak, for we are far out and you will need

your breath should we go farther. But if you regret, if in your heart there is the smallest hurt or longing now, now when the boats are sailing toward your world, just lay your hand on my shoulder and let me swim after them. Just that. I can call, and they will hear and wait. I can carry you to them easily."

"And come with me, come along home with me?" he asked, a catch in his breath.

She shook her head. "Do you see me," she asked gently, "in that world of yours? Would you have me live the life of woman as you have told it to me?"

XIV

BACK through the forest Gurtha came.

Even before she had passed the long alley of tall, bare-trunked eucalyptus, Welburn saw her and began to run toward her. She walked hesitatingly, slowly, as though walking were a new art scarce learned, as though never again would she walk as she had the day he first saw her. Her head, which she was wont to carry as a sunflower stalk carries its yellow crown, was bent, and in her whole pose there was a hovering, brooding something that caught at Welburn's heart and made it flutter as he ran.

When he came nearer he saw what it was; and she stood waiting, her shoulder pressed against a tree, while he flew to her.

"I have brought you our daughter," she said faintly, and held out the infant in her arms.

He did not speak; he could not for the emotion that held him. She, too, was content with silence; content, too, to lean heavily upon his arm, panting as they walked slowly home together. And for the exquisite joy of upbearing her, of feeling her soft weight upon his arm, he thanked her in his heart.

It was only when they had reached the cottage and she sank down upon the couch he moved out to the open door that she spoke.

"I did not cry out," she whispered

proudly to him, "nor even moan. Our child shall have no coward for mother. She shall be strong and brave and bear her children, when they come, bravely."

Wyn, the Mother, came to her, and she greeted her with, "He has given me a daughter, Mother. Look, she has his eyes."

And the Mother, grasping Welburn's hand for the first time in friendship, said gravely:

"From now on it is the tribe that is in your debt. You owe us nothing. You have overpaid."

He laughed. What fuss about a girl baby! There came into his mind curiously at this moment the memory of the day he had told Gurtha of certain Chinese customs to restrict population, and she had run from him as from one who knows things that are too horrible to conceive, remaining away the whole day and all that night till he had gone in search of her and brought her back.

"And any service you may demand," Wyn's deep voice went on smoothly, "is yours of right—even to that greatest one which means the loss of you."

Welburn started and looked quickly, searchingly at her.

She met his gaze quietly.

"Whenever you shall decide to return to your world, at any season, at any hour, the boats are yours," she said. "They shall seek the ocean course where you were found, and do all that can be done to deliver you safely to your own people. And the trial to find that path you left and put you on it shall be made as many times as we have sailors' lives to give. To this I pledge myself."

"Thank you," Welburn said lightly. "I would thank you more enthusiastically if I had any idea of accepting your offer."

Gravely she regarded him. "You believe you never will accept that offer?" she asked.

"I know I never will," he said slowly.

"Strangel! What holds you from your world where, you have often said, you are privileged by sex and position and wealth?" she demanded.

"This," he answered, and looked

down upon the baby hand which had curled tendril-like about his finger. "It is the real bond, of which the thong you bound about my finger and Gurtha's on our marriage day was the symbol."

"Let her name be Ninnith," Wyn said, rising to depart, and then, laying her hand lightly on the child's fair head: "Ninnith shall be your name—Ninnith, mother of many daughters," she said solemnly—"Ninnith Gurthachild."

That moment brought to Welburn a quick, hot pang of revolt, like those old bitter, raging, unreconciled thoughts that used to stir him at the ways that were not his. He felt a fierce passion of ownership in this child, a passion that would have seemed incredible to him two years, a year, even a month before. But the tiny thing had crept about his heart as its tiny fingers twisted about his finger. It was his, his! If he could at that moment, he would have torn it even from Gurtha's breast and fled with it to have it wholly to himself.

And it did not even bear his name!

When the Mother was gone he turned to Gurtha. "Are you satisfied to have our child so named?" he asked.

Her great, placid eyes turned questioningly to him. "If it had been a boy," she said, smiling gently, "you should have named him yourself. The Mother names no men children."

For a moment he did not speak. Her rich, full voice, so perfect in his happiness, quieted him. He would not agitate her.

"What would you have called him?" she asked.

He put an arm close about her, holding the two within its circle.

"What would *you*?"

"Hugh," she said, and kissed him.

"Hugh—your name, your dear, strange, blessed name."

"Another Hugh Welburn?" he said, his heart beating at her tenderness.

She sat up startled.

"Why, no; how could it be? It would be Hugh Gurthachild," she said simply, as though so self-evident a matter required no explanation, "my daughter's brother. Hugh Gurthachild."

She said it again and repeated it, each repetition a caress. "I love it. Shall we," she whispered, lifting her arm to pull his head close to hers—"shall we have a son, too?"

"I don't know," he said, and looked past her out at the sea.

A son, a son of his body and not of his name! A son Hugh, his very other self, his future self who should live after he was dead, with a name that was not his!

She put out her hand to him. He had gone far from her. She knew that. Love and life with him had taught her.

She took the sleeping child from her breast, loosed from his finger the clinging baby fingers that, at separation, gave a start and eager clutch at the air, and laid it along her knees.

"Ninnith," she said softly, and her tone was a prayer. "Ah, surely you love that name! Ninnith, my baby! Isn't it like her? Ninnith, the one who is true. Hugh, have I never told you the myth of Ninnith?"

He shook his head.

"It is not part of our religion, you know," she explained in a low voice that the child might not be waked. "It could not be that, for the great Mother Goddess in proportioning the sexes as she did decreed our life. But yet it is an ideal, and she was Hora's child, Hora, daughter of Avah. You're not listening," she broke off.

He threw off his abstraction. She was too lovely, sitting there, the long braids hanging down over the loose robe that fell about her great beautiful body like the drapery of a sculptured goddess, with the sleeping child across her knees, and the Madonna look, that had mysteriously grown upon her, shining out from behind the open simplicity of her face.

"Tell me," he said, and smiled and listened.

"Ninnith, the daughter of Hora," she began slowly, "was the last of all the Goddess's children. And while her many sisters and brothers grew up and mated and bore daughters and sons, she alone held away from them. It was thought she never would know love and

life. And her mother, Avah's daughter, was angry with her and cursed her for one who would not do her duty by the world, a world of few women and many men, even as our own. And Hora sent her out of Paradise. But one day Ninnith, who had wandered sadly away from all her people, met a man unlike the men she had known. And suddenly—suddenly it happened. She loved. And he loved. And together they went their way. And she bore him children, many daughters whom Hora welcomed into Paradise, but never could Ninnith herself reënter there."

A silence fell upon her concluding phrase. Welburn, who had been listening idly, more to her voice than to her tale, waited for an explanation.

"But why?" he asked at length.

She looked doubtfully at him.

"Haven't I told you? Her very name tells it. Ninnith, true to one. Those two never loved but each other; never before they had met, nor after, nor when he died and left her alone. It's pretty, isn't it, even if it is impossible?"

"Impossible!"

"Isn't it?" she asked innocently. "Have you such a pretty myth in your world?"

"It isn't a myth," he said thickly. "It's our ideal—it's our belief, our—"

"Oh," she interrupted, bending eagerly forward, "is it? In your world are all women Ninniths, and all men like Ninnith's man?"

"All our women are Ninniths," he began proudly, "or rather, all the women in my clan, so to speak—that is, all except—"

"Yes?" she asked eagerly.

"It is not a myth with us," he said again, but impatiently. "Our men—"

"Yes?" she said again.

There was a pause.

"Oh, you would not understand," he said at length irritably. "Our women, our men, have but one husband or wife."

"All their lives? From the beginning to the end but one mate?"

He hesitated. Her crystal gray eyes were watching his face, which she had learned so well to read.

"Oh," she said slowly, "I see. How like our worlds are after all, yours and mine!"

Welburn rose and left her.

He did not look back to see her sitting there with the baby Ninnith across her knees. He hurried off into the forest and climbed the hill, pushing off sharply toward the bare headland, whose prow seemed set toward the sea. And there he stood and faced northwest and looked in the direction the boats had gone in the spring, the way toward home.

And here he met Than, like him, looking out to sea.

"An early spring it looks to be," the Captain said. "Shall we sail earlier this year?"

"Earlier!" Welburn repeated at a loss.

"You are Captain of the Boats," Than said stiffly. "In effect you are that, not I, for the Mother has commanded me to take orders from you."

"Oh! Yes." Welburn stood still again gazing out beyond. Then suddenly he turned to Than.

"Did you see," he began eagerly, "last spring did you see anything like you saw before—the great ship all alight?"

The Captain shook his head. "I did not go so far north," he said. "It was a stormy spring. I knew 'twould be."

"Yes?" Welburn questioned. "And can you tell? Then what of the coming spring?"

The sailor's eyes narrowed; he caught his beard between his fingers and tweaked it roughly.

"Why should you care?" he demanded savagely. "Are not my orders to take you hence when you wish, to bring you back if we should fail, and every spring to try again—if that shall be your wish?"

Welburn met his eyes, not childlike now but clouded with jealous hate. And as he looked he learned one thing: if ever he should try that journey with Than, the Captain of the Boats, he might reach home, but never might he come back again to Gurtha and the child.

XV

THE child Ninnith was swimming at Welburn's side, and as she swam he kept his arm outstretched beneath her ready for an emergency; kept it till the little thing noticed it and darted off, affronted, so that he had to turn and swim after and capture the little naked satin body, that slipped in his wet hands, to Ninnith's glee.

It was wonderful to watch the baby. Welburn found himself trying to remember other babies he had seen in the days when babies did not interest him; but he could only call to mind pallid little faces smothered in laces and furs in the baby carriages along the Drive or in the Park, and fretful baby cries and uncertain imbecile-like baby gestures.

Whereas this little thing that grew so close to his heart was deft and sure in every motion; had learned to swim before she could walk; had learned trust in him and had never had to learn self-confidence.

He had never heard her cry, and when he commented upon this to Gurtha, she asked him haughtily whether the child's mother was a weakling and a coward, or was he. And her laugh, that chuckling baby laugh of Ninnith's, was such music to his ears he could not hear it without smiling sympathetically.

He loved to listen to her chatter, and often exclaimed to Gurtha at the child's precocity.

"Of course," then Gurtha said superbly; "a girl talks early."

"Of course," Welburn grimly agreed, with the inferential masculine irony that accepts and accounts for the female's early development linguistically. "They even do with us. But not so early as this."

"You forget," Gurtha had reminded him gravely, "a Wynchid is of the priests; the Mother Goddess speaks through her. She must quicken under that touch. She must be bigger, finer, nobler than other daughters of women."

"Yes, yes, I see," he had said, smiling.

Today, as was his custom, he swam

back to shore with Ninnith astride his shoulders, a baby Nereid holding him fast by the ears, her rosy heels beneath his chin, while she crowed commands for speed, her happy face upturned, the tiny gold curls clustering wet upon her forehead, her lashes glistening and her eyes alight.

On the shore waiting for them sat Gurtha. From far off Welburn could see her; his eyes seemed to have gained in power and far-seeing by these years in the open, just as his body had developed and strengthened and broadened, till he was stout and sturdy almost as Than himself.

It seemed to him that he had made the comparison mechanically, but as he shot toward shore he became aware that it was Than who was lying at Gurtha's feet; Welburn's mind had anticipated his eyes in seeing the Captain of the Boats there with her.

And why?

As he swam, Welburn put the question to himself. Why should he have known Than would be there? And despite himself, despite his deep desire and his determination not to admit it, he heard the answer as clearly as though it had been spoken: because Than was always there, Than and his young shadow, Aldar. And it was Aldar he saw now, standing within a few feet, his eyes bent upon Gurtha and Than.

It was a beautiful boy figure, this Aldar's, strong and straight and white, with the bloom of adolescence upon it, with its young, godlike head, its child-like eyes and happy, laughing mouth.

At the consciousness of that beauty, Welburn's temper suddenly snapped. He gave himself over, as he had not in years, to a comparison of the situation with a similar situation in his world. He let himself think how it would be with him and his wife, how he would deal with this sort of thing under other customs in another country. He had learned—with difficulty and slowly—that to live at all in this fantastic feminist environment he must put aside his old opinions, his ingrained ideas of sex morality, his unshaken belief in male superiority, in masculine pre-

rogative in matters of sex. He had found that for him under existing conditions there was nothing more futile than idle comparisons, than emotional longings, than raging, passionate resentment against things as they were here.

But what he had learned, what reconciliation and adaptability he had conquered by shutting the door of his thoughts, held good, not for his own intimate life, but for that of the community. Gurtha's people might follow their ways of living—thus far he had come—without outward criticism from him. But for Gurtha and himself it was different. Tenaciously he held to the belief that the teachings of centuries had bred in him, had made inherent, as much part of himself as the blood that beat now at his temples, that was hot with hate of Than, of Aldar; that iterated and reiterated that this woman was taboo because she was his.

But was she his?

Suddenly, incongruously, almost crippling his body, which was making for Gurtha and Than, impelled by a murderous rage, as it did for the time paralyze his purpose, came a memory five years old. It was the memory of his own sister who had married a titled French libertine, semi-royal in descent; who had lived abroad ever since and poured her millions into her husband's hands; who had come face to face with just such a situation as this, sexes being reversed, a situation, though, which was not merely threat but fulfillment; and who had made herself the laughing stock of her new environment by her futile public protests against the unwritten laws of license which obtained in her husband's set.

"Gertrude"—Welburn could hear his own voice through the lapse of years, remonstrating impatiently with her—"as a woman of the world you must behave like a woman of the world, not like a stupid little country girl whose ignorance may make her demand impossibilities. How can you be guilty of such a *bêtise*? You know how men live. If you don't, you'd better find out quickly and quit stirring up a scan-

dal that only puts you in a ridiculous light. And me, too. If you could change things it would be different. But you can't. And you're not so silly as to cut off your nose with a divorce shears to spite your face. If your masculine ideal is that of *bourgeois* faithfulness to one woman, you should have married, not a descendant of Louis Quatorze, but a small shopkeeper of the Middle West, who would be true to you—provided he never met with temptation to be otherwise. Oh, you little fool, you poor, dear little fool! And I thought my sister knew life!"

By the time Welburn's feet touched shore he was comparatively calm, not reconciled. There was a deep ridge between his eyes that foreshadowed strife, a latent, if postponed, determination and preoccupation whose grim influence little Ninnith felt, for she, who was always loth to leave him, ran readily from him to her mother. He walked ahead slowly, intent on his effort at self-control. He was telling himself that he could not be ridiculous; he would not be futile; he must not be impotent and absurd.

And he kept tensely repeating this while Than lifted himself from the sands at his coming and with a nod walked away, while Aldar, with a short, swift run, hurled his young body into the sea and swam superbly out—a spectacle of beauty and strength and skill at which Gurtha's eyes widened in appreciation.

It was still the foremost thought in his mind, the only one he yet dared formulate, while he watched Gurtha take the little girl in her arms, rub her body dry with soft, warm sand, dust off the satin skin with light, loving strokes, tie the pretty sandals on those perfect feet, rub the golden head till it crinkled into shining curls, and slip over it the single garment, the sleeveless, slit tunic.

Welburn fancied his thoughts were all turned within to where rage and impotence festered in his heart, yet he could not, he could not now, he never could watch this pretty ritual of mother service without a softening at his heart and a smile upon his lips.

"That's better," Gurtha said, her eyes upon him. "I cannot bear to see that ugly angry ridge between your eyes. I cannot bear to know you at strife with things."

He did not answer directly. He was not ready yet to say what he should do. He was compelled to indirection by his very helplessness and indecision.

"Ah, but we are fine," he said to Ninnith, who stood now dressed regarding him curiously.

He drew her to him. "Coral beads on our pretty frock," he said, lifting the edge of her skirt. "And a coral necklace here." He pressed his lips to the baby neck, firm and cool from the sea. "And coral ornaments even at our sandal tips!"

He lifted both little feet lovingly, and she stood erect and strong in his hands and crowed with delight.

"Why is she so fine today?" he asked and turned to Gurtha.

"Jola marries today," she said reluctantly. "We shall go to the wedding."

"Jola!" Welburn exclaimed. "Jola, the wife of Nol?"

Assenting, Gurtha met his eyes; her own were patient, kindly, forbearing.

"She married Nol six months after our marriage," he said harshly. "Her boy is younger than Ninnith."

She nodded slowly, keeping grave, tender eyes upon him.

"She takes a second husband, Hedon, eldest of the three great brothers, sons of Brida, the Mother's closest councilor. It is a strong addition to Brida's clan; it makes hers the strongest clan in fighting men of all the tribe."

Welburn set the child upon the sand and rose to his feet.

"But Hedon," Gurtha added slowly, "can never be chief husband while Nol lives. He must even serve Nol, if Nol so wishes, and all the children that be born shall be Nol's children, and his authority over them only less than Jola's, the mother."

Welburn looked at her a moment without speaking. Then he turned and walked away. In her wisdom, she let him go without another word.

XVI

"But what would you have?" asked Ainu.

"Decency," cried Welburn.

"Decency!" The little old man repeated the word thoughtfully. "I have pondered on all you have told me of your world, but—forgive me—I cannot think it decent. Perhaps," he added humbly, "it is because my father and his father before him and his, back to the beginning, thought differently. Do you know"—he glanced timidly at Welburn striding up and down the forest aisle—"I sometimes believe man cannot think of such things but as his ancestors thought; it is not you and I thinking, but your dead father and mine thinking in us."

Welburn stopped in his restless walk and looked down at him. Welburn had left the court of the Mother's house, where he and Gurtha lived, to wander off by himself and try to come to some conclusion about the menace he felt threatening his peace. He had been alone out in the woods for days. Since he had learned forest lore from Gurtha, he could easily find his food in the wilds and build a shelter.

He had thought that far away in the undisturbed silence of the forest he could reason the thing out and come to the peace of decision. But the days passed and still he saw no way out. Around his heart twined the tendrils of his love for his child, a passion of which he could not have believed himself capable in the old days in another world, a love, it seemed to him, greater than Gurtha's, than even his for Gurtha, now that the customs of her people were forcing them asunder.

Could he cut through that tender bond—could he free himself and go back alone to civilization and the man's world to which he belonged? Could he do without Ninnith? Could he learn to forget her, the closest thing to him here, to whom he had whispered English words, words he himself had learned from his own mother, from the very beginning? Could he leave her, the brave, happy little thing, so quick to

learn, so eager to please him, so appealing in her consciousness of the sweet secret they two shared in the English speech they two alone knew? Could he give up this child that made his heart beat with pride in her and love and tenderness?

And would Gurtha give her up? Perhaps, for sheer love and pity for him, if the child had been a boy. But her girl child, her daughter!

Welburn flung himself upon the ground with a groan and covered his face with his hands. It was at this point in his bitter musings that he heard a man's sandal tread upon the crackling underbrush, heard it even when it was faint, with the new keenness of the senses that he had acquired; and presently Ainu stood before him.

The gentle little old man looked frail and old; his soft eyes regarded Welburn gravely, kindly.

"Listen," he said, sitting down beside Welburn, "and take heed, I implore you. When Jefa's husband Ferl stayed long away from her house without her permission, he came back to find the house doorway which had always faced east, now open toward the west."

Welburn looked up at him. He liked the little old man whose care of him when he was cast upon his mercy he realized now. But he liked him, too, for the sweet and gentle philosophy that was characteristic of him. Among the men of the tribe, even of the clan, Welburn still was a stranger; they disliked, resented him. But in Ainu Welburn felt a disinterested, generous affection.

"It's good of you, Ainu," he said, and rose hospitably to offer the old man refreshment. "I don't understand what you mean by Jefa's peregrinating doorway, or what a funny thing like that has to do with me, but I'm glad you came."

Old Ainu laid a detaining hand upon him.

"The doorway had not moved of itself," he said slowly. "Jefa had divorced him."

Welburn laughed. He could not help grinning at the discomfiture of the

shut-out husband. He was thinking, too, whimsically, of the many-doored residences some families of his acquaintance might have needed if this custom were borrowed by his world.

"Ferl understood," the old man's gentle voice went on, "when no way was there where he had been accustomed to enter, that never might he enter again. Don't *you* understand?"

The grin left Welburn's lips. He stood in silence, comprehending now the significance in the old man's eyes. He had a vision of Ninnith—Ninnith climbing up into his lap to lay her head upon his breast and in a baby whisper repeat the words of his native tongue that bound him and her so secretly, so strongly.

"It is the mother right," said Ainu simply.

"He had children?" asked Welburn after a pause.

"Two sons. He never saw them again."

Slowly Welburn let himself down beside him. Silently he sat gazing before him. Silently, for a time, Ainu sat beside him.

"See," the old man said at length, "there are but two ways to live—to bear, or not to bear. He who does either has the people's respect. He who does both has neither the people's respect nor his own. If you could change things it would be different," Ainu's mild voice continued; and Welburn recognized with a bitter grin the echo of his own advice to his sister. "But man does not change things. Things change man."

Welburn nodded.

"You yourself are changed since you came," said Ainu gently.

In spite of himself a laugh burst from Welburn. At odd moments he could look at his plight and see the humor of it, but not for long.

"Who the devil wouldn't change," he growled, "alone, in a topsy-turvy world like this? You might as well expect a sane man to get a madhouse full of lunatics to listen to reason."

Ainu drew back. "This is our way," he said stiffly. "Make it your way or—"

"'Or'!" repeated Welburn with bitter irony. "That's the deuce of it!" And he thought of Ninnith and lapsed into silence.

"I think it strange," said Ainu, puzzled, "that you hesitate. If you *are* privileged in your world, if it is true that you are favored there because of your sex, your position, your wealth, why should you hesitate to return there? Why do you stay? How can you stay? It—it almost makes one doubt you."

A laugh, an angry laugh, broke from Welburn's lips.

"There spoke the Mother," he snarled. "But—one cannot blame her. It does seem strange. So, she sent you?"

Ainu did not reply directly. "On earth," he said slowly, as though he were repeating a religious lesson, "are few women and many men. If there were many women and few men, what would happen? Upon your heart now!"

"Why—Brigham Young," admitted Welburn with a wry smile, and added an explanation.

"Exactly," said Ainu with some satisfaction. "It is perhaps not wise to say as much in public. The Mother is stern about such things. But alone in the forest two men together may be honest. If—now as honestly, man to man, alone in the forest—if every man were mated to a woman except yourself, and no single woman remained—"

An exclamation of wrath interrupted him. "I won't assume indecencies," cried Welburn.

"Indecencies! Why, you speak with disgust of customs among your own people with regard to a certain class of women. Yet you say these things must be. Ah, you have no respect for women! I wonder the Mother Goddess lets you live."

"No respect for women! Why, it is for our very reverence for women that things are as they are among us. We would not have them bear the burden put upon them here."

Ainu looked up puzzled. "Ah! Then no woman works among you, no woman toils?"

"No woman of my class—my clan, if you will."

"But other clans?"

A desire to shock the old man came to Welburn, born of his own impatience with the situation. "My dear Ainu," he said lightly, "we have women shoe-blacks and women plowhorses and women hodcarriers and even, in some out-of-the-way coal mines, we have women who draw the coal up in buckets on their heads, lug it up on their hands and knees."

"Hush—hush!" interrupted Ainu. "The Mother Goddess may hear you!"

With dignity he rose. "I had hoped," he said coldly, "that you were big-minded and honest enough to put yourself in another's place. If Than were Welburn and married to Gurtha, and Welburn—"

But Welburn would listen to no more. He left the old man where he was, and literally taking to his heels, he ran from him—ran as if he felt that, though those feeble footsteps could not overtake him, the faltering words might. He ran long, through the mighty aisles of the forest, ran from Ainu's words and his own thoughts. Then he turned sharply and climbed to the high west headland.

And here, when he could go no further, his thoughts caught up to him. So he threw himself down, panting, his fevered face set out toward the sea, toward his own world, his own ways. And he lay there and weighed and pondered and battled and despaired and hoped, and came to his decision.

Then he turned his face back toward the village.

On the way down from the headland he met Than.

"What of the spring, Captain?" he asked.

"'Twill be early." Than's words were curt; he kept his eyes out to sea.

"And the sailing?"

"That, too, will be early."

"How early?"

Brusquely the Captain turned and looked at him. "As early as you wish. What is your pleasure?"

"To sail the day, the hour it becomes possible."

A light leaped to Than's eye. Wel-

burn saw it and laughed in his heart at the fellow's simplicity.

"The boats will be ready in a day and a night," the Captain said quickly. "The second day at daybreak then. I'll go and make things ready." And with a loose, free stride he tore down the hill, like one whom good news makes fleet of foot and light of heart.

Welburn followed more slowly. In Wyn's courtyard he entered and went straight to Gurtha's house. The doorway, he remarked with a cynical grin, was still open toward the east, and there Gurtha sat fashioning a tunic for Ninnith, who slept in a bough-built cradle among the leaves of the spreading tree that shaded the court. A bright card fastened to the boughs and to Gurtha's wrist kept the light cradle swaying. She stitched, and, every now and then, like a deep note beating time to a gay measure, slowly, languidly she pulled the cord and the cradle rocked.

Gurtha looked up. "Oh, I am glad!" she said. "I am glad!"

"Glad whatever it is that brings me back to you?" Welburn demanded.

She put down the little frock, loosed the cord and stood up to meet him.

"Nothing has come between us," she said in her thrilling voice, "but your own thoughts. Do you regret our life together? Is there regret in your heart?"

He opened his arms. "Come," he said, "and see if there is."

She came to him and he folded his arms about her. Half-mechanically then, half-roguishly, she put her ear to his breast.

"Ah!" she sighed happily. "Your breathing is strong and steady and sure. How well you are! But apart from that, and that is well, we are today as we were that day long ago, that day I listened," she added softly.

"Yes," he said, and looked full into her eyes, "we are today, but how about tomorrow?"

She met his significant gaze fairly a moment, then her lids trembled and fell.

"Ah, why won't you—" she began.

But he closed her mouth, his lips on hers.

"Gurtha," he said quickly, "that thing cannot be said between us. Only one thing can now, this: If you love me, come with me and bring Ninnith. Come with me to a world where I can live with you both and be happy. The boats sail day after tomorrow. Come!"

Startled, she stepped out of the circle of his arms, and stood, breathing quickly, looking at him. She looked long, her eyes reading his face, reading the trouble, the struggle, the emotion written there in deep lines.

"See," she said slowly, "you know our world now. If things were changed and I with you in your home—if it had come about that way, our meeting—should I make such an appeal to you, what would be your answer?"

"I'd come," he cried, and thought he spoke the truth, so quickly he spoke, so ardent was his desire. "I could not but come, if you loved the child as I love her, and the alternative was separation for you from her forever. For pity, for love, oh, Gurtha, I'd come!"

"Then so will I," she said, and gave her hand.

XVII

THEY were like lovers again, and that night Welburn talked of all he could do for her, all that he could give to her in gratitude, in payment. She had never seemed to him so sweet, so feminine, as now in this new role of renunciation for the sake of the man she loved.

But in the morning she waked with a question on her lips.

"I have been thinking," she said slowly, "in my sleep. Or else I dreamed. You must tell me—what of Ninnith there? See, I have learned to love you more tenderly, it seems to me, than ever a woman of our tribe loved before. I am weak through love of you; so I would even go with you. But what of her?" she asked again, pointing to the cradle where Ninnith lay. "My own birthright is mine to throw away, if I choose, for the one I love. But hers is neither mine nor yours. What of Ninnith there?"

He laughed and caught her to him.

Ah, Ninnith, he said, should live such a life as Gurtha could not even fancy, so sweet, so full, so fine, so fair it should be. She should be tended by the wisest, most experienced nurses; she should be educated by the greatest experts of the age. She should have her horses, her servants, her establishment such as a royal princess might envy. She should be watched and shielded and cultivated as flowers were in the conservatory at Ellinwood Towers. She should be clothed in such finery as only the daughter of an American money prince might wear. She should travel and be courted by the great ones of earth. She should have everything, great or small, she wanted; there was nothing in the world he could not buy for her. She should be the star of his life, the pride of his days, his special, sweet solace on earth, no matter how many children, how many sons even, might come to them.

Gurtha listened. She had never heard him so eloquent as now with the hope of home ahead. She had never heard that patronizing, condescending, masterful tone to his voice. She listened. But she did not speak, and he began again.

"Oh, I shall be the proud and happy daddy!" he chuckled. "The world will ring with the praises of the beautiful Miss Welburn, the artistic Miss Welburn, the wealthy, philanthropic Miss Welburn, the athletic, merry Miss Welburn, the—oh, the adorable Miss Welburn! I declare I'm dead in love with her already. We'll call her Nina, though Ninnith is pretty, and I'll sit back—you and I, Gurtha—and I'll do the smug papa act, and challenge the world to produce her peer."

Still Gurtha did not speak. And Welburn lay a while lost in thought. He was building, in fancy, the nursery at Ellinwood Towers. A court of flowers, of course, and a splashing fountain, an artificial lake warmed for bathing, and an open air sleeping porch that—

"Will my daughter learn to clothe herself?" Gurtha's voice broke in upon him.

"Hardly," said Welburn from the

depths of his dream of content. "Paris'll do that."

"Will she learn to find her food and build her home?"

"Not on your life!" he declared with energy. "There'll be a thousand men and women to do it for her."

"She will be of the dominant class?"

"Oh, surely. Being her father's daughter, and most likely because of her husband's position."

"But not through herself?"

"Not if she works," he answered slyly, enjoyingly.

"Then only those among you may rule who do not work?" she asked, troubled.

"With their hands, yes, or as the mental servants of others. Oh, it'll be all right—all right, Gurtha. Trust me for Ninnith's future!"

"Will she know to heal the sick, to—"

"No," he interrupted. "There's where I put my foot down. No woman doctors in the Welburn family!"

"To make wise laws?"

"Oh, Gurtha, be reasonable. Wait till you see a Tammany boss and the members of a State legislature before you put my daughter in such a gallery as that!"

"Shall she be tall and strong, so strong no one may wrestle with her?"

"I sincerely hope not. Nix on the female Sandow, if you please."

She looked puzzled, and it did not occur to him to enlighten her. It was not altogether his words though; she was familiar with the curious locutions that had always made his speech different from her own, and which seemed to multiply now that his thoughts were hurrying home.

"On the contrary," he added, "her environment will, of course, moderate her. Her governesses will see that she becomes soft, gentle, obedient, ladylike."

"Ladylike!"

"Yes," he said contentedly. "Quiet in manner, with delicate hands and pretty feet, a soft voice and a charming diffidence in expressing herself, a pure little heart and a nicely cultivated mind, and—just the right shade of deference

to her father's opinions or her husband's."

"You are—serious?" she asked.

"Never more so."

"Will she—will she cultivate the fields?"

"Not in a million years!"

"Will she choose her husbands as a free woman should? Shall she have any man she desires?"

Welburn made a wry face. "'Husband,' Gurtha—singular," he said in an irritated voice. "And in America girls—er—don't do the choosing."

"Shall her daughters bear her name?"

Curiously now Welburn waked, became conscious of the trembling wrath in Gurtha's voice. He put out his arm to draw her to him. But she sprang up.

"Why should I rob my daughter?" she demanded. "What sort of tribe mother am I to cheat her of her freedom and give her baubles instead? What sort of father are you to conspire against his child? Go back! Go back! Ninnith, daughter of Gurtha, daughter of Wyn, daughter of the daughters of the Mother Goddess, stays here!"

And catching up her gown, she stormed out to her bath in the sea.

A while Welburn lay and thought it over. What a bungler he had been! If he had only waited to do these things for Ninnith, not tell of them beforehand! Yet how could one lie to Gurtha? And now—what to do, what to do? How undo what he had done?

If he had had the power he would have taken her by force, the force a man rightly uses to compel his wife to the right. If he could but seize her, have her carried on board ship, bring her to his home, conquer her there by love and devotion and patient, unswerving determination; bring her to see the proper relationship of the sexes and the justice of masculine supremacy as the world has ordained them; teach her and love her and pet her, as is a magnanimous man's joy with his wife; shower upon her all the gifts that generosity delights in for the loved one's sake—till, finally, after long, loving years together, bound close by the many children of a great

and enduring love, and disciplined by years, by public opinion, by her husband's wisdom and good sense and patience, she should come at last to look at things in the right way; to know purity and chastity, refinement and delicacy, those jewels in the crown of womanhood; and to thank him—to thank him for realization of these, as well as for emancipation from labor and responsibility; to be grateful for the little, protected, make-believe kingdom whose queen she should be, for being screened from contact with the base and rude and cruel facts of life, for the poetry of existence which should be hers, if—only—

Ah, if he only could!

Welburn drew a long sigh, a sigh of relinquishment, of realization, and turned his back upon dreams; turned it, too, upon the bitter futilities of regret. He would not let himself dream again of what life with her might be; neither would he let himself think of what her life without him would be.

In that sigh he gave her up. She would not live his way; he could not live hers. His soul divorced her. He closed the doorway of his heart to her. Never again might she enter there.

But go he must. He might have stayed yesterday—who knows?—if she had said no to his plea and there was no way but the dangerous one he now had to choose. Today he could not stay. He had projected himself so strongly into that life he knew, that life of strength and privilege and power, that he could not again live without it, could not go back to subserviency and shame.

He would go. Without Gurtha, since he could not change her, but not alone. The child was his as much as hers. She would keep Ninnith by force. By force then or by guile he would take her.

That day he made his plans, saw Than and worked with him to get the boats in readiness.

He was a genial Than now, cordial and kind and willing, with the old childlike look in his eyes, the smiling lips and the mighty muscles at the disposal of everyone. He seemed like one who had been bewildered by a denial

which he could not comprehend; who now became his trustful, happy self, since once more the world had become normal, a world of reason, of promise, of hope.

They worked together like men who had but one goal; and since that irrevocable spiritual divorce which Welburn had pronounced in his heart, which now sundered him and Gurtha, he could work with Than, and could even appreciate the sailor's simple strength and courage, his brave, childlike, gentle nature.

That night—or rather, almost morning, for the stars were paling—Welburn stole into the mother's courtyard and to the tree where, in her leafy cradle, Ninnith slept. He had her in his arms and out beyond the enclosure before she even stirred, so swiftly and silently his sandaled feet had borne him.

Then when she opened sleepy, startled eyes, he lifted her till his lips were at her tiny ear.

"Say 'Daddy,' Ninnith," he whispered in English.

"Daddy," she murmured lovingly.

"Say 'Love,' sweetheart."

"Love," she echoed.

"Now say it all—say it all, Ninnith."

"Daddy—love—Ninnith," she cooed, and then laughed out triumphantly.

He caught her to him, hushing her against his breast.

"Now say—say 'Home,' my baby. Say, 'Home with Daddy.'"

"Home," she crowed.

"Yes," he said, holding her close, "with Daddy."

"With Daddy," she whispered, and put her lips up to be kissed, and soon slept again.

With that tender weight hidden close to his heart under his big cloak, he hurried down to the boats.

He had read long ago—he remembered it now with a pang of sympathy for dead and gone parents, situated as he was this morning—of savage mothers, wives of polygamous husbands, who had killed their babies and themselves when the new wife came. He thought the solution, now that he could understand, an inevitable one, if there were no other outlet. But there was—for him

there was, there was! For out yonder—he saw it as he came closer—pale and mysterious and potent, softly breathing and purring as the tide lifted, under the haggard stars stretched the sea. Down there on the sands, all ready and waiting, were Than and his men. And beyond—civilization!

"You have no fear?" Than greeted him, his eyes shining in the dawn.

"Of what?" Welburn demanded.

"Of the unknown. Of failure perhaps and—even death."

With a confident laugh Welburn shook his head.

"At dawn like this one fears," the sailor said simply. "All that Than can do I'll do for you—it is the Mother's will and my own desire. But there will come a morning like this, quiet and terrible and lonely as this, when you'll be alone in your boat, seeking your home alone. Do you realize it?"

Again Welburn laughed. "I shall not be alone," he said. "I have a talisman," and he pressed the sweet bundle he carried closer to him. "Besides, it is not the first time I have been alone with death. Last time I battled with the sea I had no boat, I knew no direction. 'Twas black night, not morning. And I was a weakling, a child, compared to the man I am today."

Gravely the Captain's eyes measured him.

"You are indeed a man," he said. "That much—vigor and strength and endurance—that much our life has given you."

"Yes," agreed Welburn, taking his place in Than's high galley and laying the sleeping child carefully down beside him, "and more. Cast off."

The Captain turned to give the order, then hesitated.

"On sailing the Mother comes to watch us off, to ask the Mother Goddess to hold her men safe and bring them home again to her and the tribe."

Welburn glanced at the sailor, whose clear, light eyes were full of faith unquestioning.

"She'll not come today," he said. "I have given out that we sail an hour later than we do."

Perplexed, Than bent toward him. "And Gurtha—" he began.

But at that name upon those lips, in spite of all his philosophy and all his civilization, something in Welburn broke loose; something primitive and fierce and bloody that dated back, back even before the child came to the mother, and with its coming brought marriage, the family, the clan, mother right and the matriarchate.

Cursing in that strange tongue Than had not heard since the night three years ago when he drew this stranger from the sea, Welburn sprang at the Captain's throat. His eyes were fierce and blood-shot, and he saw as through a bloody haze.

And in that moment Ninnith stirred, waked by all the clamor, and gave a cry, a baby cry of fright in seeing that face, which she had known only as a hovering sky of love and infinite tenderness, contorted now with jealous agony.

That cry stayed Welburn's arm.

"Ah," said Than; "now I see."

"Daddy!" sobbed the baby.

It wrung Welburn's heart. That his fearless baby should tremble, should sob with terror! He turned and took her in his arms and soothed and caressed her, murmuring lovingly, pleadingly to her under his breath in the tongue they alone knew.

To Than the Captain he spoke but two words. "Cast off," he commanded.

The Captain shook his head.

"Cast off!" repeated Welburn. "You have said I am Captain of the Boats. Obey my order then. Cast off!"

"You shall not steal the child," said Than, his clear eyes troubled. "If it were a boy— But you are taking the strength of the tribe—its very source of strength. It is unholy, a sacrilege."

Welburn looked at him, sat a moment considering and looked at him again in silence, measuringly. Then he spoke quietly, tensely, deliberately.

"Choose," he said. "Cast off, or put us both on shore."

A second Than stood wavering, then turned to his men.

"Cast off!" he cried. To Welburn he added, striding off as from something

unclean: "The outraged Mother Goddess will punish you."

XVIII

IF there were no sea and no mountains, no sky and no desert, all men would be atheists, Welburn was fond of saying in his old age, when he had unlearned the cynicism of his youth and his time, built a great church at Ellinwood Towers, and gone back to the faith of his fathers.

His was not the sort of temperament to tremble at mention of a divinity—and a woman divinity at that. He never became abject in his belief, even in later life. But in the awing dawn of morning that fateful day, with the sphinxlike mystery of the sea facing him, and at his back a strange, impossible, outlived situation, with nothing that was friendly about him, but enmity in the very land slowly receding behind him, in that moment he shivered at Than's words.

"Oh, it's all very well for you fellows," he would say to the few to whom he could talk of the past. "You can smile ironically and please your conceit by feeling patronizing and critical. *You* wouldn't have permitted yourselves a superstitious thought—not you! You would have been wholly at ease, devilishly sarcastic and tremendously up-to-date. Oh, yes, you would. And so would I—*here*, with my feet upon my own hearth, with my chequebook at hand, my servants about me, the police at the end of an electric button, two Senators I'd made at my elbow.

"Here, you know, you'd be right and you'd have the consciousness of right. You'd be right legally and morally. You'd have all the law, man-made and divine, backing you.

"Out yonder—out yonder you'd be wrong, and you'd feel it and shiver at the knowledge of it. And you'd have all the law and a woman divinity against you, God help you!"

When a cry went up from the sailors at the oars, and Welburn's eyes, follow-

ing theirs, saw Gurtha swimming with great strokes after them, he did not shiver, nor feel a paralyzing consciousness of wrong; he braced himself for battle.

That strong, white body was being propelled through the water with tremendous force and rapidity; yet once in its onward push it halted, while over the waters came a call, a sonorous mother call, vibrant and agonized and imperative:

"Nin—nith! Nin—nith!"

The little one stirred within the circle of Welburn's arm.

"Mother!" she cried gaily, and leaned far forward to watch.

The silent oars were lifted from the sea; the boats stood still. Again that great call sounded over the water, a solemn chant, moving, commanding.

"Nin—nith! Nin—nith!"

The little one trembled, struggled a moment, almost physically, for expression. Then memory of a profound religious impression stirred subconsciously in that baby breast, the memory of the First Year ceremony in the templed forest, where a girl child is consecrated to her mother's clan.

"Ninnith," she cried in her baby treble, reverently as though again taking part in that solemn antiphonal chant of the creed of her mother—"Nin-nith, daughter of Gurtha, daughter of Wyn, the Mother, daughter of the daughters of the Mother Goddess!"

Welburn frowned. He had been indignant when the little one learned the words. He had resented the task put upon his baby, as well as the ritual of that impressive ceremony in which his fatherhood had had no recognition.

He caught the baby to him. "Say 'Daddy loves Ninnith,' sweetheart," he begged.

The child's lips trembled, and silently formed the words he wished. But the mother tongue was with her strongly at that moment, the words so solemnly impressed upon her, repeated to her over and over and over again. She could not so quickly think in her father's language.

Resolutely then Welburn turned. He stood the baby upon the lifting taffrail

of the boat, his arm firm about her, and together they faced Gurtha swimming now close to the outrigger.

He would appeal to her. He would implore her in pity to come, to come with him and the child.

He had gone far in twenty-four hours, had unlearned more, it seemed to him, under stress of strong emotion, and in facing the inevitability to which he thought he had been reconciled, than even in the years he had spent in Gurtha's house in her mother's courtyard. He could not now have spoken as he did that morning only a day old. His passionate tenderness for the child had taught him too much—too much of mother love, of mother right.

So now, now he would promise anything she demanded, and he would do his utmost to fulfill that promise, so far as his world would let him, but so far that she must see his good faith, must know him true to his word. She should teach her child what she would; she should make of her what she would, if only both would come with him, if only both would try the other world, his world, with him!

Thus far his thought had gone no further. He had not even faced an alternative, so sure he was that his passionate plea must prevail.

Then suddenly it happened. Did the boat lurch? Did someone of the sailors—Aldar standing there behind, eager for his first cruise—actually push the child?

Welburn always insisted that not even that mother call of Gurtha's could have loosened the little one's hold from his neck, could have made her plunge to her into the sea. Besides, he would argue—and those who knew him well were so fond of him they would not question the thing he loved to believe—the baby went into the water feet foremost with a cry—not as a fearless creature would who lived half her days in the ocean.

Gurtha caught her to her and turned without a word, and, holding her close, swept past them, her face turned straight toward shore.

It was many days later that Welburn was put into a boat, provided with

water and food, and set adrift. Even at the last he and Than did not strike hands. For when Welburn had started to leap overboard after Ninnith, the Captain and his young brother had, in a second's time, intercepted him, overpowered him, bound him fast.

"Cast off!" then cried Than. "Cast off!"

And the boats beat their way to the north.

When they had sailed a thousand miles, Welburn was freed and lowered into the boat provided for him. "Cast off!"

Than's command to his men as they rowed away were the last words Welburn heard in that strange tongue. Often though, old as he is, and though the muffling years have piled silence upon silence between that time and now, he hears Than's voice again in dreams. He dreams of mighty battle in the boats; he feels the thongs that bound him while Gurtha shot with Ninnith through the sea; he rips them with the herculean strength of dreams; he fights a swift and bloody battle, and plunging into the ocean, swims after them.



SANCTUARY

By Mabel Greenwood

WE left behind us all the world that day,
 The city's roar, the heat, the rush, the weeping,
 And quietly, as if the Pilgrim's Way
 Was really sleeping,
 We followed it, until the dusk grew gray.

No call, no voice, except the thrush, that gave
 His last calm twilight song as special greeting,
 And tenderly, across the sunset's grave
 The silent meeting
 Of the tired day and eve, soft wave on wave.

We left behind us grief and pain and care;
 The dreamy woodland called us on, to borrow
 From its wide glades a child's heart light as air,
 To banish sorrow
 Into the somber city, cold and bare.



MR. T. TIFF—I try to act like myself.
MR. T. TIFF—That's why you don't get more applause.



AN argument is the longest distance between two points.

SONG OF A COUNTRY HOME

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WHO has not felt his heart leap up and glow,
What time the tulips first begin to blow,
Has one sweet joy still left for him to know.

It is like early love's imagining,
That fragile pleasure which the tulips bring
When suddenly we see them in the spring.

Not all the garden's later royal train,
Not great triumphant roses when they reign,
Can bring that delicate delight again.

II

One of the sweetest hours is this
(Of all I think we like it best);
A little restful oasis
Between the breakfast and the post.
Just south of coffee and of toast,
Just north of daily task and duty,
Just west of dreams this island gleams,
A fertile spot of peace and beauty.
We wander out across the lawn,
We idle by a bush in bloom,
The household pets come following on;
Or, if the day is one of gloom,
We loiter in a pleasant room,
Or from a casement lean and chatter.
Then comes the mail, like sudden hail,
And off we scatter.

III

When roses die, in languid August days,
We leave the garden to its fallen ways,
And seek the shelter of wide porticos,
Where honeysuckle in defiance blows,
Undaunted by the sun's too ardent rays.

The matron Summer turns a wistful gaze
Across green valleys, back to tender Mays;

THE SMART SET

And something of her large contentment goes,
When roses die.

Yet all her subtle fascination stays
To lure us into idle sweet delays.
The lowered awning by the hammock shows
Inviting nooks for dreaming and repose;
Oh, restful are the pleasures of those days
When roses die.

IV

The summer folk, fled back to town;
The green woods changed to red and brown;
A sound upon the frosty air
Of windows closing everywhere.

And then the log, lapped by a blaze—
Oh, what is better than these days,
With books and friends and love a-near?
Go on, gay world, but leave me here.



SHAKESPEARE TO HIS WIFE

By Ellis Parker Butler

THIS highbrow—Francis Bacon—makes me sick;
What do you think he's telling people, wife?
He says I have a cranium so thick
I couldn't write a play to save my life.
I have a hunch he's up to something mean;
That when I'm dead and gone he'll start a suit,
Claiming he wrote my stuff, and file a lien
And ask redress—and damages, to boot.
I like his nerve! No matter what I am,
He certainly has impudence to say
That I'm no playwright, just a common "ham,"
And me the D. Belasco of the day!
I hope, dear Anne, when I am dead you'll see
No Frank X. Bacon double-crosses me.



"Oh, well, it was John or nobody."
"So she married both?"

THE DEATH WATCH

By Leo Crane

AT seven o'clock Vane entered the local room, threw aside his half-smoked cigar, drew off his coat and prepared for the work of the evening. A layman could have told from his precise yet brisk manner that he had been entering the office with that air of surety for long. He picked up a pipe and leaned back to make his nightly query of the Desk: "Anything doing, Gray?"

"Not much," growled the assistant city editor, who was viciously butchering a story turned in by an admirer of Macaulay's style. "Not much"—and the pencil ripped the paper. The assistant city editor had not read Macaulay, yet he was confident concerning style. He knew that stories should be written as he had been told to write them when working the Central District under McCann; and McCann, everyone admitted, had been of all city editors the best. The assistant city editor wrote a head, bundled the mutilated copy into a carrier as if he had been injured, and the pneumatic tube uttered a souging gasp behind it.

"Guess you have heard about Thornbrugh?" he asked casually.

"No—what?"

"Dying."

Vane swung his chair about on one leg and exclaimed:

"Thornbrugh! John Thornbrugh, the surgeon—dying?"

The other nodded gravely. Evidently such men as Thornbrugh did not die with every edition.

"Sure thing," drawled Gray. "Operation—became infected—kept it quiet—no chance. Saved some coalheaver's life, and will pay with his own. Quite

a story, eh? He'll die tonight. We've put the death watch on him."

Vane's face paled. He pulled at his pipe as if disturbed, and grew very thoughtful. The editor noticed this.

"Know Thornbrugh?"

There was no answer save a drifting wreath of smoke, through which Vane stared across the room.

"I say, Vane, do you know Thornbrugh?"

The man started from his reverie.

"Eh—yes—that is, I went to college with him."

Abruptly he ended the conversation by getting up from his desk and walking away. The other looked after him and gave a sniff of surprise. He had expected to hear something after the fashion of newspaper men, something in Vane's own callous manner, growing out of a too close association with human events. It was not often he failed so to respond. And the assistant felt disappointed, too, for he had quite a quip ready.

Vane left the local room and by elevator dropped down to the street. He paused at the top of the broad granite steps and stood looking out. It was a now drowsy street, dull and quiet in the dusk, and not likely to prove cheering. Traffic had left it an hour before. A group of wan-faced factory girls passed; a car drooned on its way; a belated newsboy listlessly called his wares. And John Thornbrugh was dying!

Vane crossed the street and sat down on the stone steps of an office building. Here he would be unobserved, and to be alone was his mood. He wanted to forget all of the present save that a

certain man, John Thornbrugh, was dying. In his big house uptown, with the blinds drawn and the servants going noiselessly through the halls, amid a deadly stillness, helpless, patient, as many a poor fellow had been under his knife, the great man lay dying. John Thornbrugh!

He could recall when this man had not been so famous. Vane had gone to college with him, had been graduated with him, had topped him at every study, and without half trying. Then, while he sought triumphs without finding them, Thornbrugh had studied medicine, had gone abroad to complete his knowledge, and had returned to win the greatest prize on earth. There had been much of success and little of brilliancy about John Thornbrugh.

It was not so much of the man that Vane was thinking.

Up there in that silent, somber house, timidly waiting, heartsick and weary, *she* was. She had loved Thornbrugh, and had not loved Vane. At any rate, she had married Thornbrugh, a cold, emotionless sort of man; all of which had been a long time ago, but to this day Vane could not understand it.

She would have meant so much to him—the one prize he could not win. He had dreamed so many fine things he would do for her and the great things she would help him to. He looked back pityingly on those things now. His regret held something like a sneer.

The loss had been a shock to him. It had happened in the day of his rise, when his face had been smooth as a boy's and his hair raven. Now—but in those days he could dream dreams. With a pen he had planned to conquer a world, and to enjoy the world meant that she must share it. Not idle plans, for he had placed several rungs of the long ladder beneath him. He had been on the rise.

But the loss of her cast a cloud over his firmament, obscured his array of stars. After that, what mattered? He became cynical and morose, if not sullen. Drink and the companionship of those who were then like his present self brought a thin dusting of white into

his hair and graved hard lines in his face. What mattered? The rare boyishness of him disappeared forever.

Without any object other than to appear occupied, Vane had buckled down on the *Transit*. It had taken six years of hard work, collecting and pruning the loves and tragedies, the comedies and deaths of other and happier and perhaps better people, for him to gain his place as star man of the staff. The once brilliant dreams had faded, wasted. The true light of him had gone out. The impulsive buoyancy of that which is Youth had quieted into a callous, disinterested observance of Life. True, he had gained some notice by his articles in the *Monthly Post*, but he felt that "Graft: A City's Shame" marked plainly the sordid depth to which he had descended.

He had meant to write finer things than those men praised him for. She would have been his inspiration, her smile his reward. Indeed, he had changed. In those fair other days the world had seemed a sweet place and its people a decent lot, the combination made for living in and loving as little children. Now—

He started nervously. He had never heard of her children. Perhaps there were no children. His heart gave a throb. She would be lonely indeed when John Thornbrugh, good, bad or indifferent man, had gone his way. That stern, grim house! Often he had regarded it, sneered at it, an unrelenting place, a prison for his loved one, whose ways had been so light and whose laughter so merry. She should have had a garden, with roses thick about some old dial; and they would have lived in sunlight.

But now Death sat at her door, the door of the grim house, waiting for John Thornbrugh to have used up his allotted time. Vane shuddered. Death itself is without emotion.

"Well," he muttered at length, as if he had tried to sympathize with John Thornbrugh and could not—"well, he has had his day, his chance, his love and his ambition. Let him die. I would have asked no more."

Then he went back to the local room, walking briskly, meaning to banish every memory of the past, and the present, too, since it concerned John Thornbrugh more than it did anyone else. He plunged into the work before him. For an hour his typewriter clicked nervously, and the sharp clack up and down of its carriage was a fair sign that Vane wrote a good story—a bang-up first page feature for the city edition.

One by one the men dropped in and turned on the green-shaded lights over their desks. Once he heard a question:

"Anything about Thornbrugh?"

But he paid no attention to the hurried answer. He had hardened his heart; he had become again that Vane who, as with acid, had written "Graft." What did he care? Thornbrugh dying? Let him!

When he had nearly finished his work a hand touched his shoulder. He looked up to see the managing editor, who seldom came to the local room.

"I say, Mr. Vane, I hear that you once chummed with Thornbrugh, the surgeon. It's a ten-to-one chance he dies tonight. We should have something special, something from the heart, you know."

Vane shrugged.

"I really can't say that he was my sort," he replied coldly, and he leaned back, the lines about his mouth growing hard. "My stuff would be as cold—colder than the next man's."

"Who's out on it?" asked the editor, glancing toward Gray at the desk.

"Kennedy."

"Is he a good man for that sort of thing?"

"All he has to do is bring in the time of death."

"But the story—the effect—"

"Oh we dug a lot of stuff out of the morgue. It's on the bank in type, and if he happens to pull through, we'll wait. There'll be a good story, all right."

Preston nodded, turned away and then came back again.

"I wanted something special. Thornbrugh has been a cold, calculating sort; but he has been a big man also. The manner of his death—after saving the

other fellow's life, too!" Preston sat down and spoke earnestly to the city editor. "You see, if he gets a cold deal here there may be something of criticism. I knew Thornbrugh well once; and others know of our little dealings. We didn't hit it off; therefore, I'd rather overestimate him just now, to save talk. I'd write something myself—only I can't feel that way about it. It's a—personal matter."

The city editor nodded and watched him walk away. Preston was a cold one, too, but Preston was the editor, and to be pleased.

"Vane!"

The star man came slowly forward.

"Remember that panegyric, full of sobs and a lot of religious babble, that you wrote when Bishop Henderson cashed in? One of the best bits of obituary slush ever printed. That's the sort for Thornbrugh, and the boss wants it. Heard what he said? Kennedy would fall down with that, and besides he'll not have the time. See what you can do, Vane. Have a drink and think it over."

Vane stared at him, swore and reached for his hat.

"What's up?" asked the city editor, grinning.

"Oh, nothing. It's a personal matter."

Vane left the building. He was not sure that he could suppress an explosion of feeling were he to remain, and a turn about the streets he thought might improve his state of mind.

This time he experienced no calming effect of atmosphere, as in the earlier hour. The tall buildings hedging Newspaper Row loomed black and murky. Their ranks of stone, so drowsily restful in the twilight, now lifted a harsh, imperturbable wall, suggesting the very death note he would avoid. It was that dragging time when cities are most prosaic and dull. A few tired newsboys loitered; cabs, having hurried to the theaters, were now drifting about until eleven; cars ground along without passengers. From the waterfront came an occasional throaty whistle, as the river boats brought back their freights of

sleepy merry-makers, and these mournful tones served to accentuate the dreariness. Later everything would bristen; but just now the city was as dead as it would be at three in the morning.

Vane stalked hurriedly about the quiet, empty streets, meaning to busy himself at anything save the consideration of John Thornbrugh, and actually thinking of nothing else. Why had he been selected to eulogize the man? Why must he speak for the enemy who had robbed him? Why—why—why?

Vane asked himself this question a score of times. John Thornbrugh—who had robbed him of all that men hold dear—of happiness, love and that inspiration which speeds success! He must praise him for grasping those things *he* might have—*should* have had. This John Thornbrugh, who lay dying! Dying! Well, let him!

At one moment it was his mood to seek the first saloon and forgetfulness. He had done that before. But came other, better thoughts, of the past, relating to the very present. Uptown, in the great silent house, she was waiting, too—waiting for John Thornbrugh to die. He could not imagine her grief, since he had never quite believed that she loved John Thornbrugh; but he knew her gentleness of soul, and he knew that she would be timid, perhaps frightened, in being left thus alone in the great grim house—that dark, unrelenting place—with Death for an occupant. She had not known Death on terms so close—and she would be terrified, horror-stricken. Now he hated John Thornbrugh for dying. What right had he to die and leave the woman alone? He had taken her from sunlight, and would leave her in the utter dark. An unfeeling brute! Damn him, this was no time for the writing of eulogies! He would go and stand in the street, and be close to her—as close as he could in this hour of trial. She should not be alone.

A protesting hatred raged within him. He pulled down his hat, as does one expecting opposition, and started. It had become a very personal matter. The way was long, but he did not take a car. That was not his mood. He walked

furiously, muttering to himself, and felt better for it.

At the corner of the well remembered street he found a dismal quartette keeping their watch. There was Kennedy, who remarked about the sloth of commonplace events as Vane came up; and Stratton, of the *Times*, and Porter, of the *Sun*, who had tried to fortify himself with more liquor than he should have had; and little Sammie Brown, a faithful cub, who stood his ground as if this were to be the finest assignment of a career. He had hoped to avoid them, but before he could cross the street into the shadow they called:

"Hello! Is that Vane?"

"What's up?" yawned Kennedy. "One man not enough for this grave watching? You'll have to wait. The arrival of a star man doesn't hasten events. And if he lingers an hour more, we'll have had our trouble for our pains, to the benefit of the afternoon people."

"You're to go back to the office," answered Vane curtly. "Gray is lonesome, and afraid he can't do without you."

Kennedy rose from his stone bench, yawned again and said good night.

"What's the matter, Vane? Been reduced?" asked Porter, who had been reduced several times without quitting the liquid reason for it.

"Not that exactly." And then, turning to Stratton: "What's doing? Anything?"

"We send little Brown up every hour. The servants don't snap at him. 'Just the same,' is the invariable answer. I wish he'd be considerate and go off decently, like so many of his patients. They never made any row. Close to eleven thirty, Sammie. About time for another query. I'll bet two to one he's at the slow job of living, bless him!"

Vane turned away from them and walked on. He passed down the dark street until he stood before the house, that grim house he had so hated, in which the play that had interested John Thornbrugh so much was fast drawing to its climax and final curtain. All men came at length to die, thought Vane; but a little thrill of exultation, of triumph,

passed through him, and he was glad that he lived while John Thornbrugh died.

There were no lights showing. Everything suggested that dreariness and melancholy which indicate the neglected if not the deserted habitation. The brick wall was rusty from climbing ivy. The leaves of the vine had shriveled away from its first tracings over the lower story, and the thick stems were bare and knotted in the pavement. At the side, partly covered with this growth, extended a wall that enclosed—perhaps a garden. He had always imagined it drear enough. It could not be expected to have a fountain, a rustic seat or a dial touched with rose leaves. In the rear showed the angular gable of a barn, crowded by the houses of the next street, and all too close for flowers. A depressing place. A place to go mad in, if one had the soul of a child and longed for sunlight and gaiety. For once the house kept its proper station in the drama. It was funereal enough.

Vane paused. He thought of his resolution to be near her, to have her feel that someone of the living world was close at hand, undismayed, ready to serve. All love did not pass with one life. But the grim atmosphere of the place repelled him.

"Impossible," he muttered. "Nothing save death could penetrate it. But, thank God, she'll be free to go now, unfettered—"

Again the little thrill passed through him, the evil uppermost.

"He is fighting death," ran the idea. "He doesn't want to leave her. Just like him. Can't say that I wish him success."

The vast, selfish, criminal wish was almost framed upon his lips:

"Thornbrugh—dying. And I'm glad you are dying, John Thornbrugh!"

A footstep close behind caused Vane to start guiltily. Turning, he saw the cub approaching slowly, without relish for his task. They met under the wall of the enclosure, and Vane was about to speak when Brown called:

"Something burning, don't you think. Smell anything?"

Vane scented a pungent odor, too, and quickly glanced about. Now sounded a muffled clatter, as of hoofs against a boarding. Vane thought of the barn in the rear of the garden. He caught at the top of the wall and drew himself up to look over it. He saw a little flame at the side of the stable.

"Give me a leg up, Brown," he called. "Don't make a row. I'll attend to whatever's wrong. That's right—I'm up. Don't make a row!"

He dropped down on the other side.

A glance showed him that a lantern had been overturned, igniting some loose straw. He stamped it out. And then he saw where, above, the first quick flame had caught the vines that, dry and withered, clung around a veranda of the house itself. Already a little string of fire had crept upward to threaten a window curtain that swayed in and out, stirred by the light summer air. It would go next, then the greater flame, an alarm and a frightened household.

There was but one thing to do. Vane climbed the supporting post of the balcony and drew himself over the railing. It was the work of a busy minute to drag down the vines and toss them to the brick-paved space below. Until this was done he did not think of his own situation—not until, turning, he saw into the room.

A feeble reflection from a shaded desk light showed a library, with couch and leather chairs. At that very moment the curtains of a door were pushed aside and a woman entered the room. She sank down on the couch. Vane prepared to go back the way he had come, but the slight noise made by his foot as he threw it over the rail reached her ears. Instantly she sprang up to press a button. Lights gleamed—in the room and in the roof of the veranda over his head. He stood revealed to her. He saw the clinging house dress, the pale gold of her hair, the whole quivering fear that held her.

"Who—what do you want?"

"Margaret!" he said. "Don't be alarmed—don't—"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Frank Vane. There was a fire

in the vines, and I climbed over the wall and up here to put it out. I did not want you to be disturbed. You'll forgive me, I know. Vane—Frank Vane. Have you forgotten me?"

He stepped forward into the brighter light.

"Frank Vane!" she whispered, and sank down into a chair. He stood before her, glancing from her white face to his blackened hands.

"I—I was close by—saw the fire—and—and knowing of your trouble—thought you would be alarmed—that he might—"

Vane broke off, and was for the moment speechless.

She stared at him out of wide, half comprehending eyes. It seemed to him that all time which had divided them was instantly swept aside. His strange entrance, the peculiarity of his explanation, did not matter. The sight of her flung him back to that old feeling of rare friendship, and he felt that he owned the right to speak as a friend once again.

"Margaret, is he—is he—"

Then her face was buried in the cushions of the couch, and he heard her weeping.

"Oh, Vane, Vane!"

She had always called him, amid smiles, "Vane"—but this was amid tears. "Vane—he's dead—dead!"

Vane said nothing. He winced.

"I have been alone—alone. No one came. I wired his brother, but no one came. And you—you frightened me so! And he's dead—dead!"

Vane looked about him helplessly.

"I—I had better go," he said finally. "May I go down through the house? I—I don't like to—"

"No—no, don't go!" she half pleaded. "I don't want to be left alone again!"

He did not care to go and leave her. He had come to the street, he remembered, just to be close to her in this hour; and now—but he could think of nothing to say. He drew out his handkerchief and tried to cleanse his hands of the grime.

Then he glanced up, to see her staring at him. There was something of the old, the sweet Margaret, in her ex-

pression; and yet, when she spoke to him, the words came timidly, as if she uttered truths with a surprised regret.

"Vane," she said, her breath catching a little, "you've grown older. Your hair is gray; your face—"

"Yes," he admitted, not without a sigh, "I have changed, I suppose."

She caught her breath with another sob.

"And I've heard so much of you—your success. I knew you would keep on, bravely, to success!"

He could say nothing. He thought—God, all the things he had been reviewing in the last five hours thronged his mind again—the pity of himself, the wreck of himself and of his dreams! She might have built them into the sunlight. The real success had been lost. No one save the man himself can realize the utter extent of his failure. He said nothing. She began again:

"John used to say that—he envied you—he—"

Her head dropped down and the tears came fast. Suddenly Vane understood. In that instant she had compared them, the two men, the living and the dead. She envied him the life the other might have had; that portion John Thornbrugh had been denied. Vane felt as though he had killed him; and yet there was a sympathy he could not feel, for he asked, coldly:

"When did he die?"

"At seven."

"The reporters were told—"

"I know. They had worried me." Her eyes flashed for an instant. "You—you are one of them, Vane. I did not think you would do a thing like that!"

"No, no," he protested, "I could not. Why, I came because—"

He saw that she would not believe him. It was useless to expect it. He stood up.

"I am sorry you think that of me. I heard—and was passing—and— Well, no matter. I must go. Will you have to be alone now? Can't you call someone? If you wish, I will wait in the street, to be at hand—to—"

She twisted her handkerchief into a little wet ball. She looked at him won-

deringly. And again he realized that while she saw but him, the vision held another compelling portrait in his place.

"I sent the maid away for a time," she said slowly. "I'll have her sit with me when she returns. I can't sleep." Then she uttered a low, impulsive cry: "Oh, Vane, Vane! He never left me before! Do you know what it means? You were his friend, Vane, and he is dead!"

Vane smothered something in his throat.

"Yes," he lied sturdily, "I—I was his friend."

Then, trembling all the way, she led him down through the house. At the door he hesitated. The house seemed so dark, silent, grim; and he knew that she was afraid to be alone.

But the bitter realization of another thing closed over him as a pall, as a heavy lid, pressing down to leave him, the living, in utter darkness. She had loved John Thornbrugh—she *had* loved him!

Vane bit his lip. It was a mystery no longer.

The door closed. He stood irresolute in the dark street. He was alone now.

It was late—one o'clock—when he had finished the last line of his copy. He had written at a furious pace to catch the idea that was bitterly uppermost in his own mind. A little reflection, and he would hate John Thornbrugh once again; but she had loved him, and he would write a straight story of the real John Thornbrugh, the one the world had not known at all.

"Editorial lead," he called through the tube. "Mr. Preston's order."

This finished, he drew on his coat and walked soberly home. The cool wind of the morning touched his hot forehead. She had loved John Thornbrugh! What mattered the man, since she had loved him so well? He would give—yes, to have had those years of her woman's love, he would lie in the dead man's place. He had failed, yet he must go on watching the living. Tomorrow there would be other loves and therefore other stories. He sighed. The death watch of a dream must not delay the endless chronicle of life.



FAME

By Ellis O. Jones

LIVES of magnates oft remind us
We can graft so smooth and neat;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints larger than our feet.



WEARY WILLY (gazing at auto)—Did you ever make up your mind what kind of a car you'd get if you had the price?
LANGUID LOU—Sure I have; a sleeping car.

THEN AND NOW

By Walt Mason

IN olden times the gifted bard found life a pathway rough and hard. Starvation often was his goad, and some dark garret his abode, and there, when nights were long and chill, he sadly plied his creaking quill. He wrote of shepherds and their crooks, of verdant vales and babbling brooks, displaying artfully his lore—while bailiffs threatened at the door. And having wrought his best, he took with trembling hands his little book to lay before some haughty lord, and cringe around for a reward. Sometimes, perchance, he got a purse; anon he only drew a curse; and often in a prison yard the weary, debt-encumbered bard was herded with the squalid throng, and damned the shining peaks of song.

The world moves on. The bard today finds life a soft and easy way. If he elects to cut his hair he has the price and some to spare. Attired in purple, he goes by with hard-boiled shirt and scrambled tie, and you can hear his bullion clank as he goes prancing to the bank. He writes no tame, insipid books of dairy maids or shepherds' crooks, of singing birds or burbling streams, or any other worn-out themes. Anon he touches up his lyre to boost a patent rubber tire, or sings a noble song that thrills concerning someone's beeswax pills. His lyre's a wonder to behold; its frame is pearl, its strings are gold. His sheetiron laurels never fade; the grocer's glad to get his trade. While he can make the muses sweat he'll never go to jail for debt.

He calmly puts his harp away when he has toiled a ten-hour day, and softly sighs: "There's nothing wrong with this old graft of deathless song!"



THE GUESTS

By Arthur Wallace Peach

BY every door they wait to enter in:
Gray Sorrow nearest stands, then drooping Care;
And that dread Form o'er whom no skill can win,
Dark-hooded, silent, certain, watches there.

So wait they evermore through passing years,
Unmoved by deepest charm or mystic spells,
A saintly prayer or children's tender tears,
And leave no home where king or beggar dwells.

But at One's coming softly they depart,
A guest who comes with sweet, impressive grace;
Gray Sorrow folds her robes, Hate leaves the heart,
And even Death is meek before Love's face.

THE PERFIDY OF SYLVIA

By Nina Larrey Duryea

THE Duc de Rochfort handed his coat, umbrella, hat and yellow gloves to Mrs. Hall's supercilious footman, stamped his somewhat too tight trousers into place and mounted the wide staircase. Through his fine nostrils he drew deep breaths of satisfaction as he mounted, satisfaction in the odor of fresh paint, fresh carpets, stonework and fresh flowers. Before him on the landing above glowed a magnificent Gothic tapestry, dignifying its surroundings, and the Duc envied its former owner for having exchanged its unutilitarian beauty for fresh, useful money.

At the head of the stairs another supercilious menial bowed him into a vast drawing room, whose softly tinted gloom made him feel as though enclosed in a giant's bonbon box of superlative costliness. Through filmy lace and antique brocade drifted the sound of motors whirring down the Avenue du Bois. The furnishings were old and beautiful, but the room fairly carolled with chastened gaiety from the heathen strumpets gambolling on the ceiling to the costly bric-à-brac and elaborate photograph frames on the gilded tables.

The Duc regarded his distinguished head, with its upcurled mustache and upstanding gray hair, in the mirrored walls, and rubbed his carefully manicured hands together with a gesture of passionate satisfaction. His imagination sensed all the unseen perfection of this house: its many baths, its tile-walled kitchens, spacious closets where mirrored doors ran in perfect grooves, all the lavish disregard of cost in its maintenance, and the silent and accomplished service of many servants—all for the shelter and

sustenance of this American mother and daughter who had originated in simplicity. A thrill of sincere admiration stirred his breast beneath an elegant waistcoat.

Women to him had never seemed other than parasites, feeding on man in one way or many ways. But here was represented a new product, self-sustaining, self-sufficient, able to give prodigally, to bestow, beside charm—cash! Through the damask curtains his eye caught a vista of other beautiful rooms which tempted investigation. On other occasions he had been one of many who crowded these *salons*, for dinners or other ceremonious functions of the American colony. This was his first opportunity to study and appraise both cost and taste. He rose and leisurely sauntered on into the library, whose mellow richness of tint and furnishing roused his admiration.

Suddenly he became aware of voices beyond, muffled by velvet curtains. He recognized the voices of Mrs. Hall and her daughter Sylvia. The Duc winked his monocle out of his eye and paused instinctively. He would have hesitated before the temptation of a keyhole, but his canons of honorable behavior did not include velvet portières. This is what he heard:

"Sylvia dear, do come in. Don't be pig-headed. The Duc is charming and his social position impregnable. Be a good girl and see him. It commits you to nothing."

And then a charming voice replied:

"It would commit me to being bored, mother. I don't like him, nor his waistcoats, nor the way he holds his feet, nor his sharp teeth. They look

cruel, and he says things with his eyes which make me want to take a bath. He hasn't—"

The Duc gasped and fled. His patent-leather boots beneath immaculate spats carried him swiftly to the chair he had just quitted with such high hopes. He sank heavily on the puffy pink cushion, more angry than he had been for years. The minx! The hussy! Oh, if she might only be his wife for a few weeks, she would find that more than his teeth could be cruel. Then policy and worldly training got hold of his temper and locked it safely away for future occasions. Also his experience, which had been varied, with the fair sex had taught him that a young girl almost invariably conceals her real feelings in such matters. The virgin heart is prone to deceive itself as well as others. He recalled charming hours spent in her society, which, although invariably chaperoned, had allowed him acquaintance with her delightful gaieties of mind and manner. American girls could not be judged by the usual standard. To them man was a means to an end, an humble worm. All this fair Sylvia needed to reach perfection was the wise discipline of a French husband.

The curtains parted, and Mrs. Hall appeared advancing across the *salon* with suave self-possession. She had the well massaged figure of a young girl. Her thin face, artistically tinted, bespoke alert intelligence and a genius for getting her own way. The Duc rose. "Madame." He drew his neat feet together with military precision and bowed low over her extended hand. She felt his lips touch her cabochon emerald in homage of what it represented. She withdrew her hand from his ardent pressure and seated herself in a deep *bergère* where the light touched only her undulated hair and left her face in shadow. The Duc seated himself opposite, consciously arranging his feet in an unaccustomed position.

"I am too sorry, dear Duc, that my daughter will not be able to see you for a few moments." ("She is coming, after all!" thought the Duc.) "She has some invitations to answer. She begged you

to accept me as a proxy in the meantime."

The Duc waved a deprecatory hand. The diamond eye of his snake ring seemed to wink at his hostess as though in derision of social amenities. "I may therefore enjoy a quiet talk with you, madame. Alas, one finds so little time for the pleasures of intimacy."

"Is intimacy conducive to pleasure?" queried Mrs. Hall. "My experience has been to the contrary. This rushing life we all lead allows none, so we all admire each other because we aren't found out."

The Duc raised shocked eyebrows. "I deplore our society for that very reason, madame. Since my dear wife's death I have sadly missed the charm of a tranquil life. I like that Anglo-Saxon word 'home.' It means something which we Latins fail to acquire. Our houses—I may say my own house, at least, lacks the aroma of femininity and intimacy which, to be personal, this house of yours exhales."

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Mrs. Hall, inhaling the aroma of November roses at thirty francs a dozen. "If I may say so, your French houses seem self-conscious. They don't let themselves go."

"Often they have very little to go on," sighed the Duc ingenuously. "Therefore they stand still in their tracks, waiting."

"Waiting? Waiting for what?"

"Madame, they await fresh energies, fresh ambitions, fresh ideas to kindle the flame on their hearths."

"And fresh Americans to pay the bills," thought his listener. She tilted her head sidewise against her cushioned chair, her eyes following the play of her diamond-studded chain between her dallying fingers. "I fear, Duc, those French hearths of yours don't always draw well."

"They would, madame, were the fire properly kindled. Then one might warm one's heart there and—"

Mrs. Hall smiled. "One has so little time nowadays to bother about hearts. Other things are more interesting."

"What, for instance?" asked the

Duc, feeling he had been pursuing the wrong road to an ultimate good.

"Power," said Mrs. Hall.

"Money is power."

"So is birth, my friend."

"Birth without money is like an egg without salt, madame."

Mrs. Hall laughed merrily. "You think so? I assure you that the average person would rather dine with a duke off canned beans than eat terrapin with Rockefeller."

"But money can buy everything, madame, from spiritual absolution to—er—a coronet."

There was a moment's silence as these two worldly ones eyed one another. A girl's voice was heard singing from a distant room. "Have I been too brutally frank?" wondered the Duc. "Is the man offering his coronet?" wondered his hostess. "I'll find out."

"Youth doesn't properly appreciate either a heavenly or an earthly crown," she said.

"Naturally, dear madame. Angels and great ladies are rarely young."

"Youth expects happiness."

"Expectation is a harmless occupation. It often prevents realization of painful realities."

"A happy marriage is an excellent occupation," said Mrs. Hall.

"Nothing better," said the Duc. "My present matrimonial idleness gets on my nerves. My tastes are domestic. I have a heart. But alas, the modern French young girl is either vicious or stupid. The advent into our society of the American girl, with her audacious charm, her beauty and virtue, has robbed us of our peace of mind. If I marry, it shall be to one of our countrywomen. I should adore her because she would snap her pretty fingers at all my prejudices."

Mrs. Hall lost no point of these remarks. She looked the Duc over with a discerning eye. Was he worth buying? Behind his distinguished head and smartly tailored figure loomed, not the perspective of her luxurious rooms, but the Rochfort glories. She recalled his vast house on the Faubourg St. Honoré, with its air of dignity, tradition and

restrained splendor. That it was mortgaged to the eaves of its mansard roof she knew also, but that was a mere detail. A cheque could easily arrange that. "Duchesse de Rochfort"—it had a sonorous sound. Sylvia's old friends in Brooklyn would indeed think she had been cutting ice and coupons to some purpose in Europe. But there was that good-looking young lawyer, Jack Seymour. What a nuisance he was! Why had he come over to Paris again to disturb Sylvia's mind with foolish ideas of sentiment and earnest living? Sylvia would make a charming duchess. That house of the Duc's was a far more fitting setting for her than an apartment on the West Side in New York. Was all her effort and her money to earn nothing better for her only child than mediocrity?

Just then the curtains parted. A young girl of about twenty-two entered, tall, slender, erect. Her small head carried itself with a certain gay hauteur beneath its wide black hat. She was dressed for the street, with violets at her breast. The Duc rose precipitately and bowed low over her gloved hand.

She smiled at him demurely through long lashes. "So sorry to have been so long," she said, "but I'm sure you have not been dull. Mother could make even a photograph seem human." She smiled sweetly at the Duc, then turned to her mother. "Sorry I have to go out, but the motor has been waiting half an hour. That hat with the marabou, mother, simply has to go back today or they'll make me pay for it, and I look like a Comanche Indian in it."

She had remained standing. "Don't let me keep you, mademoiselle," said the Duc, his eye on the window streaming with rain. "In fact, may I not accompany you?" To save cabfare and gain a *lête-à-lête* at the same time would be indeed good luck.

"With pleasure," smiled Sylvia. "My *dame de compagnie*, Madame Bruer, is going, too, but there will be plenty of room. Good-bye, dearest mother. I'll try to meet you later at Mrs. Francis-Bray's for tea, but don't wait for me."

A few moments later the Duc found himself squeezed into the corner of the

motor opposite the *dame de compagnie*. This lady was forty, virtuous and severe. She was dressed in discreet black. A mustache lent an expression of masculine sobriety to her shrewd, powerful face. As a man she would have been handsome; as a woman she was formidable. Only when speaking to her charge did that hawklike visage soften. Her back was as unbending as a principle, and the jet buttons of her tight corsage enclosed a bosom where a sense of duty reigned supreme.

Sylvia chattered as gaily as a parouquet on its native heath. The Duc was made to feel all the lure of her youth and sweetness. Madame Bruer was appealed to from time to time with adorable confidence in that lady's belief in Sylvia's perfection. The Duc glowed with ardent hopes under this kind treatment and waxed brilliant in his conversation. The Champs Élysées down which they whirled seemed to him to have been telescoped into the shortest thoroughfare this side of paradise. Sylvia, be it confessed, flirted—flirted deliberately. She seemed to bubble over with some inner joy. Her clear eyes held an intoxicating radiance, as though they glimpsed visions whose beauty was reflected in her face. She graciously accepted the Duc's invitation to tea later at the Ritz, and ornamented his buttonhole with violets from her bouquet.

At the corner of the Rue Cambon, she asked: "Where shall we let you out? We're going to the Rue de la Paix with that"—indicating a gigantic hatbox of frail board on which her small feet rested, containing the hat covered with marabou feathers, which, as everyone knows, are as costly as experience.

As she spoke they reached the corner of the Rue St. Honoré with an abrupt halt—so abrupt that Sylvia was ejected from her seat onto the frail hatbox like a ball from a cannon's mouth. Her knees went through the cover with a sound of splintering wood. The hat within succumbed without a struggle, and the feathers went as flat as a Scotch joke. The three inmates of the motor were for a moment hopelessly mixed as to language and bodies, and when Sylvia

endeavored to regain a perpendicular position, she came into violent contact with a horse's head, inside the motor. Fright and indignation held her motionless on her knees as the Duc vainly tried to eject the intruder. He tugged and pushed, while Madame Bruer whacked that hairy Roman nose with her umbrella. Beyond the horse's head, aloft on the box of a disreputable cab at right angles to their motor, loomed the *cocher*, his white hat and empurpled visage glistening with rain. The street was a jam, rendering it impossible to open either door. The *cocher*, with a solid mass of vehicles around and behind him, wrestled with his reins in vain. His horse's head remained a fixture. The Duc waved frantic arms from the opposite window, and at last a diminutive *gendarme* came to the surface from that heaving sea of uproar and confusion, through which the *cocher's* voice was heard like a clarion call to all the powers of evil. His language was not polite. The entire French vocabulary apparently had been changed to epithets too dreadful to repeat.

Madame Bruer covered her chaste ears with her black cotton gloves and closed shuddering eyes as Sylvia shrank affrighted from burning insults hurled apparently at her *ondulé* head. She was told that her grandmother was born in a sewer; that her obstinacy was that of all the mules ever foaled; that she deserved to be beaten till she was bereft of her skin; that—but let us draw the veil. Even the Duc, who had served in the French army, covered his ears.

At last the *gendarme* cleared a space, and the horse was induced to remove his presence from the interior of the motor, which he did with the gracious composure of the true philosopher. Apparently he thought a great fuss had been made about nothing.

But Sylvia was not of that opinion. "My hat!" she wailed. "Eight hundred francs worth of marabou feathers destroyed completely!"

Meanwhile the *gendarme*, having glimpsed Sylvia's gold purse studded with sapphires, considered that duty necessitated some action on his part.

He spoke to the *chauffeur* and gripped the bridle of the ill-mannered horse. The horse tossed his bewildered head, but the little *gendarme* dangled heroically in mid-air, not to be shaken from either his purpose or the horse.

In a moment motor and cab were drawn up beside the curb, while a crowd gathered. The Duc descended, and while the *gendarme* wrote things importantly in a little book, the *cocher* continued to fill the air with impolite language. The Duc came to the window. He seemed to have caught something of the *gendarme's* sense of importance. To tell the truth, he found the occasion most opportune for dramatic effect. He could rescue this fair lady in distress, see justice done to violence and crime, prove to her that chivalry and courage were not obsolete in France. He stuck his head through the window.

"The *gendarme* insists on our going to the police station and making a complaint," he said. "The *cocher's* language was unlawful. He insulted you publicly and threatened personal violence."

"Oh, bother the *cocher*!" said Sylvia ungratefully.

But the Duc's head remained in the window as firmly as the horse's had ever done. "I beg you, mademoiselle, to come and allow me to serve you. The hat must be paid for. The cab company is responsible through the *cocher*. I cannot allow you to be insulted and suffer the loss of eight hundred francs without restitution. I insist; I implore you to permit me to right these wrongs."

The Duc had a vision of pleading eloquently in her behalf before her grateful eyes, of modestly proving his powers as her gallant protector and accepting with depreciation her gratitude. Certainly such an opportunity was heaven-sent, and not to be lost.

Then Madame Bruer spoke, and her voice carried authority. "He is right, *chérie*. To let that rascal go unpunished would be acting as an accessory to the crime. Besides, eight hundred francs are eight hundred francs, and Monsieur le Duc will conduct the affair with intelligence and discretion. Let us go. It will be a simple matter."

Sylvia considered a moment, and gave the Duc an illumined smile. "You are both undoubtedly right. *En avant* with the machinery of the law! But, dear old Bruer, you shall take my place. You shall recite our wrongs before the authorities; you shall demand justice; and you shall accompany the Duc to accomplish these things in this motor, while I go to the Ritz and wait for you there."

The Duc's face fell—out of the window. This was not according to his program. It was all very well to succor and defend a lady in distress, but he felt that he should have had the prerogative of choosing the lady. He had counted on pleading the case before a charming creature with a face like a rose, not before a lady with a jaw of granite and a mustache.

But Sylvia was delighted with her solution of their difficulties, and descended from the motor with alacrity. In a trice she was in a taxicab, and they in the motor. She waved her hand gaily to the discomfiture Duc, calling, "*Tout à l'heure, au Ritz*," and vanished.

The *gendarme* entered the disreputable cab and led the way to the authorities. Conversation languished in the motor. At last they arrived before a stern building in a small street before whose door dangled a discouraged flag. Above the door were the words "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," and a sad-faced soldier stood by the door as though those lofty sentiments necessitated his rusty bayonet for enforcement.

The Duc picked his way across the muddy pavement with a care for his spats, Madame Bruer following, with a liberal display of white cotton hose and purple petticoat. They found themselves in a dim room lit by an anemic gas jet, where a gold-braided official loomed behind a high desk. He eyed all four over a pair of horn spectacles, as though doubtful as to which might be the guilty party. He asked a few curt questions in a voice husky with bronchitis.

The Duc found himself in a false position and resented it. Here he was in a room reeking with microbes, succoring and defending a stout person named

Bruer and being called upon to explain the battered condition of a hat in which he took not the slightest interest. His and not the hat's wrongs cried to heaven for vengeance. To add to his discomfiture, he thought he detected a twinkle in Madame Bruer's beady orbs as he told the story. His elegance, his name and his wrath impressed the official, though the latter failed to detect that the wrath was directed as much against circumstances as against the *cocher*.

The hat, with its inebriated-looking plumes, was held up for inspection, and Madame Bruer produced the bill to prove its stupendous cost. To their indignant and poignant eloquence the *cocher* uttered never a word, but twiddled his thumbs over his rotund waist with resigned melancholy. A crowd had gathered, filling the room and the doorway with odors not those of a flower garden. The Duc found his position detestable, but like the true *grand seigneur* of tradition, bore his trials with resignation. He did his best for the hat and his worst for the *cocher*, and when finally words and breath failed him, felt he had justly earned the everlasting gratitude of the American heir-ess.

Then the *cocher* was summoned to step forth, which he did with dignity, mopping his brow with a scarlet bandanna, which he then tucked between the huge silver buttons of his gaping brown coat. He stepped into the open space before the high desk and bowed profoundly three times—to the official, to Madame Bruer and to the exhausted Duc.

"Your name?"

"Alphonse Signoret Méritail Paté."

"Your residence?"

"182 Rue Montmartre."

"Married or single?"

Alphonse Signoret Méritail Paté scratched his head and looked embarrassed.

"Answer."

"Affianced."

"Write down 'single,'" said the official sourly to the clerk.

"Your profession?"

"*Cocher*. Cab number 2464."

The official removed his hat, cleared his throat, tucked a bronchial lozenge into his cheek and spoke.

"We have listened to the disgraceful history of this adventure from these two reputable witnesses. We have learned of the unprecedented insolence of your horse, of the violence and brutality of your language. We have beheld the destruction caused by your unlawful carelessness to a hat for which this lady paid a price worthy of its *chic*. As a man about to be married, you must be aware of the sacredness attached to a hat of such splendor, and the grief and distress which must wring the heart of this lady in beholding such havoc of so precious a possession. Do you deny that you are the cause?"

"I do."

Madame Bruer snorted. The official rapped for order with a dirty finger and continued. "We have heard your language repeated—"

"Oh, no you haven't," interrupted Madame Bruer. "Only the politest bits of it."

The official regarded her sternly over his spectacles. "Madame, I am conducting this investigation. I may say that I am conversant with a *cocher's* language when excited, and need no points. And now to continue. You intimidated this lady by violent threats. You said she should be beaten until deprived of her skin, that her grandmother was born in a sewer, that her obstinacy was greater than all the mules ever foaled. Do you deny it?"

"I do."

"Do you deny that your horse intruded his head within her motor, and that you allowed it so to remain?"

Silence. The *cocher* again scratched his grizzled head with a tragic face.

"Answer me."

The *cocher* gazed sadly from face to face, as though seeking sympathy, but found none. "May I be permitted to speak?" he asked with dignity.

"Speak."

The *cocher* again bowed three times from his ponderous waist. "Your Honor—madame—Monsieur le Duc." The crowd in the door pushed forward with

a sound of heavy boots on a gritty floor. There was a moment's silence. "The pain and mortification I have suffered during the recital of this lady's wrongs is beyond my power to express. It has seared my very soul, and will deprive me of my natural sleep for many nights. I have beheld the ravished hat, once so ravishing, with the most bitter regret. I admit the destruction of that hat. I admit the effrontery of my horse. I admit with shame the unseemliness of my language. But I have been misjudged. My horse has been misjudged. We are both, my horse and myself, the victims of human weakness, in that this most deplorable occurrence was occasioned by my horse's admiration of a beautiful woman."

The *cocher* gazed soulfully at Madame Bruer's astonished face, while the crowd sighed with admiring sympathy.

"Proceed," said the official, leaning forward over his desk.

The *cocher* drew himself proudly erect. "I was on the Rue Cambon, about to turn into the Rue St. Honoré, when a block of vehicles stopped my progress. Before me, at right angles, was this lady's motor. She was within. My horse's head was near the window. He saw the lady. Need I say more? He was overcome with emotion, admiration—I might say he was speechless with admiration. His eyes almost started from their blinders for a nearer view of the face which charmed him. He has a long and slender neck, that horse, for he comes of the aristocracy. Carried away by an uncontrollable impulse, he pushed his head through that window to take his full pleasure in contemplating this lady. Alas, I, too, being in the same condition of emotion, failed to control my horse. His head became a fixture in that window. It might have indeed grown there, for all I could do to remove it from the society of his betters. I applied my whip; I pulled with all my strength, in vain. Then—then—" Emotion overcame the *cocher*. He blew his rubicund nose like the last trump and coughed.

"Proceed," said the official.

"Alas, then it was that I resorted to

language, to move that animal. My sympathy for this lady and my anger against my horse evoked all my eloquence, which when aroused is of no mean order. It has been said that I should have been a Deputy, not a *cocher*. My tongue, like my horse, became beyond my control. What my tongue uttered I know not, but I take the word of this lady and her gallant defender. But be it known that all I said was intended not for this lady but for my horse. Be it known that, like my horse, I, too, admire beauty, distinction and charm. I, too, forgot myself and what was due the occasion. The ruined hat I deplore. The impassioned sensibilities of my horse I deplore, and the indignation expressed by my tongue for this lady's fright and annoyance. But, Your Honor—madame—Monsieur le Duc, permit me to record, in this most solemn moment of my life, that the price of the hat, the ignominy of my present painful position, the distress which overwhelms me in having caused distress, are all—I affirm, are all—amply repaid by the pleasure which I shared with my horse in contemplating the visage of the lady we have injured."

The *cocher* bowed three times from his rotund waist. Cheers rose from the crowded room, from the loiterers in the doorway. "*Vive l'amour! Vive la galanterie!*" The official rose and lifted his hat. The Duc fairly trembled with sympathetic enthusiasm. Such is the bond between noble hearts and generous sentiments.

At last the hubbub was silenced. The official turned to Madame Bruer. "Madame, have you any remarks to make? Do you still desire to enter a complaint against this man?"

It was then that Madame Bruer reached her full stature morally and physically. It was then she felt that the culmination of an eventful career was reached. Was she to be outdone in loftiness of spirit? Never! Mademoiselle had bidden her act as she thought best, to follow any course she deemed expedient. What were eight hundred francs as compared to a lofty soul? There was but one course to follow.

She cleared her lean throat and smoothed the front breadth of her black silk.

"Sir, I have but a word to say, for my eloquence is not that of a Deputy. Though my acquaintance with the defendant was made through a horse, yet am I proud to have made it. That the horse made mine through a window matters not. That a few paltry feathers were destroyed matters not. To have discovered by this adventure a soul above malice, a soul filled with delicate sentiments and honorable feeling, is worth the cost of the cabfares and agitation. I withdraw the complaint."

Madame Bruer turned to the *cocher* and dropped a curtsy worthy of Versailles. The *cocher* clicked the heels of his disreputable boots, and with his battered hat pressed to his ardent bosom, returned the curtsy. Feet stamped; cheers resounded. "*Vive l'amour! Vive la galanterie!*"

The crowd parted to let the three participants pass out. The *cocher* rushed to his cab and opened wide the door. Madame Bruer entered. "To the Ritz," said she. The whip whirled and snapped. The disreputable vehicle lurched forward, with the taximeter conspicuously at "*libre*."

The Duc, thus deserted, entered another motor as Madame Bruer, with the battered hatbox on her knee, waved him a condescending *au revoir*. The cab led the way through sordid streets to the Avenue de l'Opéra and turned into the Rue de la Paix where a glittering array of motors blocked either side before glittering shops. The Duc wondered if the heroic *cocher* would have sufficient heroism to enter the very portals of the Hotel Ritz with his eccentric conveyance. They crossed the Place Vendôme and joined the line of arrivals desiring entrance to that Mecca of fashion. To the impatient Duc the curved carriage-way seemed long, but at last he saw the *cocher* pause before the sacred portal, descend from his box, open the door with a flourish and stand aside with hat over his heart while Madame Bruer descended. She bowed to the *cocher*

with dignity. He returned her salute; she entered the hotel and the *cocher* mounted his box and disappeared, while the Duc in his turn descended.

"Now," thought he, "for tea, and my heart's desire. Now for encomiums and gratitude."

Madame Bruer awaited him, grim and discreet, in the *salon* at the left where guests congregate. They both looked about for the fair Sylvia, but in vain. Doubtless, as it was late, she was awaiting them and his news in the gallery. The Duc glanced at the clock and preceded Madame Bruer down the narrow gallery filled with small tables where beauty and fashion and society's climbers rend buttered toast and reputations with well bred composure and the moral support of irreproachable toilets.

For a moment the lights and confusion made the Duc blink, but familiar faces smiled upon him; plumed heads nodded graciously as he passed through that serried aisle of smart modernity, peering for his fair enslaver. Poor child, he thought—of course she was bored and hungry, patiently keeping a table for him in some secluded corner. At last he spied her. She was in a secluded corner, but not alone. She was leaning forward, her face supported on her folded hands, smiling in radiant content into the bronzed, strong face of a good-looking youth, which reflected the happiness of her own. Neither of them was apparently aware of the carpet beneath their feet, the tea before them or the frescos above their heads.

The Duc stood rooted to the spot, bitterness entering his soul. Madame Bruer touched Sylvia on the shoulder. The girl turned, half rose, smiled abstractedly.

"Mademoiselle, alone here, unchaperoned!"

"Now, Bruer, don't scold. It is only Jack." She turned to the Duc with an enchanting smile. "Please forgive me. I truly forgot. Do sit down and have tea with us. May I present Mr. Seymour, of New York?"

THE MAKING OF A MAN

By Elizabeth Herrick

THE case had been taken from the jury and a verdict ordered for the defendant corporation. The judge, with an air of righteous dealing, had left the bench and the courtroom, followed after a discreet interval by the corporation lawyer; the latter paused an instant on the courthouse steps, where a group of barristers were reviewing the case, ostensibly to light a cigar, then, with a smile of self-gratulation, flung jauntily down the sidewalk and turned a corner in the direction which the judge had taken. The plaintiff had pulled himself and his crutches together, and, surrounded by a cloud of sympathetic witnesses, was dejectedly leaving the building, when his counsel, who had been standing for the last few minutes motionless in front of a window that looked on the street, his hands clasped behind his back, wheeled suddenly and transfixed his unlucky client with a peremptory forefinger. With a sharp rattle of his crutches the client came to a halt, and, such is the reverence of its victims for the majesty of the law personified in an attorney's presence, accomplished a respectful bow.

"It was a clear case," he began falteringly, as the only thing he could in conscience say to the lawyer who had lost it for him, and for whom, none the less, though he stood defeated before him after a speech which should, in his own humble opinion, have moved men and angels, he yet cherished an abiding faith.

But the lawyer was in no mood for commiseration. He did not own defeat. No jury had weighed the evidence or balanced, argument for argument, his own cause against Enright's. The prej-

udice of one man alone by the weight of his office had tipped the scales.

"We'll appeal," he exclaimed.

His client's eyes brightened with hope renewed, then as suddenly gloomed again.

"I don't know when you will get your money," he said, with the impolitic bluntness of an honest man. But the lawyer, contrary to his kind, did not so much as prick his ears to the hint. He put the warning from him like testimony that was irrelevant to the case.

"Come in tomorrow and we will fix it up," he said with sudden kindness. With a curt nod of dismissal he passed the group by and went the way of the judge and the corporation lawyer, through the corridor, down the courthouse steps, empty now of disputants, and up the street in the direction of the three-story brick block on the upper floor of which he had his offices—a resolute figure, stepping aside for no man, but holding a straight, unswerving course through the middle of the crowd, which yielded instinctively, as it were, the right of way. He had not the bearing of a lawyer who has lost his case—of a man who could lose anything. He had made the best argument of his life and he was satisfied with it. He had represented, how ably both the judge and Enright knew, the law of the land. He had captured the jury and held them spellbound. Defeated, he had all the semblance of a victor, and knew that he had it.

He turned into the dingy doorway placarded with notaries' signs and mounted the stairs. A shabby clerk, writing at a table that did duty for a desk, held his pen at the familiar step

and looked expectantly through the open door.

"How'd it go—our way?" he asked eagerly, in proud assumption of partnership. The lawyer strode into the office with the air of having carried everything before him.

"No," he said, and flung down his armful of books and papers.

The clerk sat dazed. He knew his employer and he knew Enright. Also—the blank perplexity of his brow lifted—he knew the judge.

"It's unjust!" he burst out, bringing his pen hand down upon the table with a violence that scattered the ink in every direction. "Took it from the jury, did he?"

The lawyer nodded and turned to the window, throwing himself into a swivel chair before it. His face was set and bitter. The clerk gave it a curious side glance, then dipped his pen and went on with his drudgery.

Russell sat with his hands on the chair arms, looking thoughtfully at the glimpse of sky between the telephone wires on top of the tall block opposite, confronting with grave resolution the task he had set himself. Here was a great corporation, ready to spend in defeating justice the thousands it should have paid his client. Here was the client, hopelessly crippled and, worse than that, poor, yet with the law on his side. Between the two as arbiter a supreme court, pledged to equity, yet dominated by what influence? Would the decision just rendered be reversed, or would it be sustained and passed down as a precedent in other causes, an example of the power of guilty negligence? Such a decision was not law. It was the evasion of law. Yet how, without contempt, bring it home to the court? Or how without money, fight money? The struggle thus far had been costly; the plaintiff's home would have to be mortgaged to meet the court costs. What could carry the case higher? Instinctively the lawyer's hands went into his pockets; they were empty enough, but the impulse softened his face.

"How did he take it?" the clerk in-

quired suddenly, with acute personal interest. He had been writing with one eye on his employer and had observed the softening.

"With unshaken faith in me," the lawyer answered, with a profound sigh.

The clerk, manifestly affected, made short little dabs with his pen on a blank sheet of foolscap. Russell was the chief article of his own faith.

"If he wanted to carry it higher—" he began awkwardly. "But I don't suppose he can."

Russell's eyes came back from the window. "I think that can be fixed all right," he said quietly. "We'll enter an appeal tomorrow." He stuffed the papers into his desk and turned to the door, taking down his hat from the wall as he went out.

He ran downstairs, brushing hastily past a brother lawyer who would have spoken with him, and flung into the street. Still smarting under the injustice, yet troubled more for his client than for himself, he was striding along with the strong and dominant tread of a man who by sheer force of will would compel ultimate victory, when the fine whirl of an automobile driven rapidly behind him cut short his reflections in the full of their bitterness. He twisted a nervous shoulder and cast a glance of sharp disapprobation on the offender, as the machine veered with an ugly grace to the curbing and came to a standstill, its motor pounding away under the restraint of the brake like a thoroughbred impatient of the bit. The driver leaned out.

"My compliments to my late opponent," he said, with a smile that disclosed under a very silky and carefully groomed mustache even rows of brilliantly white teeth—"with my heartfelt thanks that the case didn't reach the jury. Jump in and I will take you home."

Russell hesitated. The invitation had been cordially and fraternally given. Common courtesy and the relation in which they had lately stood, and to which Enright under the guise of compliment had just lightly and tactfully referred, forbade him to refuse it without

some show of reason lest he seem to be nourishing a resentment out of all proportion to the other's achievement. He stepped, with the slight awkwardness of one unaccustomed to the act, into the car.

Enright let the machine go—slowly—under curb, as it were.

"I daren't break the law in your company," he explained, laughing. "I've a wholesome dread of your eloquence. I am happy to admit that I've seldom heard anything like it. You hadn't been talking ten minutes today when I knew that the case was gone if the jury got it; *ergo*, the jury mustn't get it. 'Contributory negligence' never would have satisfied them. You had every man among them ready to swear we had been laying plans a dozen years or so for last twenty-third of April, and that we went out on that fateful day with malice aforethought to injure the poor beggar. How in the world did you do it?"

"The case is perfectly clear," said Russell, borrowing with a faint smile his client's phrase. "I simply stated it."

More potent than his own inherent distrust of the man, fostered by their college intercourse, experience bred caution. A like condescending friendliness is one of the tricks of the profession, adopted by the greater toward the less, as the world measures, when some particular concession is desired or some blade is to be whetted. He wondered what was Enright's purpose.

Enright nodded.

"It was," he agreed with entire good temper, "perfectly clear. The man was pretty well banged up, and if he had asked for less the road might have settled; but twenty thousand! Egad, it was worth fighting; though it has cost us four thousand already and you'll appeal, of course." He threw out the insinuation with a shrewd glance at his companion, who met it with as sharp a flash.

"Do you get four thousand?" Russell asked, in abrupt amazement, question after question of Enright's lame cross-examination passing through his mind.

Enright nodded jauntily.

"Myself and the expert witnesses. If

you appeal"—again his scrutinizing glance searched Russell's face—"we'll have a few thousand more, and you'll have—the experience." He made an open-palmed gesture with his free hand. "Your respected client hasn't a dollar."

A spark kindled in Russell's eyes—the sharp glint of anger. Again he looked into the faded eyes of his client, wherein hope died so hard. Again he heard the honest voice: "I don't know when you'll get your money."

"Do you suppose I care about that?" he erupted, then bit his lip, as Enright's well tailored shoulders rose in an expressive shrug.

"I knew you would appeal," remarked the corporation lawyer, not, however, without a certain admiration. "I told Watchetter. 'Now for the Supreme Court,' said I, 'and you needn't think it's of last resort, either. He'd carry a case to hell to win it. He's just that make-up—sheer dogged obstinacy plus a New England conscience. He'd fight for a point of law and a seedy client till breath failed him.' And you would, too—though *cui bono*? You are sure to lose when you are up against a railroad, unless the judge happens to be a man of your own caliber, which, thanks to a merciful heaven, most of them aren't."

Two round red spots flamed suddenly on Russell's cheekbones. His sharp eyes swept the other's face in a lightning flash of comprehension.

"You mean that the judges who try such causes stoop to bribes?" he put succinctly.

"Oh, Lord, no!" said Enright, his laugh half amused, half uneasy. "But there is nothing in the world, is there, to prevent a judge more than any other man investing his money at a profit?"

"Nothing in the world," Russell agreed, "but his conscience."

Enright was disconcerted. While the conclusion was just what he might have expected from the man beside him, the truth was that he had not expected it. It took him a full minute to recover.

"A lawyer with a conscience is popularly conceived as much of a phenomenon as a clergyman without one, isn't he?" he said at last, with a touch of em-

barrassment, as he speeded up his machine. His fellow lawyer's insistence on the moral point made him uncomfortable company. "I never knew but two," he added on reflection, sending the automobile around a corner with reckless disregard of pedestrians, "and their success hasn't been conspicuous—Jarvis and yourself, the brainiest men in college—great things expected of you both, and neither of you has done anything yet. Defending clients for justice's sake may be an admirable thing in itself, but it's deuced poor business policy."

"It's not like being counsel for a corporation, I admit," said Russell. The thrust had gone deep, but it was characteristic of him that he found a certain humor in the contrast.

"Oh, that's a smooth road," Enright conceded—"a big retainer, and about what you like to charge up to them besides. It's the way to get on now. The old method of dig and argument is as out of date as travel by horse. I've a fine stud in my stables, but a man can't afford to drive in these days. Look at this car, now! What d'ye think of it? No jerks, no jar; a smooth runner from start to finish!"

"A corporation machine," Russell commented.

Enright laughed good-humoredly.

"As you please. I wonder you don't try it."

"Because," Russell answered doggedly, "I prefer to trust myself to my own feet."

The other regarded him with frank curiosity.

"Do you honestly believe," he asked, "that you will ever get anywhere that way?"

"I honestly believe," Russell retorted, "I shall never get anywhere any other way."

Enright's mustache lifted slightly over his teeth in a smile of derision; but he forbore to answer, although the smile broadened disagreeably as he guided the automobile into a narrow residence street lined on either side with neat little houses set neighborly fashion porch to porch in the center of tiny grass plots.

Russell's little daughter was sitting on his steps, her head bent over a book. She looked up, the picture of astonishment, as the automobile came to a stop in front—clearly an unprecedented happening.

"That your daughter?" Enright inquired carelessly. "Deuced fine hair," he added, with a quick show of interest, as the child tossed back over one shoulder the thick braid whose red tints glittered like burnished gold in the sunlight.

Russell nodded an affirmative. But he half resented the compliment. The child was himself in miniature, and she was not pretty.

"It's mine," he observed, an odd flash in his eyes—whether of injured pride or of the dry humor which more than once during their intercourse that day had leaped to the surface, Enright could not determine. "Thanks and good night."

He stepped from the automobile with more assurance than he had felt on entering it. He had pitted himself against the social blandishments of this man and had prevailed. With acute perception of the situation Enright leaned after him.

"John!" he said, with the persuasive warmth of old friendship. Russell hesitated and turned back. Their eyes met an instant, then Enright's traveled to the child, sitting there in the sunlight under her halo. "You'll never make more than a living this way, and nobody will think the better of you for your sentimental notions of law and honor. Don't be a fool. Come out of your eclipse and let your light shine. The stuff's in you. Gad, if you had stood in my shoes today, the case would have gone to the jury and you would have been made. Now Watchetter wants another man. Five thousand or so a year would mean a good deal to you, wouldn't it, with the girl coming on and wanting her chance? I know what you'll say—that you made your own chance; but a girl is different from a boy; and with class lines so taut, John, a girl's chance in life is pretty much what her father makes it."

The blood tingled in Russell's veins under the smart of the words. Yet for the moment the infamy of the proposal galled him less than the pitiful smallness of the hoard laid by out of his income toward his daughter's education. How would a few hundred dollars look to a man who had heaped up his thousands for the two beautiful children who drove daily in their pony carriage past his house, and of whom he had heard his own child speak with the wistful admiration of a poor child for the rich? For the first time in his life he envied the worldly prosperity of another. For the first time also he experienced a bitter self-contempt. With characteristic abruptness he set his back against temptation.

"I don't want it," he threw over his shoulder. "I wouldn't take five hundred thousand!"

As he came up the walk his daughter rose. She was tall for her age and angular, but there was a certain bright attractiveness in the plain little face, an eager intelligence.

"Was that the judge who brought you home, papa?" she asked, with a totally new awe of him commensurate with such deserts. "How did it go?" And her bright blue eyes questioned his with almost professional shrewdness.

"It went," he answered, grimly emphatic, "exactly the other way. And that gentleman was the counsel for the defense."

The child followed him into the house with an air of dejection.

"I guess mamma will be disappointed," she ventured, with wisdom born of experience.

How disappointed she would be the husband knew better than the child; but he set his lips still more firmly, and his step sounded more confident and determined even than its wont as he went through hall and dining room into the kitchen. His wife looked up eagerly as he entered, and his eyes leaped to hers, answering with the pride of conscious rectitude their silent arraignment. But she knew him too intimately to mistake what had happened, even before

he spoke, with the sharp emphasis of an unpleasant revelation.

"Kinsolving took it from the jury."

"I knew," she said, with the triumph of faith justified, "that under fair conditions you would win."

"I'm going upstairs," he said; "you may call me when supper is ready;" and left them looking after him, the child with wide-eyed amazement, the wife with partial understanding and infinite faith.

It was after midnight that Russell at last rose from the paper-littered table in his study. He had gone painstakingly through a weary task which the morrow and one Bridget Moynihan *per pro ami* demanded of him. Every faculty of intellect had been strained to the effort; yet at intervals during his study the memory of the case he had just fought kept recurring to him with fresh bitterness. It was as if Enright, with his covert sneer at an honor he dared not hope to attain, had stood perpetually at his elbow, insinuating this and ridiculing that, crying fool upon him for his pains.

With a movement of impatience he extinguished the lamp and went out into the hall. And here again he felt Enright's influence, for it impressed him with sudden distaste as the hall of a poor man's house. It was long and narrow, so narrow that he could touch the wall with either hand, yet invested on the instant with a saving beauty as the moon, emerging from a cloudbank, poured a flood of silver through the cheap stained glass of the window at the end. He went down it quietly with the hushed step of long habit in order not to wake the child who slept in the chamber on the left. But as he was passing his daughter's door a little head bobbed up from its pillow and a little voice hailed him cheerily.

He hesitated a minute, then went in and sat down on the foot of the bed. The room, with its sweet atmosphere of innocence, seemed a haven of refuge from the contending passions that swept him. The child was sitting up very straight in her little white nightgown, her arms clasped over the bedclothes about her knees, her hair a glorious

tangle around the small bright face. Russell looked at her and Enright's words lay heavy on his heart. The girl was coming on, with hints of womanly beauty he had never detected before, but which the eye of a connoisseur like Enright had been quick to discover. Was Enright, after all, the better father—Enright and the hundreds like him who had sold themselves, talents and honor to the highest bidder, that their children, illustrating the fallacy of Scriptural promise, might inherit the earth? While his children—the irony of it that no longer a man's sins but his righteousness should be visited upon his children! He shook the idea from him with the same gesture of disdain with which he had turned his back upon temptation in the flesh. Yet the pity of it deepened his voice into tenderness.

"You ought to be asleep, Amy," he said, nevertheless opening his arms to her. She scrambled into them and cuddled against his coat.

"I couldn't sleep for thinking," she told him, adding, with an air of *camaraderie*: "You know how it is when you're thinking about a case."

Russell smiled in spite of himself and pinched the little cheek. "You'll never make a lawyer if you do that," he said. "A lawyer's case is very much like a little girl's lesson. He studies it until he thinks he knows it, then he goes to sleep and forgets it—if he can."

"Well, I guess that's true of most of them," Amy answered, after brief consideration, "but it isn't of you, nor of me. I like to think out things at night. It's just as if there were a lamp in my mind that burns brighter and brighter the darker and stiller everything else is, and I can see things by it I never could see in the daytime. It's funny, isn't it? Do you know, I think my problems out after I've gone to bed; then it's easy enough to put them on paper in the morning. I like to think things out," she went on rather dreamily, gradually succumbing to the comfort of her position, "and have them right, even if I don't get any marks for them. I know a girl at school that gets good marks when her things are

wrong, because Miss Stone likes her. And that's like the lawyer for the defense," she declared, suddenly wide awake under the stimulus of a new thought. "I should think they'd both be ashamed! And Miss Stone and the judge, too—if teachers and judges ever do feel ashamed. And that makes me think— Papa," she said impressively, "if the lawyer for the defense did give money to that judge, how do you know he won't do the same to the next one?"

"I don't know," Russell answered, with a humiliating recollection of the attempt on himself.

The child was still for so long after this that he thought she had fallen asleep, but as he bent over to look into her face he saw that her eyes were wide open and fixed dreamily on the rim of a cloud outside through which the moon was passing. She stirred suddenly and brought her eyes back to his face.

"You would get a good deal of money out of it, if you should win, wouldn't you, papa?" she asked with unusual diffidence.

"I should probably get my fee," Russell answered in some surprise.

"Would it be enough—do you think—to buy an automobile?" she hazarded hesitantly.

A light broke in upon Russell. His arms tightened about her.

"Do you want to be rich, Amy?" he asked, an odd yearning in his own voice.

Amy drew a deep breath. "Well," she said, unfolding her ambitions, "I'd just like to be riding around in an automobile and meet those girls that have the pony cart. I guess they'd be glad enough to know me then."

"I thought you did know them," said her father, astonished. "You are always telling us what they say and do."

There was a suspicious quaver in the short little breath taken on his breast, and while Russell wondered two big tears splashed down upon his hand.

"I don't just exactly know them myself," she faltered, "but I know a girl who knows them."

"I see," said Russell, his heart sore under the pathetic admission—"an acquaintance twice removed. I can do

better than that myself, Amy. It was their father who brought me home."

He had spoken with a vague notion of comfort, a desire to bridge over for her the chasm of class, and he was unprepared for the vehemence with which she wrested herself from his arms.

"Was he the lawyer for the defense?" she demanded with unmistakable dismay. "Oh, papa, what made you let him? He'd never have asked you if he hadn't beaten you." Her voice broke in a curious little laugh that was half a sob. "And all the time that I was making believe it was your automobile, it was their father's!"

Russell was a long way from the zenith of his career, but he possessed among other attributes of a great pleader the temperament of an artist. The pathos of the little dream so unwittingly shattered touched him deeply. Instinctively his hand went out to stroke the small head that had subsided in mute misery upon his breast; but on a sudden, with one of the mercurial changes common to them both, she shook the hand off and sat erect, dashing away her tears with an independent little gesture of peculiar energy.

"I want you to beat him, papa!" she cried fiercely. "I want you to beat him, just"—she hesitated, then went on recklessly, with full knowledge of the enormity of her counsel—"any way you can!"

Russell understood. The girl was not only coming on; she was demanding her chance—none the less certainly because childishly expressed in terms of what money will buy. Their father possessed the automobile and the visible triumph; it was for hers to make the balance even, offsetting achievement against the advantages of wealth. She had been thrown back upon herself, baffled by an arbitrary distinction she could not understand, yet she had somehow deduced from it that it is the fathers who make the difference, almost putting into the same words Enright's philosophy that a girl's chance in life being pretty much what her father makes it, he should therefore look to it that he made it, by fair means or by foul.

Russell could not reason with her. It was no time for him, strongly tempted himself, to impress upon that yearning little soul the virtue that is its own reward. The rigid respectability of an upright conscience, with its usual concomitant of honorable poverty or modest competence, would stand small chance beside the varnished glories of pony carts and automobiles. He had been one of the "brainiest men in college," and he hadn't "done anything yet." He had even turned his back upon Watchetter's five thousand! Yet could Enright stand by the bedside of his child with no more to reproach himself with? Russell straightened suddenly with the instinct of victory; then he stooped and kissed the wet little cheek, tenderness in his voice and eyes.

"I think we shall win, little partner," he said, with quiet certainty. "Go to sleep now like a lawyer and forget all about it."

He went to his room, pursued by his daughter's sobs, subdued now or half stifled under the bedclothes, and, still somewhat sore at heart, betook himself to rest. But his sleep was troubled. All night he was talking to a crowded courtroom, now in behalf of his crippled client, and now for the yellow-haired Bridget Moynihan, till toward morning the stronger case emerged from the confusion of his dream and he found himself arguing clearly and consistently with the simple force of his own conviction. There was the blandness of triumph in Enright's face, ironic interest in the judge's; even in his enthusiasm their import did not escape him. Here again was a judge who had invested at a profit; yet the discovery, far from unnerving, spurred him to fresh effort. This time he would win—by any means whatsoever! And his glance swept the courtroom in a challenge of defiance.

With the climax of his fury a blank came over his dream, a pause of mental wandering; then, unexpectedly and quite inexplicably, he saw Watchetter, the unsummoned, on the witness stand, placed there without his agency, without even his conscious volition, yet there, to browbeat and confuse, if he could not

drag from him the damning admission. With the opportunity it seemed to Russell that the gift of tongues descended upon him. Watchetter, the unscrupulous, was at last in his power, and Watchetter was confused, trapped, confounded. There was the hush of expectancy throughout the courtroom as the witness, stripped of everything but his riches, left the stand—uncertainly, almost brokenly—and Russell turned to address the bench. But in passing his eyes met Enright's and faltered, the light of victory gone suddenly out, and, with a sting of shame in his heart that proclaimed them at last akin, he wakened to the morning and a sickening sense of moral degradation.

The dream and its suggestion took possession of him, rendering him more than usually silent at breakfast. It accompanied him to his office, and he was still thinking of it over the pages of the book before him, his elbows on either side of the volume, his head supported on his hands, when the door opened and Enright, with his usual air of jaunty irresponsibility, came in.

"Good morning, brother," he said, with a slight contemptuous survey of the cramped office. "Hard at it, eh?" And he seated himself with an air of possession in the more substantial-seeming of the two chairs that stood waiting for clients.

"I am. What do you want?"

Enright shrugged his shoulders. "To be honored with your undivided attention for at least five minutes," he said. Then he broke into a laugh not wholly free from embarrassment. "The suitor's is an odd role for the victor, but Watchetter will have it so—and I travel with the chariot. You see, he takes more interest in these little cases than you would imagine—a Napoleon of railroad presidents, counting the cost of his curtain tassels! There's little that escapes him. I sometimes think he knows the name, age and wage of every section hand from here to Beersheba. He even signified"—Enright laughed again, a quiet laugh of infinite amusement—"his intention of honoring our late duel with his presence, and was only prevented

by my masterly strategy in postponing it, resulting in the happy coincidence of the day of trial with his daughter's marriage or coming out. Lucky for me! What will you take, John, not to appeal that case?"

Russell's head came up.

"What will I take?" he repeated, snapping the question short as the blood rushed into his face. "Do you still think that I can be bought?"

There was scathing contempt in the words, but Enright seemed impervious. He laughed smoothly, without a trace of the other's excitement. He knew his man's measure, and, as skilfully as he had insinuated the suggestion, he had brushed it away.

"I certainly have not that idea," he replied. "However, as your client's attorney, you might be able to state with approximate accuracy what he would be willing to take."

But Russell's eyes were still dangerously hot.

"My client will take just what he has brought suit for—and costs," he returned uncompromisingly.

Enright drew a scrap of paper toward him and began figuring upon it. "That's what you would take for him," he continued coolly. "I've an idea, John, that your client would take a good deal less to be rid of the worry of an appeal and the specter of costs. I imagine he would take—say—four or five thousand, and be glad to get it, too."

Russell was silent. If Watchetter wanted to settle, there was all the more reason why the case should go up. Possibly the all powerful president of the R. & L. foresaw a limit to judicial corruption. Or perhaps—he smiled grimly—Watchetter, too, had dreamed.

"You must see that it is better for the old chap," Enright went on, still pleasantly persuasive. "My five thousand is tangible; your twenty thousand is in the air. He may or he may not get it. Even if this judgment is reversed and he gets a new trial, he has been beaten once and in all probability he will be beaten again. Then how will he come out? He'll be several hundred dollars worse off than nothing. Of

course," he concluded, with resort to professional swagger as Russell sat unmoved, "you can take or leave it, as you choose. It's nothing to Watchetter, though he is not entirely hard-hearted if he is president of your pet bogey, a corporation, and he is willing enough to recognize the road's obligations up to a certain amount, which"—he sneered slightly—"the court, it seems, wasn't. You can carry the case higher if you see fit, but you won't be serving your client's interests, and he won't thank you for it when it comes to the final settlement."

Russell waved the point away with a gesture of intolerance. It was no longer a question of damages merely, but of the law itself: whether it were to be wrested from the hands of justice and sold, a weapon of defense, to corporate wrong. But how expect a man to see this, who, by his own confession, ran at the chariot wheels—as veritable a slave as was ever dragged in the triumph of a Roman emperor?

"If I carry the case higher," he retorted, with the bitterness of recollection, "it is with the expectation of finding on our supreme bench men who are beyond reach."

Enright colored, but recovered instantly.

"Of course," he said—"Diogenes looking for a man! I admire your pertinacity, John, but your faith passeth understanding. However, to quit idealism and to come down to facts, there is a possibility that, in spite of your unreachable judges and your own talents of persuasion—which last, by the bye, I'm far from underrating—you may lose the case; unless the silk gowns take such a fancy to your eloquence that they yearn to hear more of it and order a new trial before themselves. Isn't that so?"

It was impossible to gainsay. Russell assented stiffly.

"And if you lose, your client will have accumulated costs to pay and little enough to pay them with. His last condition will be worse than his first. And why? Because his lawyer, from some Quixotic notion that the stability of our judicial system somehow rests

with him, refused what would be a little fortune to the man. In my opinion, John, his lawyer takes a great deal upon himself to refuse seven thousand dollars."

"It was five a moment ago," said Russell drily. "If you go up at that rate we may come to an agreement."

"Five thousand is what he would get out of it; the other two"—Enright spoke carelessly, as if what he was proposing were a matter of course, but his eyes wavered from the intense blue of his brother lawyer's to the indeterminate tints of the wall behind—"are for costs and—"

"My price!" said Russell, with withering scorn.

Enright did not trouble himself to deny.

"You don't, along with your other virtues, work for nothing, do you?" he inquired.

Russell rose abruptly. "I don't work for Mr. Watchetter," he said sharply—"if that is what you have come to find out."

He had opened the door, and Enright had no choice save to follow him through it.

"As you like," said Watchetter's lawyer, with admirable coolness, as they stood a moment in the outer office within hearing of the clerk. "I told him you wouldn't settle for that amount. Well—until we meet again, when I hope you will listen to reason." He nodded carelessly, with the indifferent albeit habitual courtesy of a man of the world, and took his departure.

Russell looked after him with mingled contempt and pity. The man's talents were undeniable, yet, debased to such service, they glittered with unconvincing brilliancy like a gem set in brass. To expose him—for to expose Watchetter, could it be done, would involve his attorney—how much would it avail; or, if it availed, what would be its moral worth? There would be plenty of others to take his place, men even less scrupulous. Moreover, it was probable that, having foreseen, they had provided against the contingency. Men so remarkably beforehand with the possi-

bility are not likely to be behindhand with the fact. He went thoughtfully back into his office and sat down. There was no other conclusion deducible from the interview than that Watchetter and his henchman had been afraid. What else but a lurking fear of exposure should prompt the magnate's generosity? Watchetter was not "entirely hard-hearted." It might be; but the winner of a lawsuit that has cost four thousand dollars to defend does not, howsoever soft-hearted, put his hand deeper into his pocket to pay the plaintiff's costs, his lawyer's bill and a fourth part of what he sued for. They were afraid and they anticipated defeat. Well, they should have it! He got hurriedly to his feet at the sound of an opening door and broad Irish voices demanding his presence. The premonition that had come to him over his daughter's bed returned with augmented force. He felt himself already strong in triumph. Fragments of argument, strange shapes of promise, pregnant with possibilities, began to flash with the vividness of flame through his brain; yet, from a stern sense of duty, he put them resolutely away, heaping them up in a corner of his mind like a fire under ashes—live coals of thought, needing only to be stirred to glow again; the present belonged to Bridget Moynihan, and, gathering up his papers from the table, he went out to her service.

II

THE train thundered along, grinding over the roadbed, flashing with a hollow roar over bridges, rocking around curves. Through the windows of the Pullman bright flashes of light, fleeting as will-o'-the-wisps, gleamed intermittently out of the darkness as, with a warning whistle, yet scarcely perceptible decrease of speed, the express swept past stopping places too unimportant for its schedule.

In a chair in about the middle of the car Russell sat at ease, watching the lights appear and disappear, his tired nerves responding with sensuous grati-

fication to the unwonted comfort of luxurious traveling. It was not often that he permitted himself the extravagance; but tonight, with the consciousness of achievement fresh upon him, the extra expenditure seemed warrantable. He experienced, moreover, a curious elation in riding thus comfortably over the road he had defeated, recalling, in contrast, for the first time without bitterness, his ride, now many months back, with Enright and the proffered thousands—a memory that had, he knew, recurred to both Enright and Watchetter—for court and social events had not conspired this time to keep the Napoleon of railroad presidents from the battleground—when, under the rapid fire of his cross-examination witness after witness for the defense went down lamely or trembled on the verge of truth and revelation, even that accomplished linguist, the claim agent, being entangled for once in the snares of his own rhetoric and forced into admissions that hinted—Russell recalled grimly—a certain great man's interest in his curtain tassels. He had seen the startled flicker in Watchetter's eyes, the dawn of apprehension in Enright's; but the consciousness that, as in his dream, he held them both in his hand had not been even a temptation. He had held them and had let them go, not with the generosity of a victor, giving quarter when the victory is assured, still less because behind the principal and his tools stood a judge it was impracticable to accuse, but from a moral fastidiousness unusual in a lawyer—the desire to keep his cause clean. His client had been injured through the culpable negligence of the corporation. The law on the subject was explicit. The appeal was to the law. That this man had bribed and some other had taken a bribe was beside the case. Yet there had probably not been a man in the courtroom of open and disinterested mind—there had been no man at all, interested or disinterested, but had known from the barefaced perjury of officials and trainmen, from the manifest uneasiness that from time to time overrode Watchetter's impassiveness and the increasing nerv-

ousness of his attorney at each unconscious revelation of their foresworn witnesses, what influence had been at work. Echoes of the courtroom bias, the common sense verdict of the lay mind, strangely consonant with the tenor of his thought, reached him where he sat in the car.

A man in the chair ahead was the speaker, his strong, clear cut profile turned toward the woman beside him. He was crumpling over his knee the newspaper he had just laid down, and the smooth, deliberate passes of his hand reflected the cool-headed, shrewd judging man of affairs.

"The case came up before Judge Kinsolving last October, and was taken from the jury—Kinsolving and Watchtetter best know why. That mass of perjury would never have passed a judge who wasn't influenced."

The lady's reply was inaudible, but it was evident to Russell, from the troubled look that crept into her eyes as from her companion's reply, that she held stock in the R. & L.

"Oh, that's all right," the man answered, with an easy laugh of assurance. "You'll get your dividends. The road is good for the damage—I only wish it were more. They would better have settled in the first place and saved the costs; but you can't teach a magnate to be pound wise. Charlie was in court. He said it was the best argument he had listened to in years—and he has listened to a good many on his own account. It looks as if that young attorney had made himself."

With a dull grinding of brakes and rattle of wheels the train came to a stop at a station. In the brief interval of quiet the woman's voice became for the first time distinctly audible.

"I suppose he has made himself financially, at least," she was saying, with a light laugh of understanding. The man laughed, too, with an appreciativeness none the less significant because his mirth was restrained.

"Trust a lawyer to look after his own interest," he remarked, as he might have recited an axiom. "He has done well for his client, of course, but he's

not an average member of the bar if he hasn't done better for himself."

The blood surged into Russell's forehead and his fingers tingled with the impulse to pitch the well bred sneerer from his chair. Because here a lawyer and there a judge have shown themselves to be no better than moral assassins of the very law they have pledged themselves to uphold and to protect, must the character of the whole bar be besmirched? Are there not still among its members men able and conscientious? With the lawyer's facility of recall at the psychological moment, a sentence of Enright's flashed back to him from that very interview he had just been thinking of, strongly corroborative in the cool conclusiveness of its arraignment: "I never knew but two." What wonder the layman sneers, when lawyers say such things of themselves.

The train started up again, and the voices ahead were lost in the release of brakes, the click of wheels and the short-winded puffing of the engine; but almost in the same minute Russell became aware of other voices, raised in unconscious effort to surmount the tumult. They came from a few paces behind his seat, and belonged, it would seem, to two men who had just entered the car.

"In here, did you say?" The voice sounded strongly familiar in its peculiar note, as suggestive of arbitrary power as the voice that answered was of servile obsequiousness.

"Yes, sir, so Gorham says. He came down with him."

The conversation ended abruptly with the closing of the car door, and a step which bore out the character of the voice that had first spoken came down the aisle—substantial, dignified, impressive, though lurching a little under the swaying motion of the car. At the sound the gentleman in front, apparently stirred, like Russell, by some instinct of recognition, turned slightly and, as the ponderous figure paused alongside Russell's chair, bowed respectfully. At the same time Russell felt a hand on his shoulder and looked

up. The president of the road was standing beside him.

"Good evening, Mr. Russell," said Watchetter, regarding the lawyer from under his shaggy eyebrows with a glance both shrewd and kindly. "May I have a word with you? My car is behind this."

Russell bowed silently and rose, noticing as he left his seat that his late critic had taken up his paper with renewed interest and considerably heightened color. "Nevertheless, I suppose," he reflected, as he followed Watchetter, "this summons sounds to him like one proof the more that I am an 'average member of the bar.'"

The interior of the magnate's car was furnished sumptuously. As they entered, a man seated at a desk in an alcove at the further end rose hastily and retired.

Watchetter settled himself comfortably in the luxurious depths of an arm-chair and with a genial gesture of hospitality waved the lawyer to a seat opposite. The table between them was strewn with newspapers and magazines.

"No doubt you think very hardly of us," he began, with a shrewd twinkle of comprehension as Russell's quick glance took in the interior—"of me in particular. I assure you a short time ago I thought very hardly of myself. Twenty thousand dollars is a small sum of money to a road like this, but it's a big amount for damages, Mr. Russell. And it's precisely because it is so and because you have wrested it from us fairly and squarely that you are the man we want—to prevent a repetition of today's judgment. I—that is, the road"—he made a slight deprecatory gesture as if, after all, it were one and the same thing—"can't afford to think of itself so hardly many times a year." And he laughed silently at his own joke, keeping his shrewd, watchful eyes on the attorney's face. "It would pay something for a quiet conscience."

"Then I should advise strengthening the roadbed and removing rotten ties." Russell answered drily.

Watchetter accepted the suggestion good-humoredly, liking the young man

no whit the less for what he termed a touch of impudence, very natural, according to his own standards, in one who had been clever enough to outwit himself, which was to say, the R. & L.

"If you were a stockholder, Mr. Russell, you would regard the matter differently," he remarked, with his indulgent smile.

The opportunity tempted. Russell's hand clenched on the table.

"I have understood," he said coldly, with a straight look into those small gray eyes, "that the verdict of a stockholder can be very different from the one rendered today."

Watchetter reddened, but betrayed no further sign of having understood the allusion. The young man had behaved very well in the courtroom. At moments, infected with Enright's apprehensions, he had almost expected something like this; but the young man had been discreet and had known when to have his fling. Watchetter was surer than ever that this was the man he wanted—a man who knew when to hold his tongue and when to loose it scathingly—and he was as sure of getting him as one could reasonably be whose will was seldom thwarted. It was incredible to him that Russell, elated by his recent success, should refuse to climb a step higher under such safe and distinguished patronage. To be sure, Enright had sounded him and had reported unfavorably. But Enright's judgment—bah! It had cost him twenty thousand dollars. He, Watchetter, was feeling his way shrewdly, and there was no doubt that in the end the young man, for all his caustic speeches, would succumb. He was holding off in the self-importance of victory to drive a sharp bargain. Well, the road could afford to pay for such talent. It needed the best. He said so bluntly, overlooking Russell's last remark with the magnanimity of a great man prepared to suffer something for his interest's sake.

But instead of softening to the proposal, as Watchetter half expected, his guest sat apparently unmoved alike by the tempting bait and the honor done him.

"I am confident, Mr. Watchetter," he said, in a tone in which even the magnate's optimism could discover nothing conciliatory, "that I could not meet your expectations."

In the suddenness of his disappointment Watchetter relapsed from the polished courtesy of the capitalist to the *gaucherie* of the self-made man.

"Why not?" he demanded almost rudely.

The challenge brought the angry blood to Russell's face. It was of a piece with the proposition—the bald estimate of his worth to the plutocrat who stood ready to buy him. "The road would pay something for a quiet conscience." It would pay him in dollars that mounted into thousands to procure it that quiet conscience at the expense of his own. It would pay him to keep its torts after the precedent set him from the precarious judgment of the lay mind, to defend it against the law it transgressed by every weapon of the law itself, and in the wider issue not only to defeat justice by preventing the redress of wrongs but by glossing them over to assist in their perpetration, to render them safe, easy and unpunishable by any law under heaven—to make of himself, in short, a moral accomplice, a virtual accessory before the fact, pledged to uphold the hands of power by whatsoever logic or eloquence his talents could command, or, failing that, by whatsoever artifice professional cunning joined to knowledge of the law could suggest. And it would pay him more than it paid Enright, perhaps, in the exact proportion that it ranked his abilities higher. For the great work of controlling legislation, as for the lesser task of accenting judicial privilege and stifling juries, it "needed the best and was willing to pay for it." Russell looked into the face before him, complacent and largely self-satisfied under the consciousness of vast achievement, dignified and almost noble in its lines of purpose and indomitable will, yet rigid and conscienceless as a stone, the moral fiber dead within. To try to make this man understand why he rejected his service was to essay the impossible. As

well deliver a moral lecture to the Sphinx and expect those marble features to relax and grow softly, sympathizingly human. He answered bluntly and with legal terseness:

"Precisely because my convictions are the opposite of your own."

Watchetter stared. In his experience of life convictions were a doubtful currency. He was more used to handling stocks and bonds.

"I'll make it thirty thousand a year," he said slowly, after an instant's silent calculation. He leaned slightly and graciously toward the intended recipient of his bounty, and his strong white hand moved largely over the surface of the table with much the gesture it would use in signing cheques. A jewel on his finger flashed into fire under the light. The magnate eyed it complacently. It was an argument in itself, this glow of opulence. "Think of it, Mr. Russell," he counseled benevolently—"a large retainer for so young a man."

Russell shook his head.

"I have thought of it," he said decisively, "but I cannot serve your corporation, Mr. Watchetter, nor any other."

The magnate threw himself back in his chair with an air of astonishment coupled with chagrin. Not serve his, nor any other corporation! Was the fellow mad? Or was he, in very truth, as Enright had hinted, that human paradox—a man without price? He put on his glasses to refute, if might be, with his eyes the testimony of his ears.

"What do you want, then?" he put incredulously.

The train had slowed down preparatory to entering a station. Russell rose and answered standing, looking at Watchetter, yet seeing beyond him through the windows the welcoming lights of his own city. Somewhere among them up there on the hill lay his own home, in an upper window of which a light was burning for him. A woman was watching, and an eager-eyed child would start up from her pillow at his step with the joyful cry, "That's papa! Oh, mamma, I just know we've won!" What did he want? What other than this—for their sake and his own?

"To make my way honorably," he answered.

The glasses fell from Watchetter's nose and dangled at the end of the ribbon. He had no need of them now. He, too, was looking on a picture, the veritable masterpiece of his own life. He saw hundreds of miles of glittering rails transecting the country in every direction, huge shops where the ring of metal resounded from morning until night, stately buildings of marble and granite filled with important officials and obsequious subordinates. And this was his, the mighty work of his own creation, the greatest, the richest, the most powerful unit in the land—aye and the most beautiful, too, in the very utility of its sprawling ugliness—this massive thing of iron, steel and brain, this monstrous organism that had spread itself over the land, its shining tracks so many arteries through which pulsed the traffic of the nation, its workshops the mighty laboring heart, its offices the powerful mind that conceived all, that directed all, that governed all. And was it not great and its service honorable? Had he not served it himself with the best years of his life and the best powers of his manhood? And this petty lawyer, knowing, would have nothing of it! Let him show him a greater thing! He sat overwhelmed for the moment by the very audacity of the notion. Then a certain coarse sarcasm, his only intellectual weapon of retaliation, came to his relief.

"I suppose you think that you are made now!" he sneered. A paltry twenty thousand, or what he chose to take out of it!

Russell's thought traveled swiftly from the cheerful lamplighted room into which he had been looking to his dingy office and the work that awaited him there in the piled up papers of, alas, more little cases than big ones—those pathetic cases of the middle class, forced into law oftentimes without just cause or apparent, cases he could no more side-track for the opportunity that had opened before him than he could have sold out his client to this very man a few months back.

"No," he answered, with irony inapplicable to the president of the R. & L. "But *you* cannot make me, Mr. Watchetter."

The car jolted slightly under the application of the brakes and settled into a crawling pace. In the coach ahead people were gathering their belongings together and filling the aisle. Watchetter got slowly to his feet. He felt the bewilderment and hurt of a rich man who has at last found something that money will not buy, yet along with both a deepening respect for the man who stood within handclasp, yet definitely out of reach.

"I am sorry," he said stiffly. "But if you won't, you won't. Only, if yours should not prove to be the rising way, please remember that my offer holds."

Russell had accepted the proffered hand and turned to go. Arrested by the last words, he stopped at the door and looked back. Viewed in perspective the magnate lost in impressiveness; even the massive frame appeared to shrink. Standing in the full glare of the lights over his head, his face, worn with scheming, showed little more than the petulance of thwarted will. It was hard to realize that this was a maker of men; yet the men he had made passed in instant painful review before Russell's mind: the official, as he had seen him in the courtroom, perjuring himself glibly along with lesser satellites lest the hand that had made him should unmake; the legislator, whose downfall this same power could compass, working its will in secret shame and terror, striving for the passage of this law, the defeat of that; the lawyer, the connecting link in this chain of infamy.

"And my refusal!" he said.

As the door closed after him, Watchetter sank back into his chair.

"Well, you were right," he said. "But, good Lord, Enright," he burst out with sudden animation, measuring his counsel from head to toe with good-natured contempt, "I'd like to see that fellow in your shoes!"

Enright laughed shortly.

"You never will," he said. "They are too small for him."

THE BANKRUPTCY OF BEAUTY

By Edgar Saltus

FASHION is an active abstraction which sensible people detest and sensibly observe. Humanity is divisible into those who follow it and those who do not. All of which is a matter of course.

But in what fashion consists we have never discovered. In what manner it is evolved and through what process a mode primarily and it may be uniquely designed to pleasure some far-away princess repeats itself indefinitely and variously vulgarized, reappears in Chicago, in Kandahar, in Bloomsbury, on the banks of the Neva and at the Golden Gate, we do not know. What we do know is that there are frocks which have seemed to us more satisfactory than the old masters and quite as exhilarating as cups of champagne.

Yet had they appeared before they did, no doubt they would have mortified us. Had they come later, it is probable that we would have thought them absurd. For it is one of the phenomena of fashion that it arrives at the psychological moment. You may not have been prepared for it; when it comes, you are. A phenomenon more curious still is the fact that it is prepared for you, prepared, too, to leave you to some mode newer than itself. There is really nothing so debonair nor yet so comforting. A woman dressed in the height of fashion possesses an elevation of spirit which the consolations of religion are inadequate to provide. But, though elevating, it is faithless. To no one thing is it true. A chronicle of its caprices would stretch from here to the moon. In these inconstancies but one clear certainty appears: whatever is modish is doomed.

August, 1912—8

To that rule beauty is the obvious exception. The obvious is very misleading. Beauty has always been modish. Barring the haggard centuries that preceded the Renaissance and the equally discolored epoch during which England was glum and New England glummer, always has beauty reigned.

But no scepter is eternal. Every sovereign is subject to the law of change. On beauty that law is now at work.

In years when the world went more slowly, in the days when it had its mysteries and its myths, at the hour when piety and poetry went hand in hand, a long time ago when life was ornate and artistic, in the unutilitarian age before progress had come, beauty not merely reigned—it was revered. There were gods of loveliness, and shrines as well. From the latter love itself developed.

That perhaps was in the order of things. In the presence of any form of superiority, particularly in that of beauty, what recourse is there but to worship it? In the resulting worship was love's ascension. Formerly sensuous, it became a sentiment, and today is a sensation.

Fashion is responsible for that. Now, precisely as it altered the affections, so will it alienate beauty. Its inconstant wand menaced the latter ages since. At its touch, the gods evaporated, the shrines disintegrated, the worship ceased.

Beauty itself remained. It became the inspiration of art. At present, except in the Rue de la Paix, except, too, in music, except also in museums, there is precious little art anywhere. Fashion is against it. What is more formidable, progress is also. As Aphrodite ruled

the Muses, so does progress rule the Mode.

Anything is possible. It may be that, in their Boeotian groves, the Muses still linger. It may be that, from her high place in Paphos, Aphrodite still leans and laughs. But their temples have tottered; their sanctuaries are sacked. From the ruins of both and the world at large, beauty today is departing.

It would be odd if it were not. In Europe, for the last fifty years, there has not been erected one monument, one statue, barely a dwelling, that is not an insult to it. There is not anywhere one new street that is not itself an affront. The ogive, the lintel, the leaning eave, the winding curve, whatever catered to the gastronomy of the eye, has been or is being replaced by the featureless edifices and straight and glaring avenues with which Haussmann vulgarized Paris and which since have Nebuchadnezzared the world.

Today there is not a spot in which beauty can rest secure. Foundries are becoming as thick in Posilipo as in Pittsburgh. Mystery, which was the charm of the Bosphorus, is passing with the slender caiques. In Stamboul the pineapple cupolas covered with colors are blackened by factory smoke. In Damascus the throb of the piston has alarmed the doves from the pomegranate, as long since it frightened the ibis from the Nile. All the ingenuity of man cannot make wholly hideous the lakes of England and of Italy, but what can be done in that respect progress has contrived. Venice, once the ideal city of the material world, in whose liquid streets and porphyry palaces masterpieces felt at home, an enterprising municipality has fitted out with all the attractions of a manufacturing town. Rome, that always bowed to art, and who made her conquerors bow as well, is succumbing to similar charms. In France there is art still, plenty of it, and all of it bad. In England it has always been sporadic, and in America imported. But Italy, which was its treasury, has lost her sense of harmony, as long since she lost her sense of shame. From her desecrated shores and

ruined gardens the nightingale, too, has flown.

There is a reason for the migration. Nothing is constant but change. Life alone resists the mutation of things. Customs, consciences, climates have altered. The sky itself has changed. There were in it stars and colors that have faded, gods and religions that have gone. Elsewhere there are solitudes where there were splendors, the snarl of jackals where once were birds and bees, advertisements where there were graces, commerce in sacred groves, the concessionaire in Naxos, the trolley in Lesbos, the jocular, ignorant tourist trampling sites where once only Beauty came.

As with things, so with beings. Men do not look as they did. They have not the same stature, not the same strength. Women, too, have altered. Time was when their beauty was so usual that its absence was exceptional. A beautiful woman is exceptional now. Formerly women were handsome; subsequently they became pretty; today plainness is the rule. Greece bore songs in flesh that would seem superterrestrial now. In Byzance were profiles that would appear abnormal, eyes Uranian in their glory, mouths that suggested more than mortal mouths can give. Even England, before she achieved her present overgrown angel type, had miracles of beauty, rarely patrician, for which at present you may look in vain.

Therein is the constancy of change. But the change itself has its reason. Beauty's patent of nobility is to be useless. Its sorcery is that of the rose. It charms and does nothing. In the epochs that were that ardent idleness appealed. The epochs that were are not the epoch that is. There was once such a thing as chivalry. In the leveling democracy of firearms it fell, pierced by the first bullet. The first shriek of steam was the signal of beauty's dethronement. That shriek ushered in the age of activity. In man any activity is inertistic, precisely as in woman any emotion is unbecoming. This is an unbecoming age. It is the age of progress, of business, of dollars and cents. These

are our gods. For their worship are telegraph poles, telegraph wires, the roar of traffic, the whirr of motors, the basilicas of commerce, the disconcerting skyscraper, the fall and ascension of lifts, subways, elevateds, escalators, other devices equally hideous, equally convenient, that are making the world uglier and more comfortable day by day.

Such things are the antitheses of beauty. They are worse—they are deterrents. They interfere with it. They oppose it. They alarm it as they have alarmed the nightingale and the ibis. Because of them the charm of it is ceasing to be.

Whatever loses its efficiency loses its value. Time takes it, lops it, throws it away. It was; it is no longer. Man had senses, attributes, organs of which he is now devoid. Necessary once, the necessity ceased and they, too, ceased to be.

It is the same with beauty. Beauty also will cease to be. Progress is against it, evolution as well. In the coils of evolution, everything that is either advances or retrogrades, develops or disappears in accordance with surroundings, propitious or the reverse. Obviously, then, where efficiency and ugliness reign, the useless and the beautiful retreat.

Already the mysterious influences that we call heredity are taking this matter in charge. The instincts which it instills, we will transmit. The children-to-be may develop brains and brawn, but beauty never. Such beauty as may then persist will feel itself a survival, and vanish as survivals do.

Trumpets of triumph awoke Sardanapalus from the splendor of dreams to settings yet more splendid. According to the higher criticism, there was no such person. Beneath cyclopean arches, in matchless magnificence, Belshazzar lounged and laughed. Assyriologists deny that he ever was. The sumptuousness of Semiramis exceeds the power of prose. The lady has dwindled into myth and the sumptuousness with her. There are these; there are others. Those little flights of arrows that are called cuneiform inscriptions have pierced them

one and all. We know them to be myths. The day must come when beauty will seem as fabulous. Only on the infrequent bookshelf will the story of it endure, and that story some Renan of a later age, pricking it with the point of his pen, will declare charming and untrue.

Such is the effect of progress on beauty. The result whoso reads may run, for the result will be plain women.

There are plenty of them already. There will be more. Fashion will not recognize any other variety. Occasionally there may be women vulgar enough to be pretty, but all the modishly inclined will be plain.

The prospect is less alarming than it seems. Plain women today constitute ninety per cent. of the feminine census. In many latitudes there is no other kind. In others—in Bucharest, for example—there are still faces fair enough to redeem the world. In Benares, behind lattices of sandalwood, are the living miracles of some dream of Brahm. In Kashmir, there are human *sols bémol*.

These are, perhaps, beauty's ultimate conservatories. That they still exist is due alone to the fact that progress has not yet approached them. But from every other place on which it has battered beauty has fled—from every other, including New York.

In New York beauty once stalked unchecked. On Fifth Avenue there was more feminine loveliness than on any spot on earth. The phenomenon, while remarkable, has ceased. A pretty girl there now is an oasis in a desert of ugliness. But New York herself has changed. New York used to be more residential than commercial. Today it is more commercial than residential. Sooner or later it will cease entirely to be residential and become a mart thronged by day, vacant at night, a sordid hell with a blue sky, in which men will fight and lie and die for gold.

When that comes to pass, it is probable that the other conservatories will have fallen and the era of plain women will have begun.

Plain women are not appreciated at their value. This lack of appreciation

is due to the Philistinism of man. Men generally are unaware that grace is beauty's quintessence, charm the substance of art and harmony the law of both. Unaware of that, they are unaware also that the really plain woman is one who, however beautiful, neglects to do beautiful things, and that the woman who contents herself with being merely beautiful is plainer than the plain woman who contrives to charm.

Men generally are unaware of this. Generally they make their pile, have children and a great deal to put up with and are forgotten like spilt wine. Gener-

ally that is the way with them. Generally they fail to realize that whatever else may be accounted luxuries, grace, charm and harmony are the bare necessities of life. Generally they do not see that in proportion as progress progresses, so do these decline.

When they do see that, they will become so advanced that progress itself will be exceeded. They will be as sated with it as the Cinquecentists were with medieval rot. Then precisely as the Renaissance rebeckoned Beauty, so will she come again with gleaming feet. For fashion always repeats itself. Nothing is constant but change.



LIFE

By Pauline Brandreth

IT is the same and evermore shall be:
Love's lips to love's as land unto the sea.

Life 'gainst life—blood, peril, peace, desire;
Darkness thro' which the struggling soul mounts higher,

Or sorrows that are purged with keener pain;
One deathless moment found and lost again!

Oh, golden fruitage ripened in the breeze,
Sunlight and song, and ornate deities!

Youth with flushed cheek, wielding its potent sway,
Death and despair, the husks of yesterday!

Such are, and then are not; love's sweetest flower
Goes as it came, within the fleeting hour.



SUCCESS seems almost human. If you don't make yourself agreeable it is shy about coming out halfway to meet you.



REFERRING to a woman as being on the shady side of forty is likely to ruffle her sunny disposition.

ON A BUSINESS BASIS

By Elliott Flower

MRS. STEPHEN POTTER listened to Mrs. Anastasia Stacey, the renowned authority upon all domestic problems, and was deeply impressed.

Mrs. Stacey discussed in a masterful way the value of system, elimination of waste, economical buying, utilization of scraps, household accounts, emergency reserve, care of babies, training of children and management of servants; but it was not of these things that Mrs. Potter thought as she rode home after the club meeting.

It is possible, even probable, that much of the information and advice that Mrs. Stacey gave along these lines would have been of great value to Mrs. Potter, if the latter had given that part of the discourse the close and thoughtful attention that it deserved, but unfortunately Mrs. Potter had absorbed and tried many similar theories and plans, and had not achieved success with them. Very likely the fault lay with her. Perhaps she had been too impatient, too desultory, too easily discouraged, or had overlooked some essential detail. Anyhow, while the other ladies found it all very helpful, Mrs. Potter was interested only when Mrs. Stacey touched upon the economic independence of the housewife.

That had a lovely sound. The economic independence of the housewife! The very thing, of course! The fundamental thing! All else was mere incidental detail. She had heretofore busied herself, like most women, with minor phases of the great problem, quite overlooking the essential thing—which was, the economic independence of the housewife! It was strange that this great truth had escaped notice so long.

It was sad experience, inducing serious thought and close reasoning, that had put Mrs. Potter in a condition of mind so receptive to this idea. There had been a time when she bought every new-fangled household account book that was put on the market, changing her accounting system with each purchase; and she was so conscientious and painstaking in her bookkeeping that she once went over her figures eighteen times before she remembered that the missing two cents had been spent for a cake of yeast, but she failed to find anything satisfying in a mere knowledge of where the money went after it was gone.

"No matter whether you spent it for candy or soap," she reasoned, "it's gone, and that's all there is to it."

She had also made many economical culinary experiments, to the occasional distress of Stephen's palate and stomach, and had tried various other expedients for the better and more efficient management of children and other domestic affairs; but it all seemed to sift down to the great problem of having the money for what she wanted when she wanted it, and this she could not solve. Very likely she derived much incidental benefit from the various suggestions and experiments, but no one of them accomplished the main purpose. Not even the plan of dividing her money into separate and distinct funds, each having its particular purpose, did that, and she became really discouraged after putting one of the special funds away so carefully that it took her a week or more to find it.

Since then her management had been rather haphazard. She had a household allowance that she used for whatever seemed to her most important at the

moment, without regard to possible future needs. When she wanted more she asked Stephen for it, and Stephen usually grumbled and gave it to her, although he sometimes grumbled and did not give it to her. Anyhow, he grumbled.

It was very unsatisfactory. There was no economic independence of the housewife in that. She had nothing for herself, and it was humiliating to have to ask her husband for money. Mrs. Stacey had made that clear. Few housewives, even among the wealthy, were economically independent. They had house money, or their husbands paid the bills, but they had nothing for themselves, and it was not right that they should have to ask for it. Economic independence was what was needed.

Mrs. Potter took the subject up with her husband that very evening.

"Steve," she said, "we really must put household and family matters upon a business basis."

Stephen looked up, startled. It had been his privilege heretofore to talk of business methods in domestic affairs. "What's the matter now?" he asked doubtfully.

"Our domestic financial methods are all wrong," she explained.

"Susan," he agreed, puzzled but pleased, "you have stumbled upon a great truth."

"They should be systematized," she persisted.

"Go ahead and systematize them," he encouraged.

"That," she declared, "is what I want to do."

"Good enough!" he commended. "I believe I have occasionally hinted at the advisability of at least a suggestion of business methods in household management myself."

"Yes, Steve," she admitted, "you have; but you have ignored the really important detail. I won't say that you have done this deliberately—I prefer to believe that it has been due to ignorance or thoughtlessness rather than to a desire to be unjust to me—but you have done it."

"Wait a minute!" he pleaded. "You're too speedy for my poor brain. What have I done?"

"It isn't what you've done, but what you haven't done," she retorted. "Have you ever even suggested the economic independence of housewives?"

"The what?" he cried.

"The economic independence of housewives," she repeated.

"No," he admitted contritely, "I never have. What is it?"

"Don't you know that?" she exclaimed. "It seems to me plain enough, even if you never heard of it before."

He shook his head. "What is it?" he asked again.

"Why—why, it's the—er—the economic independence of housewives, of course," she explained.

"I suspected as much," he returned. "It has a nice sound, too. Has it been set to music?"

She ignored this, refusing to be turned from her purpose by jocular comment. "Don't you know," she demanded, "that it's humiliating for a woman to have to ask her husband for money?"

"Then why does she?" he queried.

"Because she can't get it without," she replied.

"You have a regular allowance," he suggested.

"That's for the house," she complained. "I have nothing for myself."

"I don't quite grasp that," he rejoined plaintively. "There is the allowance, and something extra occasionally, and I pay quite a few bills, you know, but you have—"

"No money of my own. I earn it, but I don't get it."

He pondered this a moment in silence, and reached a very natural conclusion. "Susan," he said, "I suspect you are leading up to a great idea. Would you mind taking me into your confidence and telling me what it is?"

"I want to be economically independent."

"Yes, of course," he returned. "I have already got that through my thick head. But how?"

"I want to be paid for what I do," she

declared defiantly. "Goodness knows, I work hard enough!"

"Oh!" he murmured, and for a moment he was incapable of saying more.

"You are paid for your work," she went on; "stenographers are paid, clerks are paid, cooks are paid—all but housewives are economically independent; and Mrs. Stacey says that housewives are the most slavishly dependent creatures in the world."

"Oh!" he murmured again. "Mrs. Stacey said that, did she? Well, I don't wish Mrs. Stacey any harm, but I hope she chokes!"

"Steve!"

"All right, she needn't choke," conceded Stephen. "But what else did she say?"

"She said the housewife was as much entitled to economic independence as—"

"Never mind that 'economic independence' refrain," he interrupted. "I can sing it backward now. Just what is the idea in words of one syllable, without music?"

"I want some money of my own."

"Haven't you any?"

"No. I just have house money and what you give me. I'm economically dependent."

"Please don't, Susan!" he pleaded.

"Well, I am!"

"I'm groping, Susan," he sighed.

"What would you call money of your own?"

"What I earn," she answered, with the defiant air of one who expects to be contradicted. "Mrs. Stacey says this is a commercial age, and a woman, even a wife, is entitled to what she earns. She says most wives work for board and keep, and it isn't right. She says the days of domestic serfdom are past, and even the courts are beginning to recognize the economic independence—"

"Try it backward," he suggested. "It's beginning to run in my head like a limerick. As I understand it, you want wages."

"I want to be paid what I earn," she insisted doggedly—"what you'd have to pay a housekeeper for the same work."

"You think that would be an ideal arrangement?"

"Mrs. Stacey says the ideal home is impossible without it."

"Hang Mrs. Stacey!" he exclaimed.

"You're cross because Mrs. Stacey is exposing masculine selfishness," she retorted.

"Oh, well, never mind hanging Mrs. Stacey, then," he returned, his face relaxing into a smile. "We'll try the ideal home."

"You'll really do it?"

"Why, of course," he promised; "but don't blame me if it doesn't work out right."

"Oh, but it *will* work out right!" she cried in delight. "I'm sure of it!"

"I think I see some flaws—"

"I don't!"

"Oh, very well," he acquiesced. "Find out what a housekeeper gets—not in the establishments of the plutocrats, but in such modest homes as ours—and we'll try the housekeeper game. But it's your proposition, remember."

Mrs. Potter investigated the question of wages, and she was disappointed. Neither she nor any of her friends had ever had occasion to engage a housekeeper, so she based her idea of the usual remuneration upon gossip, and she now found that this gossip related to housekeepers in the mansions of the wealthy. For such modest homes as her own she discovered that they could be had for very little. Indeed, a home counted for more than money with some of them.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Potter was conscientious in the matter, and fixed her own compensation at no more than a fair figure in view of the circumstances. She would at least have some money of her own, she reasoned, and that was the main thing.

Stephen accepted the terms with an aggravating smile of amused tolerance, but Mrs. Potter did not care. It was enough that he accepted and agreed that the new plan should be put in operation the first of the following month. Except for the aggravating smile, he was very nice about it, even offering to advance the first month's wages so that she

might have "some money of her own" at once. But soon thereafter he became critical and exacting. Nothing seemed to suit him, and nothing seemed to escape his notice. Formerly he had been rather indifferent to household affairs, so long as he was reasonably well fed; now he was interested in every detail.

"One naturally expects a good deal from a salaried housekeeper," he explained.

She did not like that. It was all right to get what she earned, but to be treated as a salaried housekeeper was another matter.

She had onions for dinner, and he expressed disapproval. One cannot have onions for dinner without advertising the fact to whomsoever one may meet during the evening. They may be said to be aggressively self-assertive, and for that reason and because Stephen did not like them they were rarely included in the domestic menu. But he had never before objected to onions or any other dish that pleased her palate. Now he objected.

"But I like them, Steve," she argued.

"Well, what of it?" he retorted. "I don't; and it isn't customary to provide special dishes for the housekeeper."

"I wish you wouldn't harp so much on that word!" she complained.

"Why not?" he asked in surprise. "That's the word that signifies economic independence, isn't it? And a housekeeper should expend the money entrusted to her for what her employer likes."

"Employer!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Of course," he returned. "You're working for wages, aren't you?"

"I don't see why you want to be so mean!" she pouted.

"Mean!" he repeated. "Why, I'm simply putting things on a business basis. For real economic independence—"

"I thought you didn't like that expression," she interrupted.

"Oh, it irritated me a little before I grasped the full significance of it," he admitted, "but it's different now. Can't

you see that anyone who is economically independent must expect to buy her own luxuries? Of course board goes with the job, but board includes only—"

"The job!" she cried.

"Why, certainly," he replied. "What else is it? You took a job as housekeeper to secure your economic independence, didn't you? And how can you be economically independent unless you pay your own way? Onions are all right. I don't object to onions any more than I do to sauerkraut and limburger cheese—"

"Steve!"

"Well, I don't," he insisted; "but you should pay for them."

He was most unreasonable, too, when a feminine bridge whist party disturbed domestic arrangements and compelled a late dinner. As a business woman, he said, she should be punctual. She was paid to be punctual.

"Of course," he added, "so long as it does not interfere with household arrangements, I have no objection to your giving all the entertainments that you can afford—"

"That I can afford!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes," he returned. "You expect to pay for your own entertainments, don't you? Economic independence would seem to demand that."

"But, Steve," she objected, "you know very well that I can't afford to entertain!"

"Then why do you do it?" he asked.

"Why—why—why, don't you expect to do anything for me?" she demanded.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "The expense of all our joint undertakings, social or otherwise, naturally falls upon me, but a woman who is economically independent must expect to pay for her individual pleasures."

"Steve," she threatened, "if you say 'economic independence' to me just once more I'll forget that I'm a lady and—and—scratch your eyes out!"

"But you wanted it," he argued.

"Wanted what?" she demanded menacingly.

Stephen was wise and refused to repeat the obnoxious phrase. But he continued to be most aggravating. He

remarked casually on one occasion that it was very nice to have a housekeeper who couldn't quit. "And yet," he added reflectively, "there are some disadvantages in having a housekeeper that you can't discharge."

She remembered that. It was a phase of the situation that had not occurred to her before, and there might be some advantage to her in it, although she was unable at the moment to see just how it would help her. Stephen's attacks were so many and varied that they gave her little time to plan reprisals. He even spoke of "docking" her for not working full time on one or two occasions, and he tried to make a charge against her for some work that he did about the house.

"Why shouldn't I be paid, if you are?" he argued.

"Pay yourself," she suggested.

"No," he replied; "the only way that I can profit by my labor here is to charge it up to you and deduct the amount from whatever may be due you."

"But you were working for yourself as much as for me," she insisted.

"In that case," he returned, "perhaps I should charge only half of it up to you. Still, you own the house, so you really ought to pay."

As the house was in her name, that sounded reasonable, and she was the more troubled because she could not recall that Mrs. Stacey had said anything at all upon this phase of the subject. She was beginning to lose faith in Mrs. Stacey. She even "cut" her on the street the next day, and felt somewhat better in consequence.

Then came the crushing blow. She needed a new gown, and she spoke to Stephen about it.

"I don't see how it concerns me," he said.

"You'll have to pay for it, won't you?" she retorted.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why, certainly not. Think how it would look!"

"Look!" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"The scandal," he explained. "A man can't buy clothes for his housekeeper without creating comment."

"Do you mean to tell me, Steve, that you won't pay for my clothes?" she demanded.

"I don't see how I can," he reasoned. "We mustn't have any scandal, you know."

"Scandal!" she cried indignantly. "I suppose you think that's a joke, but it's a very sorry one. You know perfectly well that I haven't the money for a new gown."

"Then why get one?" he queried. "The very first rule of economic independence is to live within your income."

"The first rule of what?"

Her husband should have noted the menace in her tone, but either he did not or else he was foolhardy. "Economic independence," he replied.

She reached for him, and only the fact that her clutching hand closed on his bald spot saved him from losing some hair.

Stephen had slight opportunity to criticize or badger her after that. She asked no favors of him and submitted no problems to him. But she appeared presently in a new gown.

"How do you like it?" she asked.

"Very much," he answered; and then added: "I hope you can afford it."

"I hope *you* can," she returned quickly.

"Oh, I have nothing to do with it," he asserted.

"Wait and see," she advised.

"Been consulting with Mrs. Stacey?" he laughed.

"Oh, dear, no," she answered. "Mrs. Stacey is rather crude in her ideas. Why, I can give her points myself."

That worried him a little, although he would not admit it.

Then she appeared in a new hat, and that worried him more.

"I don't see how you can afford it," he said.

"Easiest thing in the world," she assured him. "Why, I've only begun to make my purchases."

"Only begun!" he exclaimed.

"That's all—if you're going to be disagreeable about it."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Oh, I think you'd better be nice to me, Steve," she replied.

Stephen was uncomfortable. This confident little woman seemed totally unlike the one he had teased and ridiculed, and he wondered what the change portended.

"As a salaried housekeeper—" he began.

"But I'm a salaried housekeeper only part of the time," she interrupted.

"Only part of the time!" he repeated. "I don't understand."

"Why, it's very simple," she explained. "Even a salaried housekeeper has her hours of liberty, you know, and an employer is not concerned with what a salaried housekeeper's husband does for her when she's off duty. I make my purchases when I'm off duty, and I naturally charge them to my husband."

"But you haven't consulted your husband with regard to the purchases," he objected.

"My husband refused to be consulted," she retorted; "and when a woman's husband refuses to be consulted she must use her own judgment. Perhaps my judgment is faulty. I'm buying a good many things."

Stephen became very thoughtful. "Suppose I refuse to pay?" he suggested.

"Oh, you'll pay!" she declared confidently. "You wouldn't want to be sued and have it come out in court that you're so mean you won't buy your wife's clothes!"

Stephen was sorely troubled now. "But, Susan," he objected, "you chose to be housekeeper, and you can't—"

"Why not?" she interrupted. "Lots of salaried housekeepers have husbands who do something for them. It just happens in this case that you are both employer and husband, and what you do as an employer doesn't relieve you of your obligations as a husband. Anyhow, it's a pretty mean man who will try to repudiate his wife's bills."

"Still," he maintained, "I might be mean enough to charge it up against the housekeeper's wages, which would leave her nothing coming for some time."

"In that case," she returned calmly,

"you can't expect the housekeeper to let you live in her house."

He laughed, but his laugh lacked heartiness. "That's a good joke," he said. "I'd like to have a picture of you ordering me out of the house I gave you!"

"Better engage your photographer, then," she advised, as she began putting on her wraps.

"Look here, Susan," he expostulated, "you're inconsistent! You chose to be a salaried housekeeper—"

"Part of the time," she corrected.

"You decided to be economically independent."

"Part of the time," she asserted. "I'm perfectly willing to be economically dependent when I'm off duty."

"Oh, you want to play it both ways!"

"I told you I had improved upon Mrs. Stacey's idea," she reminded him.

"Oh, you have," he agreed—"you certainly have! Where are you going now?"

"I'm going shopping," she replied.

"In what capacity?" he faltered, trying to conceal his anxiety.

"I'm going shopping," she repeated, "as Mrs. Stephen Potter, wife; and then I'm coming back here and earn wages as Susan Potter, housekeeper. I don't know what I shall buy, but it will be a plenty. You see, I'm rather fortunately placed, as a housekeeper who can't be discharged and a wife who must be supported. Of course, if you hadn't been mean about it, I'd never have taxed my poor brain or consulted your lawyer friend, Tom Reynolds—"

"Oh, you consulted Tom, did you? Well, I don't wish Tom any harm, but I hope some day his wife comes to me for advice."

"She won't," returned Susan confidently. "She'll never have to. You see, she can consult with her husband, and mine won't give me any chance, so I—"

"Yes, he will, Susan," he assured her earnestly. "You can sit right down and consult with him now, and you'll find him mighty nice and reasonable. You'd better do it, too, before you land him in the bankruptcy court."

THE SOLVENCY OF PARKER PERRY

By Joseph Ernest

YOU may have read once or twice in the pink-eyed sort of novels—I have—about the terrible agony of a strong man's tears. Well, I heard a man cry once, and, believe me, it wasn't a bit like that. There was nothing dramatic or terrible or agonizing about it; it was just purely sickening. I have doubted since whether it is possible to hear a grown man cry without feeling sick—sick with shame for him and yourself and the whole human race.

I had never met Parker Perry before I heard him sobbing in Jimmy Bethune's studio, but I had seen estimates in the Sunday papers of the money his father had left him. Bethune and I shared a barn of a place at the back of the Rue Maubert, south of the Sorbonne. There was nothing but a matchboard partition between us, and when I wanted him I knocked with a mahlstick, and when he thought a little criticism might help he hammered with a mallet.

The rest of the time we agreed to let each other alone, being there for work and having no time for Julien five o'clock stunts. Consequently, when the noise got on my nerves I didn't go round to protest, but sat and mixed paints and grew squint-eyed with curiosity and disgust.

It wasn't groaning or whining or snivelling, you understand, but sure enough sobs. I knew from the first it wasn't Jimmy. He was a big healthy brute of a Westerner, and punched the bag when he felt melancholy. Besides, every now and then the poor wretch kept saying:

"I can't stop, Bethune! I can't stop!"

He said it over and over again in a

sort of strangled voice, as if a nerve crisis had robbed him of breath.

In time, however, it did stop, and shortly afterward I heard Jimmy's mallet on the partition. I dropped my tubes and went round, to find him holding the door open. He was still in his overalls, being halfway through a big marble of the Parcæ, but he had thrown a cloth over that and sent his model away. Close against the partition he had a ratty old divan with a padded leather top that the models used at rest time, and the man who cried was stretched on this. He was quiet now, and seemed asleep. His mouth was half open, and tears were drying on his nose.

"Where did you find it?" I asked, after we had exchanged glances.

"I didn't," Jimmy replied wearily. "He just came. It's a habit with him now."

"He talks American, anyway," I said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh, that's an old story. Anybody can see that."

"Dipsomaniac?" I guessed.

"Not exactly—he's an *absintheur*. It's rather a different thing, you know."

I might have known without asking, after all. When I moved closer to look at the man's face the odor of anise hit me like a blow.

"I heard him shout," I said. "That's what the poor devil can't stop, is it?"

Jimmy nodded, and we watched him in silence for a space. The unlovely visitor had the sort of death's-head complexion that goes with absinthe, and his hands were a pitiful violet color. His clothes were new and expensive, but looked as if they had not been taken off in weeks, and there was streaky mud on

them. The face was one of that neutral kind that can look very well when they have been barbered, and quite ill-bred when they haven't, which was his case. The most notable feature was the big slack dope fiend's mouth, with the full and downward curving lips that told of avid indulgence while sneering at its hollowness.

"Know who it is?" Jimmy asked softly. "It's Parker Perry." His eyes had the quizzing look of a man who tells you something incredible. "Yes, *the* Parker Perry, the Westchester one. We were classmates. Of course he's worth a carload of money, and this is all the use he has for it. Comes round to tell me his troubles when the purple lizards get after him. I tried to keep him here once, and fought him when he got the craving, but he started to lay for me with the chisels and I resigned. Since then I am his only friend, though. It's—embarrassing."

I asked him what he was going to do.

"That's why I knocked for you," he said. "I'm going out to Auteuil to tell his wife I've got him. She's been all alone for a fortnight at his villa out there, wondering if the Apaches have laid him out. I want to ask you to keep an eye on him till I get back."

His wife! There wasn't really anything surprising in it—his being married, I mean. The poorest creature on earth is rarely so low down that he doesn't have some woman to forgive him and secretly wish he were more of a man. But it hurt, looking at Perry prone there on the divan, to think what sort of a life that woman would be living out at Auteuil.

I got some cold water, and soon after Jimmy left the fellow came round. His poor whipped nerves were all frazzled, though, and he was scared to find a stranger handing him the wet sponge. But I soothed him all I could, and he sat on the edge of the divan shuddering. When he spoke he stared at me wide-eyed like a child.

"Say, you know what's the matter with me?" He got up and gripped my shoulder, his jeweled sleeve-links dangling loose in his crumpled shirt cuff.

"I'm just drinking myself to death!" he went on, in the tone of a man who has made an important discovery. Well, I had to admit that there might be something in it if he wasn't more careful.

He muttered something more about not being able to quit, but I didn't want all that over again, so I made him sit down. Then it seemed to occur to him that he might have been a little too communicative to a total stranger, for he assumed a knowing expression.

"Careful!" he repeated. "That's what you all say. Dry up, take a tumble and start fresh. *Bien alors, et après?* I ask you—what then? There's nothing to it. I ain't a fool. There's not so much fun in life for anybody. I'm going ahead and *dieu!*"

Then he sang a little, snatches of "*Viens, poupoule,*" and "*La Bouss-bouss-mée,*" and things like that, ending up with an ancient indecency of the Montmartre cafés. He had the tunes all right, but the words of that last thing were rasping.

"Will you cut that out, man?" I said sharply. "That's not funny."

He stopped short with an ugly look, and slowly tugged from his pocket a Browning pistol. His weak purple hand shook as if he held a fan.

"You'd look funny dancing to it," he sneered, staring offensively at my stained overalls. "Blamed painter! I'll bet you're a sickly dauber at that. Know who I am? Member Quartier du Combat bunch, me!" He wandered off on a sidetrack then, grinning foolishly: "Gee! Guess I scared poor Stella some before I left Auteuil!"

I could have prayed for Jimmy to get back before I strangled the fellow, but it wasn't any use. Auteuil is a long way at night, when the taxis want to stay around town for theater fares. I knew Perry couldn't have hit the façade of the Bourse the way his hand shook, but it wasn't pleasant to have him fooling with that thing under the impression that he was an honorary member of a blood-thirsty Apache tribe. I grabbed up what I took to be a marble bust wrapped in a cloth and stood over him.

"Drop that gun," I said, "or I'll mash

your hand!" I would have mashed his head with considerable pleasure just then if he hadn't given in and dropped the weapon. That mention of his wife took all the humor out of the situation.

"You don't need to fuss," said Perry, as I jammed the thing good and hard and threw it into a corner. "It wasn't meant for you. It's for me, when I've run this business a little more into the ground. I meant to take Stella along with me, but I don't have the nerve yet."

He got up and shambled over to the place where Jimmy kept one of those talking machine cabinets, swept a lot of trash off it with his arm, and started winding it up. I had to put the needle in for him in the end. The record on the desk was the "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffmann."

"Say, that's some music!" he said when it stopped. He played it again, and hung on to the cabinet drinking it in, and putting his ear down to the little trapdoors so that he shouldn't miss a note. Every now and then he would wind the machine up tight for fear it would stop.

Now that "Barcarolle" is music all right, but after the tenth time it becomes kind of monotonous. So I hunted up a record of Rubinstein's "Clown Dance" and turned it on for a change. Parker Perry, however, would have none of it.

"Flag it! It makes me worse," he said. "It makes me think of the Tabarin ball and the girls and satyrs. *Fichez-moi le camp*, Rubinstein! Take it away." And to make sure, he did it himself, and put back the "Barcarolle." Moreover, he kept it there, so pretty soon I began to have almost as much clockwork in my head as Perry had.

I picked up the bust that lay on the divan, with its cloth wrapped round just as I had left it. Going to put it back on its pedestal, I found that a kind of clammy feeling was coming through the cloth. I lifted one corner and saw that what I had taken to be a completed marble was nothing but modelling clay, and still damp, too. It beat me, though, why Jimmy should have covered it up. Anyone might have ruined hours of hard

work with a single jolt. I set it back where it belonged in something of a hurry, thanking my luck that I hadn't had to hit Perry with it. By way of relief from the incessant "Barcarolle" that was keeping him pacific I began to unwrap the thing to see what Jimmy had been doing.

When I got the cloth off I had to go away and sit down. The bust was an overpoweringly grotesque portrait of Parker Perry—a hideous, debauched caricature, with hollow, shattered cheeks, leering eyes and a slack, foolish mouth.

There was no chance of mistaking the intention, and if there had been any Jimmy had foreseen it by scratching the words "*L'Absintheur*" in the wet clay of the base. As a portrait it was savagely faithful in its exaggerations; as a work of art it was full of the rough barbaric power that marked all Bethune's modelling. It stood there and smiled its slack, weak smile at me, and squinted out of its puckered lids like a creature grinning at its own agony.

And suddenly Parker Perry saw it, too. He was leaning on the cabinet, winding up his interminable music, and I saw his jaw drop and his gaze fix itself on the pallid gray bust. I hope you have understood that he was not a drunkard. Under the influence of his deadly wormwood drug his eyes squinted like a bad case of strabismus. His nerves were poisoned, but his perceptions were acute.

People who say a man never recognizes his own portrait must base their experience on work less gifted than Jimmy Bethune's. Perry's face twisted up with horror as it dawned upon him.

"God, not that!" he said, in his cracked voice. "Say, that ain't correct! I never looked that way! It's a low down skunk joke of Bethune's, that's what that is. You can see that, can't you?"

I said nothing, but looked from him to the bust and back again, and whistled at its startling fidelity—one of those lucky things a man sometimes does in a frenzy of effort. Perry went back to the divan and covered his face in his hands.

"If I looked like that—" he said.

"There's a glass behind that curtain," I told him. As I judged, he didn't dare go and look. Instead, he stared up at me with that puzzled childish stare that he had at first when he woke up, and his lower lip stuck out and trembled.

"It is true!" he burst out. "I knew it all the time—soon as I saw it. I'm killing myself! Look at my hands. They used to be white and clean; now they're all puffy and blue. I can't walk straight two blocks; I can't sleep, and when I do I never know when I'll wake up again. My heart's busted. I tell you, man, Bethune's right. That thing's me—and God help me, I can't stop!"

Well, there he was sobbing again. He threw himself flat on the divan, and grovelled and gripped the edge in his pain, and in the midst of it a big auto pulled up in the Rue Maubert outside, and Jimmy entered with Parker Perry's wife. We stood and stared for a time, at each other, at Perry sobbing his heart out on the divan, at the statuette leering and doddering on its pedestal. It wasn't any occasion for ceremony, and I dare say I looked at Mrs. Perry more than was exactly polite. But I couldn't help it.

Talk about your professional beauties—that woman had Cléo de Mérode and Liane de Pougy looking like third row chorus girls with the paint off. It wasn't so much the form and features, though she had them all right, as something that I can only call the spirit of sheer angelic goodness that shone out of her face. She wasn't misnamed Stella—there was a sort of pure calm radiance about her that made you think of starlight at sea.

When that cabinet machine finished the "Barcarolle" and fell to scratching holes in the record it was as if something had snapped. Mrs. Perry walked over to the divan and laid her hand on Perry's shoulder. He turned his pitiful face up to hers, and after a moment's hesitation allowed her to lead him to the door.

"Wait a minute," said Jimmy. "I'll come back with you if you like. I can't

let him shoot you up again, Stella. He might hit you next time."

"I'm not afraid," said Mrs. Perry, calmly as if he had merely advised her to take a wrap into the cold night air. "You may leave him to me."

"I have his gun, anyhow," I said, and they left in the auto.

I started to explain to Jimmy how I came to make that break about the bust, but he cut me short.

"It has probably done him good," he said. "That's what I made the thing for. I didn't intend to exhibit it, naturally."

"What an angel of a woman to be wasted on that animal!" I said, standing in front of the bust. I couldn't get it out of my mind.

"Angel? You are about right," said Jimmy. "A fortnight ago he shot up the villa and drove the servants into hysterics. Her life has been largely that sort of Gehenna for two years."

"Why doesn't she leave him?" I asked.

"She's too white. She was always the same, even as a school kid out West. Always saw some plain duty right in front of her and never argued about what she had to do next. It's some sort of religion, I think. She always knows just what she has to do, and she doesn't seem to be under the necessity of thinking out the rights and wrongs of it like other people. If Parker Perry didn't have a home he wouldn't last six months. She knows it, and to talk about leaving him would look to her as bad as a proposition to steal a lifebelt from a drowning man."

"She can't have any affection left for him."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, and there was an ugly look in his eye.

"You never know what women think about men. I expect she feels the same way toward him as a mother would feel to an idiot son. But I know what I'm going to do if he comes here again in that state. Shooting begins to get over the line."

"What will you do?"

"I'm going to lock him up and just feed him all the absinthe he wants."

I leaped to catch his arm as it was descending savagely on the leering clay face of Perry.

"Don't do that, Jimmy," I said. "It's too good to smash. And the poor devil can't last much longer, anyway."

Jimmy looked at me pretty hard for a moment. Then he let his arm fall to his side and turned away.

"You haven't an idea what it means to me, Carson," he said.

I gained some idea of what it meant to him in the next fortnight, though. The busy beat of Jimmy Bethune's mallet on the chisels was a sound I had become accustomed to hearing as I worked on my own side of the wall, and I missed it a whole lot. He hadn't gone away. One evening I was walking in the strip of discouraged garden that ran at the back of the studio and faced an alley parallel to the Rue Maubert. I heard a woman's voice in the alley, a singularly clear and thrilling voice.

"Could you look me in the face, Jimmy," she said, "and tell me that you honestly believe it is my *duty* to leave him?"

And then I heard Jimmy's voice, sort of choking.

"Duty! You make me mad sometimes, Stella, with those views of yours about duty. Can you tell me what sort of duty you owe a man who has left you at twenty-one without friends, without protection, without even a decent home, without a single one of the fine and lovely things a girl expects when she marries?"

"I told him I did not love him," said the woman. "He married me in spite of that. I must keep to my contract, Jimmy—no one ever found happiness by fleeing from a plain duty. If it were not for his weakness, if he had a fair chance against you—"

I got out of earshot then, and passed quietly into the studio. A moment later Jimmy followed, and told me that Parker Perry had disappeared again, and that their united efforts had failed to trace him. "He'll die like a rat in some hole near the Roche-chouart," he said. "I wish with all my heart that he would!"

But he didn't. It was about a week later that I heard the "Barcarolle" again from the machine in Jimmy's studio. It went on most of the evening, and I cursed Offenbach and went out to a café. Next day it began mercifully to alternate with other records. There were Schubert's "Serenade," and "Simple Aveu," and Dvorák's "Humoreske," and of course a lot more Offenbach and general sweet stuff. One evening Jimmy came into my studio grinning.

"Say, come and look at Parker Perry," he said. "He'll astonish you."

A suspicion that had vaguely troubled me for some days came uppermost, and I hesitated.

"See here, Jimmy," I said, "you haven't been giving him absinthe?"

He laughed and snapped his fingers.

"Nothing like that," he said. "He has merely discovered that Chopin could write music, and wants to proclaim it to the world."

I went round, and found Perry sorting a pile of new records. He had just started up a "Nocturne," and squatted before the machine like a devotee at a shrine. That horrible bust was on the pedestal beside him, but it hadn't so much resemblance as before. He was spruce and clean shaven, with a new light hat on the back of his head, a firmer set about his mouth and something like enthusiasm in his eye. He was recognizable as a man now, though still a pretty sick man.

"I'm getting a musical education," he said, shaking hands with just the least trace of self-consciousness. "Bethune says I'll be able to understand Strauss before he's through with me."

"That's so," said Jimmy, clapping him on the back, "and Debussy, too, for that matter. But there's time enough for that. We'll go and hear 'La Fille du Tambour Major' tonight."

"Do you think you could induce Stella to come?" Perry asked with some hesitation. Jimmy said he would try, and asked me to accompany them; so we heard the old opera together, and Perry only once showed signs of restlessness. It was during the *entr'acte*, and

when he caught Jimmy's eye he shrank into his seat.

When it was all over Jimmy made me take Mrs. Perry home, and he drove back to the studio in a cab with Perry. I didn't talk to Mrs. Perry much. She seemed to live in a moral atmosphere too rarefied for me. But I remember the serene beauty of her face as the street lamps flashed on it through the windows of the auto. It made me feel as if I wanted to live a much nobler life than I had even contemplated before, so that if I ever got into an auto with a woman like that again I should not feel quite so afraid to touch the hem of her dress. Of course, it may have been just because she was beautiful. . . .

When I reached the studio quite late, Perry was playing the "Invitation to the Valse," apparently with the object of learning it by heart. I was sorry for Jimmy, but a whole lot sorrier for myself.

Next time Jimmy came round he was radiant, and snapped his fingers in triumph.

"What's the matter with the Offenbach treatment?" he said. "Perry has been on parole for a whole week. He approves mildly of Beethoven, and allows that Wagner could write melody when he tried. Oh, he'll be at chamber concerts with the highbrow stuff soon, and make us look like organ grinders with arthritis in the elbow."

"That wasn't your original scheme," I interrupted.

He must have noticed that I looked at him a little curiously.

"No, it wasn't," he admitted. "But it seemed to me that I had a good chance to demonstrate one of my pet theories, that men take to drugs to fill some quite unnecessary void in the intellect."

"Look here, you did a mighty good thing for Parker Perry," I said, "when you made that bust. Now I'm going to give you some similar medicine. If you turn that canvas over, the first of that bunch against the wall, you'll see something to your advantage."

He took it to the platform where I posed my models and sat down to study it. It was a *croquis* of Jimmy and Mrs.

Perry that I had made after that evening at the Opéra, when they sat together in the *fauteuils*. I did it mainly because Perry was keeping me awake with his machine-made music. There is a sort of stenography in drawing, you know, and the only thing in the sketch that was more than hinted at was the lonely, hungry look on Jimmy's face as he covertly gazed at her.

"Is that the square-toed truth, Carson?" demanded Jimmy.

I told him that I had tried to tell just what I had seen.

"Well," he admitted, "it's a fact that I wish Parker Perry was dead." He put the sketch down and rested his chin on his hands.

"And that isn't so wicked as it sounds, either," he went on. "I should have married Stella if her mother had lived long enough. I never dreamed of anything else. She had no father, you know, and there was no money to speak of; and when she was left alone a brute of an aunt detected her social promise and spirited her away to New York. That woman married her off into her own plutocratic set while I was still a boy struggling through the Academy at Antwerp. If Perry had died in one of those *sales boîtes* where he had been staying last time he came to my door, with a couple of nighthawks after his wad, I'd have been honestly grateful."

"And yet," I said, "you take all this trouble with him!"

"Oh, it isn't me; it's Stella—she says that it is obviously what we must do. Everything that she does is so obviously the proper course to her that she makes me think so, too. I've actually stood over him with a mallet while he ate a steak, and all the time I am taking him out for exercise and to concerts I'm sure I don't know why. I can't work up any real personal hatred for him. Absinthe seems such a filthy way to do it."

"Do you think he'll stand fast?" I asked.

"Why not?" replied Jimmy, with a sour smile. "I've accustomed myself to hope so, anyway. Why, he may discover Velasquez next, and the Victory

of Samothrace, and all the beauties of art and nature, and take to collecting them in between his concerts. And music itself is inexhaustible. How such fellows get through the universities and escape an education beats me."

Perry did stand fast, and I shall not soon forget the day we saw them off to Mentone. He was humming an air, lively as a schoolboy, though still a little shaky on his feet. Mrs. Perry was the same as always, beautiful and serene, and the P. L. M. porters fought like cats for the honor of attending to her baggage. I noticed that when she said farewell to Jimmy Bethune her face was suddenly transfigured, as if a light shone from it for a second. It was the first time I had realized that she had the same sort of emotions as other women. And I thought also that if he never saw her again Jimmy was sufficiently rewarded by that look. Then she disappeared into the saloon car, and Perry shook hands with us both.

"Good-bye—and thank you, Bethune," he said as he followed her into the train.

On the way back to the Rue Maubert Jimmy was so acutely miserable that I tried to cheer him by telling him that he had done a very fine thing.

"I suppose I have," he replied in a flat sort of voice, and thought about that view of it for a moment, visibly brightening.

"I suppose I have done a fine thing," he repeated. "And I suppose I ought to be glad of it, too. Oh, damn it, I *am* glad! Of course I am. But I'm no more use for work. I guess I'll clear out to London for a bit."

It was perhaps as well that he went, for when Parker Perry returned to Paris he really looked as if he meant to live a long time. He had won a bundle of money at the tables—somehow it's always the people who don't need it who do that—and he seemed to have forgotten that there was such a compound as absinthe on the market. Jimmy and Stella together had hauled him bodily back out of the abyss.

But I presently saw that there was something wrong with him, for all that.

He used to hang around my studio quite a lot, and chatter discrepantly, and make my model giggle with scraps of strange *argot*. One day I entered the *atelier* to find him already there, and I asked him rather pointedly if he had soured on Offenbach. But he merely replied that he had become a subscriber to the Opéra, and walked up and down manifestly thinking of something else.

"Say, Carson," he said suddenly, "why do you think Bethune took all that trouble with me?"

I told him that in my judgment it was through pure decency of spirit.

"Well, I don't feel quite so sure," he said. "Seems to me like it was just a diabolical design to let me see how low I had fallen—to open my eyes to just exactly what a disastrous mess I've made of existence. Say, you know Stella's in love with Bethune."

"How do you know that?" I asked, pretending to be busy with my brushes.

"She's simply withering—fretting her poor heart away, and women don't do that because the fashions don't suit their looks. Besides, there are one or two things I remember, before we left Paris. I wish Jimmy Bethune was in hell!"

My mother was Irish. I suppose I should have held my tongue, but I couldn't have done so for the wealth of Wall Street. I dropped my palette and swung round on him.

"Well, if you mention it to him," I said hotly, "he'll probably do that, too. He tore his feelings up by the roots and ruined his work at its finest to help pull you back from there, and he'll likely get off the earth, too, if you ask him, and make a complete job of it. He's white, Jimmy Bethune is—not a damned, ungrateful, low grade son of a Greaser!"

"What do you mean?" he said, smiling as if I had paid him a compliment.

"I mean," I said, more angrily than before, "that if he had done what I would have done, what any average human man would have done, he'd have let you go to the everlasting bonfire in your own vile way! How many times he could have got Stella if he had used his chances while you howled among the beasts in the Quartier du Combat!

And he never did it, or you wouldn't have kept her. He's a different breed from the Parker Perrys, is Jimmy Bethune! And you can take that any way you want to."

"You mean that he is capable of unselfishness?"

"That's so. If there's one man on earth owes another a debt he can never repay, you owe it to him."

"Forgive me for ragging you, Carson," he said, still smiling that curious smile.

"I wanted to get at the truth about it, and that was the only way that occurred to me. I knew it would happen some day. I bought Stella, you know, as I'd buy a string of polo ponies, before she was old enough to know the difference between one man and another. Her dragon of an aunt had debts. I've dreaded all along that she would meet someone—I tell you, it's enough to drive a man crazy to see her trying to be brave and smiling and kind, when all the time she's starving for the real shining treasure of happiness that I've robbed her of."

He sat on the dais, with his head in his hands, and tapped nervously with one toe.

"Whatever faults the Parker Perrys have—and heaven knows mine have been glaring enough—they've always been noted for paying a hundred cents on the dollar," he said at last. "You can tell Bethune that from me when you see him."

He went out then, and I never saw him again. I got a traveling scholarship about that time, and did not see Jimmy, either, till the year that his Hecuba marble was crowned by the Salon. I

went to congratulate him, but he would talk of nothing except Parker Perry and his most amazing disappearance.

"It seems," he said, "that he vanished suddenly one morning, leaving Stella a note that said he had gone to join the only woman he loved, a soprano of the Scala at Milan, and would never return to her. Just the sort of thing he would do, isn't it? Maybe she sang in the 'Barcarolle.' Funny how some men have that rotten streak."

"You mustn't say that, Jimmy," I objected. "There are the makings of a fine fellow in Parker Perry. For instance, he owes you nothing now."

"How's that?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows.

"Well, consider. Where is Stella?"

"That I don't know," he answered, his face lighting up at the mere sound of her name. "She wrote me from New York, and told me that she was going South and that I was not to write to her yet. But there's one thing I'm as sure of as I am of tomorrow's sunrise, and that is that in her own good time she will walk in at that door."

"Very well, then," I said.

I did not add that there was one thing of which I was quite as perfectly assured—namely, that the soprano of the Scala at Milan had no existence outside Parker Perry's invention. It was clear to me that he had thrown her in by way of interest on his debt—to remove any scruple that might keep Stella from Jimmy at the expense of an undeserved blot on his own name.

I should like to meet him and tell him what I think of that delicate consideration.



IT takes pluck to succeed in speculation, and the man who does the plucking gets the money.



WHEN a man is a bachelor, it is a sign of either a bad character or of good judgment.

THE AWAKENING OF PIERROT

By Achmed Abdullah

THE first scene—a small room in the Latin Quarter in Paris.

Pierrot reclines at full length on a couch which is richly and heavily draped in purple silk and snowy white linen. Two massive silver candlesticks stand at the foot, and two at the head of the couch; there is a great profusion of white roses massed about it. Otherwise the room is completely bare and is in complete darkness, with the exception of a broad sharp ray of blue-white spotlight which brings Pierrot on his couch into powerful and ghastly relief.

Pierrot is garbed in the conventional costume of the Continental clown, with puffy white trousers which meet at the ankle, a loose white tunic ornamented with huge black buttons, a frilled white collar, white pointed shoes and a white sugarloaf cap, rakishly balanced over one ear. His face is chalky white and only the thin, mocking lips shine a hard bright crimson. His left hand on his breast is clutching a crucifix; his right hand hangs over the edge of the couch, limply holding a guitar ornamented with gay ribbons of orange, red and blue.

Pierrot raises his head once or twice with an expectant air. Then there is the sharp noise of a door being opened and shut, and instantly he assumes a position of deathlike rigidity.

The Woman He Amused steps suddenly into the room. She is a tall, magnificent creature of the brunette type, most distinctly a society woman of high caste. She is dressed in a high-waisted afternoon gown of splendid purple silk with a long fringe heavily embroidered in gold and black, and wears a tremendous Gainsborough hat fastened underneath her chin with broad purple

ribbons and ornamented with a profusion of sweeping black and purple plumes. In her left hand she holds a jeweled gold chain purse, in her right a tall, smooth polished walking stick, Empire style, of white, with a plain gold and amethyst top and two long narrow purple ribbons. She walks slowly toward the couch and looks at Pierrot with an expression of tenderest pity. There is silence for a few seconds; then she speaks, looking down at him.

THE WOMAN HE AMUSED:

Poor old friend—poor Pierrot—you have cracked your last joke; you have sung your last song; you have juggled your last laughing harmonies—and my heart is heavy with the thought of it.

You were the good friend of my black hours, when the world looked darkest, when man was unkind and when woman was—oh, just woman—when despair stalked in through the window and death was my rosiest hope.

You were the good friend of my gray hours—when the dull bats of ennui flitted about my head and clawed at my tired heart, when the little red devils of self-conscious morbidity danced savage jigs around my soul and taunted my heart with the jeering reproaches of what might have been. With your gay words you drove away the clouds which were heavy with the rain of depression. You banished the blue mist of discontent with the sweet strength of your mind, the kindness of your great heart—friend Pierrot—friend Pierrot—who is dead! (*She sobs, keeping her tears back with an effort.*)

You were the good friend of my white hours—when the world looked brightest,

when the lanes were greenest and embroidered with a thousand wild flowers, when the rays of the sun were innumerable spluttering lance points, when life was but a laughing bubble in a glad glass of sweet champagne, when everything was the color of a hundred living roses, when the joy of living seethed and fermented within my heart and turned my head.

You laughed with me and you wept with me. You understood my every mood. You were as part of myself. But you were always just Pierrot—friend Pierrot. Perhaps at times you kissed my hand a little bit higher above the wrist than strict friendship permits; perhaps there were fleeting moments when your eyes said more than your thin, mocking mouth—but you knew your own heart best, and you were just my friend—my best friend—and you never tried to be more.

And yet—since now you are dead—I may tell you that there were moments when I felt weak and yielding, when my heart beat furiously and I was as a ripe fruit—waiting to be picked. But you never knew—you never saw—you poor, dear, silly, blind friend Pierrot!

Without you my house was empty, my rooms devoid of sun, my food without spice, my drink without gladness.

You were the friend of my friends—and today I know that the people who crowded my glittering *salons* came but to see you, to listen to you, to feel the irresistible magnetism of your personality. Without you my social career would have been a laughable failure—but you—ah, you were the friend—the good friend of endless hours of loneliness—laughing Pierrot—Pierrot who is dead!

You laughed your way through life; and yet—though you never knew it, and though you never can know it now—I often saw the tiny flame of seriousness—that tiny blue flicker of melancholy which peeped forth at times from underneath your rakish clown's hat.

You were my friend, my only friend, my best friend. The world is gray and

empty without you—and I can never, never forget you.

She bends down, kisses his forehead, then turns and departs as suddenly as she came. There is the sharp click of the door being closed and then heavy silence. Pierrot moves cautiously on his couch, stretches his arms and yawns. Then a grin gradually overspreads his countenance, and he slowly raises himself on his elbows. He gropes about under his pillow and finally produces a cigarette and a match. He is about to light it, when again there is the sudden noise of the door being opened and shut. Pierrot quickly drops his cigarette behind the couch, and with a sigh of resignation assumes his original position of deathlike rigidity.

The Woman He Made steps suddenly into the light. She is a willowy woman of about twenty-five, with vivid blonde hair, black eyes and a dazzling complexion which is too good to be true. She is evidently a music hall artiste. She is dressed in a walking suit of brilliant green satin; the skirt is short and tight and shows green silk stockings and beaded green velvet slippers. Her hat is a small, close fitting toque, topped by a soft, saucy aigrette. A marabou and chiffon scarf of heliotrope and white is thrown negligently over her shoulder, and she carries a huge pillow muff to match her scarf. In one hand she holds a roll of what is evidently manuscript music.

She walks rapidly toward the couch and drops on her knees in a consciously dramatic attitude. She puts her hand into her bag and brings forth a ridiculously small lace handkerchief with which she dabs at her eyes. Immediately afterward she produces a little hand-mirror of gold and a diminutive powder puff, and she restores swiftly and skillfully the correct layer of powder on her little *retroussé* nose. Then she starts sobbing convulsively and addresses Pierrot, carefully choosing appropriate dramatic attitudes and gestures. But she is rather serious and does not realize that she is acting a part, with herself and a supposedly dead clown as the only gallery.

THE WOMAN HE MADE:

Pierrot—great master Pierrot—who is dead—it was you who found me in that little miserable variety show of the Boule Miche; it was you who first saw the glitter of golden genius underneath my shabby dull robe, you who discovered me, who first acclaimed me when foolish students and noisy tourists made a jest of my efforts with puny satire and weak jokes.

It was your song—the first song which you wrote for me—which made my name known on the other side of the Seine, which set Paris to whistling for two entire weeks, which brought me money and fame and publicity and flowers and jewels and dresses, and offers—ah, my friend, what offers—offers of love and splendor! But I was waiting for you to speak—for you, the great master who made me—who is dead!

It was your glad genius, Pierrot, which strung together the words and the haunting music of that second little *chanson*, which made my fame lasting in Paris, which made my name known in every part of France and which made it even travel abroad, across the Channel to London—which made the English managers offer me fabulous sums to go and sing over there in that smoky old city.

And I went—I sang—I was fêted—I was the toast of the day in England. But I returned—and you, dead Pierrot, you were waiting at the station, and my heart was heavy with gladness and I rushed toward you; but you—you only said: "*Bien fait, ma petite*; we shall now go to your little apartment and try over a new song which I wrote while you were away."

You the master, the creative genius, the original force—but I the dramatic genius, the voice, the gesture of the hand, the little lithe movement of the foot—the talent, my dear master, to breathe life into your written words and passion into your jingling harmonies.

And you were always the same—ever ready to write for me—to compose for me—to ransack the treasure house of your brain for me. You would come to

my little apartment and you would sit there, with your thin, mocking smile, your eternal cigarette and your glass of wine, ever ready to train me, to tell me what to do, to make me what I am today. And you never accepted thanks; you never saw, you blind Pierrot, that, after all, I sang but for you—that I acted but for you—to see the smile come and go in your face. (*She sobs.*)

Ah, you never knew that the one song I was waiting for and hoping for was the song which one day you would whisper into my ear—when there was nobody in the world but you and me—just you and me. But you never saw—you never wanted to see; and so you were just Pierrot—the great master Pierrot—and now you are dead!

If you had but seen—if you had but understood—what a career we two could have made! A little theater of our own, just barely enough seats for two or three hundred—all in delicate silver and pink and gray—so intimate, so artistic. And you at the piano—*Monsieur et Madame Pierrot*, not so?—and I there near the footlights singing. For the public, dead Pierrot? *Mais non, mon ami*—it would have been for you and you alone—though I turned my back on you while you played the piano—

(*She begins to dance gracefully, slowly, with exquisite charm.*)

Do you remember the dance you invented for me, the Dance of the Senses—the mad, slow dance of passion and desire, which first brought me the offer from the manager of the Folies Marigny? You were there in my little white *salon*—criticizing my steps, suggesting, teaching, helping, applauding. But, dead Pierrot, I danced but for you—and I would have danced right into your lap, into your cold, mocking heart—if you had but said a single little word.

And then that song—that last *chanson* you wrote before you died—that little bit of nothing which set the Boulevards crazy! My master, I sang it only for you; my heart was in my voice—for I felt it—I loved it. Do you remember, dead Pierrot?

(*She takes the guitar from his hand and begins playing and singing.*)

Your face was glad as light to me;
Your lips were sweet as night to me;
Your eyes were burning flames in my heart—
In the heart of *cette pauvre Colette*—

(*She breaks off suddenly and bursts out crying; then she continues in a low, gentle voice.*)

Adieu, great master—adieu, Pierrot—who is dead. I can never, never forget you.

She bends down, kisses his hand and departs. There is again the sharp click of the door and silence. Pierrot sits up in his bed, takes his guitar and strums the little melody which the woman has just sung, softly humming the words. Then he laughs and is about to leave his couch, when there is again the sudden noise of the door being opened and shut, and he sinks back into his original position.

The Woman He Loved steps suddenly into the light. She is a young, pale, delicate girl, hardly mature, with brown hair and brown eyes. She is dressed *à la trotin*, in a simple black waist and skirt; she wears no hat, but has a red rose in her hair, and wears high laced shoes. She carries neither gloves nor parasol nor purse. She walks lithely and sways a little at her hips. She is evidently a Paris shopgirl. She looks at Pierrot, her slender frame heaving with suppressed sobs, but she is unable to weep. She addresses him in a raucous voice, full of hidden but genuine emotion.

THE WOMAN HE LOVED:

Pierrot, my lover—you came into my life suddenly, and you lifted me up with the strength of your great love; and now you are dead—and I am lonely, oh—so lonely!

You gave me love—and passion—and desire—and desire's fulfillment; and now you are dead—Pierrot—my lover!

Was then our love but a faint sweet hope which dies with the dusk—a perishing dream—a nothing in a world of nothing? No, no, Pierrot. I can never, never forget you; and I love you—I shall always love you—though you are dead.

You mocked me—you played with

me—you made sport of me—you trampled on me—but, oh, Pierrot, you loved me—in the sultry black nights of our desire; and I loved you, dead Pierrot, and you shall always live in my heart.

You are dead, Pierrot, my lover—and I cry out with longing lips, and vainly; and I cry out with longing eyes, and vainly; and I cry out with longing heart, and vainly; and I cry out with longing limbs, and vainly. You brought the fulfillment of my yielding womanhood; you lighted for me the purple stars of passion; you opened for me the secret chamber of maddest desire. You were mine in the perfumed dusk of the eternal black nights, mine in the glad light of the golden morning. You were to me the red flame of love itself. You were to me the triumph of my ultimate dreams.

You were the pulse of my heart—the blood of my heart—the heart of my heart. And now you are dead, lover Pierrot!

No eyes shall ever see in mine what yours have seen; no lips shall ever taste on mine what yours have tasted; no hands shall ever touch my body as yours have touched it.

You are dead, Pierrot of my love—and now I must stand apart on the hill of my great loneliness; for I can never, never, never forget you.

She bends down and kisses him on the lips, then departs quietly. There is the sharp click of the door as it closes; then Pierrot slowly rises from his couch, stretches his entire body and yawns repeatedly. He lights a cigarette, sits down on his couch and smokes quietly and luxuriously. Finally he laughs, takes his guitar and begins to tune it leisurely.

The second scene—a street corner near the Inner Boulevards, on the early afternoon of the following day. There is a café, with tables and chairs on the pavement outside, a confectioner's shop and another shop with a large sign: "Madame Julie -- Modiste." Pierrot, dressed exactly as in the first scene, comes from the interior of the café smoking a cigarette and carrying in one hand a roll of manuscript

music. He looks up and down the street in an undecided manner, then finally leans against a lamppost, draws a pencil from his tunic and begins writing on his manuscript.

PIERROT (*humming the words softly to himself, while he writes them down*)

I hear the mournful croon of fragrant peace;
I hear the green gold whisper of your dreams,
The whisper of eternal mystery—

(*Laughingly*) No, no that won't do; they wouldn't like that; the days of Verlaine are past.

He gnaws at his pencil, thinking deeply. There is a short silence; then from the left appears The Woman He Amused, dressed as in the first scene. Pierrot looks up, smiles, raises his cap and is about to speak to her. But she stares at him without the slightest sign of recognition. He looks astonished and hurt, but finally grins resignedly and goes back to his lamppost and his manuscript, while she sweeps majestically past him into the confectioner's.

PIERROT (*humming the words and music softly to himself*)

I see the shadows of love's moonlit ways;
I see the brazen lights of passion's glen;
You showed me your eternal mystery—

(*With an accent of elation*) Aha—that's better!

He writes assiduously at his manuscript, when from the right appears The Woman He Made. He sees her, and with a short exclamation is about to speak to her. But she looks at him arrogantly, throws up her head and quickly walks into the café. Pierrot passes his hand over his eyes, as if awakening from a bad dream, laughs and goes back to his lamppost and his manuscript.

PIERROT (*humming the words and music softly to himself*)

I feel the pulsing of your tired heart;
I feel the passion of your flaming soul,
Your flaming soul and your white mystery—

(*With satisfaction*) That's it—that will get them! (*He writes frantically.*)

Presently The Woman He Loved comes from the modiste's, carrying a huge hatbox. Pierrot gives a glad cry and rushes toward her. She stops and looks at him coldly. He holds out his hands, but she turns and walks on. He takes hold of her arm, but she stamps her foot furiously and slaps his face, then walks away quickly.

Pierrot looks aghast, rubs his cheek where she hit him, takes off his cap and scratches his head. Then he walks to his lamppost, slaps his knees with delight and bursts out laughing.



THE TOUCH OF LIFE

By Catherine Postelle

I AM the cloud that, cold and dim,
Sleeps sullen on the horizon's rim;
But you the eager light that flies
To deck me in a thousand dyes.

I am the mute and helpless string
That does not know that it can sing,
Till you, the wind blown far and long,
Sweep all my silence into song.

I am the cold and pulseless clod,
An outcast from the face of God,
Lifted to be, I know not how,
The blush, oh, Rose, upon your brow!

CONFESSION

By Edmund Vance Cooke

HALF man's wisdom is but weakness, half man's folly is but fate,
And 'tis best I tell you truly what you must know soon or late.
Twenty years we've lived together, as we vowed to live for life,
And whatever has befallen, you are still my lawful wife.

Aye, and often you have fancied that you knew me to the core,
So 'tis better I should tell you what I might have told before.
Let me speak in candid fashion, let me strive to make it clear,
Yet in language which shall placate rather than offend your ear.

Hold your comment till I finish, let me have my fullest say,
And then yours shall be the judgment what the penalty I pay.
Yet remember in your judging how it was in *our* beginning
And that even as I loved you, love is still my chiefest sinning.

For I loved you, oh, I loved you, as the river loves the sea,
Pouring out its life forever that its life may greater be.
I loved you as the springtime loves the burgeoning it bears,
I loved you as the autumn loves the glory which it wears.

I loved you as the bluebird loves the mellowness of May,
I loved you as the wild deer loves the coming of the day;
I loved you as the sunshine loves the rain he makes his bride,
And girts her in a jeweled bow to signify his pride.

I loved you as the blue sky loves the earth it broods above,
I loved you as the lover loves the loving of his love;
And in all that time of loving, there was never a regret,
So I come to my confession, which is this: I love you yet.



“**D**ID Gilmer marry Gotrox's favorite daughter?”
“Better than that: he married Gotrox's eldest daughter and became his
favorite son-in-law.”



THE Lord loveth a cheerful loser; the gambler loveth any old sort.

THE CRUISE OF THE CALOPOGON

By Atkinson Kimball

CORNELIUS BUMPHREY had a spell. He didn't know what it was, and his wife didn't know and the servants didn't know; and the children didn't know he had a spell, because Mrs. Bumphrey bundled them off outdoors to play early in the phenomenon. She said: "What you need is calomel;" and he said, stretching his mouth in a mirthless smile: "Very well, my dear, I'll take anything you say;" and he took calomel, but it didn't break the spell. Then Mrs. Bumphrey tried a widely advertised nerve tonic, but this was equally unavailing; and at last on the fifth day she said: "You'd better go down and spend the afternoon with Henry;" and Cornelius, with an obedience harder for her to bear than any conceivable rebellion, went.

With an ostentatious rattling of the Chinese umbrella stand, he selected the walking stick, incredibly crooked, cut, fashioned, scraped and varnished by himself, that he called his Harry Lauder stick, and in which he took so much pride; but now it brought him no pride at all. He walked down the lane between the privet hedges whose sharp symmetry usually brought him so much satisfaction; but now they afforded him no satisfaction at all. He looked westward to the pond, southward to the sea, northward to the woods and eastward to the river; but Bumphrey saw nothing in sea, sky, woods or waters to allay that *wellschmerz* which was an inexpressible self-smart involving even the innocent inorganic elements.

On reaching the road Bumphrey looked back, well knowing that his wife was waving an adieu from the window. He saw her hand, plump and youthful,

against the shade, and he despairingly waggled Harry Lauder in the air with the gesture of a man sinking for the third time. Unconsciously he started down the lane leading to a pasture inhabited by certain bulls of Bashan, a short cut he usually eschewed; but muttering, "What of it?" Cornelius pursued his perilous way.

The fact that Bumphrey had sold his tobacco factory in Cincinnati had enabled him at an early age to retire from business and to settle down to what is termed the enjoyment of life. His factory had been rather a small one, but the price paid for it was rather large. Eastward his star of empire took its way. The Bumphreys had an apartment in New York which they could leave whenever they wanted to, and they had bought an old farmhouse, without much farm around it, near Tabor's Mills, Massachusetts, which they had remodeled at ruinous expense.

Cornelius had been interested in building up his business, and he was now interested in enjoying the fruits of his success. Each morning, when he didn't have a spell, he asked himself the question: "Well, what's to do today?" like a childlike, innocuous voluptuary. He was thin of frame, lean of face, clean shaven, with small black eyes and black hair perennially plastered to his skull as with pomade. He wore a belt with his suspenders, and had his soft shirts made with an eyelet midmost of his breast to accommodate a diamond stud, a love token from his wife.

Cornelius climbed the wall into the pasture, gray with outcropping granite and green with junipers. As he walked he looked from left to right with piercing

glance and knitted brows, his countenance stern and inexorable, suggestive of Poe sitting for his portrait, although Bumphrey of course bore not the slightest resemblance to the bard. He was looking for some fellow creature whom he could blast in passing with the sight of his tragic mask; but there happened to be no fellow creature conveniently present to be blasted. The bland air, the afternoon sky composed of delicate enamels, the sea, stretching in a great splash of watercolor more delicate even than the sky, were alike insensible to Bumphrey's sufferings. Nature refused to provide an appropriate setting for the human drama. Beyond the dip of the pasture, where the junipers grew thickest, Cornelius could see the hip roof of Henry Dusenberry's house rising in the soft air. There he could find human sympathy and succor.

The friendship between the two, like most friendship and most love, was largely due to propinquity, although they had this in common: Henry's life, like Cornelius's, had resolved itself into the diurnal question: "Well, what's to do today?" The friendship, formed rather late in life, was unusually close on the principle that makes so many second marriages happier than first ones.

Dusenberry was born in modest affluence in Saugerties, New York, and finished his education at Hoboken, New Jersey. After seven years of general and special study, he found himself a civil engineer, possibly more notable for civility than engineering. In the firm belief that an idler is as abhorrent to the Deity as a quitter is supposed to be, Dusenberry, thanks to his talent and address, obtained a ten-dollar-a-week position with a big bridge company. This resulted in his missing the international yacht races during the six weeks he forced himself to pursue his chosen vocation.

Henry was sitting alone on his piazza, sucking an empty calabash pipe. He merely looked up and nodded at Cornelius; and Cornelius, seating himself on the low parapet of weathered wall stones bounding the piazza, merely nodded back. Cornelius had arrived at his des-

tinuation, but he felt like asking himself: "What went I forth for to see?" The sight of Henry sucking his pipe and gazing fixedly across the sloping lawn to the river was far from inspiring. Henry broke the silence.

"How would you like to take a turn in the *Calopogon*?" he asked lifelessly.

"That's agreeable to me," Cornelius answered, in a tone that indicated his indifference to any fate.

They rose and went down the lawn. Usually they stopped on their way to the river to examine the flower garden and the shrubbery plantation, to exchange notes in their friendly rivalry as horticulturists, but this afternoon they made for the river with the directness of persons performing a disagreeable duty.

At the dock the little motorboat, bright and buoyant, white and brassy, awaited them hospitably; and as Henry cast off and barely touched the fly-wheel, the craft purred happily out into midstream as if endowed with organic life.

"Where do you want to go?" asked Henry.

"It doesn't make any difference to me."

"It doesn't make any difference to me, either."

The *Calopogon* described aimless circles on the river that was constantly swelling with a vital tide from the inexhaustible Massachusetts sea; and the suspicion became certainty in Cornelius's mind that Henry must be suffering from a spell. The same suspicion had crystallized into the same certainty in Henry's mind regarding Cornelius. They looked at each other with the mingled commiseration and contempt one drunkard has for another drunkard.

"Do you feel well this afternoon?" asked Cornelius, forcing himself to be polite.

"Well, not *very* well. The servants left us unexpectedly this morning, and it always makes me nervous when we lose our servants."

Cornelius thought of his own faithful servitors—daughters of Pennsylvania Dutch farmers from Ohio who were practically members of the family; but

the thought of their fidelity gave him no comfort.

"Do *you* feel well?" Henry asked, striving to be polite in his turn.

"No, I don't feel very well, either." Cornelius paused, and then he added portentously: "And there's no reason why I shouldn't. That's what makes me worry about it."

Henry made no comment on this rather occult distinction. With head slightly cocked, he was listening to the engine, which, to Cornelius's ignorant ear, pulsed with its accustomed health.

There was a skip in the explosions, the engine sputtered and stopped and the *Calopogon* drifted on the water, disabled but still graceful, like a bird with a broken wing.

"Well," said Henry in a human tone, "we'll have to make an investigation and find out whether the trouble is functional or organic."

He spun the wheel and spun it; he filled the priming cup, and spun and spun again. He examined the vibrator; he unscrewed the spark plug; he tested the batteries, apparently with an old Waterbury watch on the end of a shoestring. He used pliers and pincers, screwdrivers and hammers and files, monkey wrenches and alligator wrenches and a wrench with a name that sounded like a kind of cheese. He did a thousand things that were incomprehensible to Cornelius, although Cornelius couldn't understand any of the things that Henry did.

When at last Dusenberry ceased his labors he was covered with grease to his elbows, and there was a diagonal smear of grease across his handsome, sun-burned face. He looked at Cornelius, and Cornelius, looking back at him, experienced the painful sensation of gazing into the countenance of a happy man.

"I guess it's organic and not functional. We'll have to row home, old fellow; but it's a beautiful afternoon, and we'll take our time."

The *Calopogon* had drifted far up the river. The high wooded west bank was silhouetted against the sky, gloomy green against gleaming gold. The east bank, more rolling, smiled in the long

afternoon light, diversified like a map with farms, characterized by tall spruces following the straight road, dominated by an ancient windmill on an eminence, with round top and square canvas sails—fit opponent for the adventurous Don—a mill still in use to grind that dietetic shibboleth, Rhode Island meal. On either side of the river was a margin of bright green marsh, like plush of the longest and the softest pile; and here and there were plummy islands whose granite shores rose from the marsh or were washed by the river that swept in from the broad ocean in iridescent glints and opalescent swirls, rich and thick, like some precious oil.

Cornelius had rarely rowed since his courting days in Cincinnati. The boats he had then propelled were frivolous inland craft that shot over the light, fresh water under the strong impulse of a lover's arms. He couldn't understand how a boat so buoyant as the *Calopogon* could drag so heavily. The gunwale seemed incredibly high, the oar he wielded unconscionably long and clumsy. Pulling grimly in the silence of a fatigue that was almost pain, Bumphrey alternately looked at the water and at Dusenberry, seated on the thwart beside him. When he looked at the water he was apt to get out of stroke; when he looked at Dusenberry he was apt to catch a crab.

Under this unequal impetus the *Calopogon* pursued a devious, slow way, like a cripple with a broken crutch, now in mid-channel where it was almost impossible to stem the rushing tide, again in the entangling waters of the marsh, where Cornelius's oar became wreathed with impeding eel grass, as dank as the tresses of dead mermaids.

"Well," said Henry, when the *Calopogon* finally reached the dock, "if we'd got that much exercise in a gymnasium it would have cost us fifteen dollars. I tell you, when you don't feel just right, there's nothing like a trip on the river."

Cornelius made no reply. He dragged himself up the hill after Henry, whose wife was waiting for him on the piazza.

"Something's the matter with the engine, and I can't make it go," he called out joyously, as soon as he was within

shouting distance. "Well, what have *you* done, dear?" he asked in the expansion of his exploit as he got within speaking distance of her. Mrs. Dusenberry had no prowess comparable to his that she could boast of.

"I've done the chamber work and washed the dinner dishes and filled the lamps and made huckleberry slump for supper."

Huckleberry slump was Dusenberry's favorite dessert—the most glittering bribe she could offer for his good humor. She saw that her sacrifice of slump was unnecessary, but with true wifely wisdom she refrained from any comment on her husband's change of mood.

"Won't you stay and have some with us?" Henry asked from the depths of a blissful abstraction. His mind was busy visualizing the engine of the *Calopogon* in an attempt to determine whether any part of it had escaped his scrutiny. Cornelius shook his head.

"My wife expects me home, and she'll be disappointed if I don't come."

He stiffly bowed his farewells, as if he had a boil on the back of his neck, and grasping Harry Lauder, took his way homeward. That fantastic piece of wood seemed the only friend he had, dumbly sentient indeed of the troubles Cornelius found it so difficult to formulate.

Over the wall they climbed and up the pasture slope they started, where meadow mushrooms gleamed in the grass, esculent globes or disks of delicacy, and the sunset poured its green crystalline light over the funereal junipers that grew thick in the dip ahead. It was Cornelius's custom to raise a cry of "Mushrooms!" at sight of these comestibles, and to gather them with a zest heightened by an adventurous sense of danger; before such a sunset, it was his custom to descant on our skepticism of its reality if we should see it pictured by the representative art, but now he was mentally mute before the sunset, and the mushrooms continued to gleam unravished in the grass.

Through the grove of junipers the path wound between gray granite boulders resembling, in the dim light, the

patient ruminants that sought the shade there on hot noons. Cornelius was thoroughly sensible of this resemblance, and he advanced on the stolid Laurentian herd with an air of grim bravado.

Then suddenly he started forward at full speed in the kind of panic terror he had read about, and then as suddenly he stopped. A treacherous root had tripped him, and, paralyzed with fear, he lay there helplessly, while the ruminant of a period much later than the Laurentian rapidly advanced with a tread that shook the earth.

Cornelius had heard that if you lie perfectly still you cheat the ramping lion of his prey, that if you hold your breath the maddened bee cannot inflict his murderous sting; and he lay perfectly still and held his breath.

The bull advanced, his head lowered, his nostrils breathing fire. He was near, nearer, within six inches of the palpitating abdomen, useful suspenders, ornamental belt and diamond flashing through the dust. With an inhalation and exhalation that seemed to lift Cornelius from the ground and drop him back again, the bull gave a mighty Homeric sniff and turned away to graze.

Cornelius scrambled to his feet. An implacable anger filled his heart. Brandishing Harry Lauder, he advanced on the bull, in his turn breathing fire.

"Hi there! Go on now! What are you about?" he cried with invincible sternness, but in a tone rendered somewhat falsetto by his previous fright.

The bull stopped grazing, looked at his assailant, slowly recognized a master and, defeated, trotted off the bloodless field.

Katy, the Bumphreys' second maid, bringing the empty soup dishes out into the kitchen, made a single, pregnant statement to her sister the cook.

"He's *smiling*," was what she said.

The cook made no reply. When the masculine head of a household smiles, it isn't necessary to tell anybody about it. The news permeates the air, like wireless tidings of great joy. This joy penetrates everywhere; but it becomes fuller, of course, as it approaches the fount of bliss.

Cornelius sat at the head of his table, eating an enormous supper; and his wife sat at the foot of the table, eating the best meal she had eaten in days. Their four children, ranged two on either side, had resumed their habitual happy bickering, sensitive, as children are, to a change in the atmosphere, but fortunately not having an adult intelligence to acquaint them with the reason for the change.

"When I saw you go down by the pasture," Mrs. Bumphrey remarked, wringing out the last drop of her satisfaction in an averted catastrophe, "I was worried to death. I hope you didn't meet any of the Borden bulls."

"Huh!" said Cornelius. "I could throw any one of them over my shoulder. They're nothing but scrub stock."

He didn't exactly mean to brag, but he knew he couldn't tell his wife about his adventure; and this knowledge brought him the guilty pleasure some unregenerate husbands take in keeping secrets from their wives.

"I've often thought I'd like to own

some blooded animals myself," he went on—"Holstein bulls, for instance, big fellows with lots of spirit in them."

"Cornelius!"

He knew that that tone meant he would never be allowed to keep the bulls he had never thought of keeping until that moment.

At this point the telephone rang, and Mrs. Bumphrey, who had been listening apprehensively for it all afternoon, hastened into the living room to answer it. Cornelius could hear Henry's resonant voice burring gleefully in the receiver.

"He says," repeated Mrs. Bumphrey, "that he's found that the trouble was in the spark coil and he'll have to get a new plug. What does he mean?"

"I told you his engine broke down and we had to row home. He's found that the trouble was in the spark coil and he'll have to get a new plug. It's part of the mechanism. You wouldn't understand."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bumphrey, as if the matter had been made perfectly clear.



VAGABOND SONG

By Anita Fitch

COME seek the wandering morning's kiss,
The drowsy afternoon;
Come seek the wide night's quiet bliss,
The roving summer moon. . . .

We know where all the wild things sleep,
Where aching souls may rest;
We know the grasses cool and deep,
The earth's deep breathing breast.

Our way is down the world's wide road;
With skies we bite and sup.
Come, know with us Life's lightest load,
And Death's undreaded cup.

AN AEROPLAINT

By Terrell Love Holliday

WHEN Nell and I drove out, with Dobbin harnessed to the shay,
The ride was bliss the like of which is never mine today.
I sought a country road, and wrapped the lines about the whip;
While Dobbin ambled on, my nearest arm was free to slip
Around Nell's waist, and still I had an idle hand to squeeze
Her finger tips or smooth a curl a-ruffled by the breeze.
Old Dobbin steered himself; his motor never stalled or shirked;
His poppet valves and pumps and gears like eerie magic worked;
He always had the gasoline to take us where we'd go;
The only brake he needed was a vocal one—a "whoa."
But progress doomed the one-hoss shay. I had to keep apace;
A smelly runabout in time took Dobbin's revered place.
I found out, to my sorrow, when I auto-courted Bess,
That making love in motor cars is fraught with grief and stress.
Oh, what, *what* was the message that she whispered in my ear?
Said she: "I love you, dear"? or was 't, "You don't know how to steer"?
I'd think that I had won her. In a moment sweet and tense
The steering wheel would wobble round—and we'd pitch through a fence.
My car I'd scarcely tamed so I could run it with one hand,
When aeroplanes—accursed things—swooped down upon the land.
To drive a 'plane one needs eight hands and feet—which one has *not*—
Besides a birdlike balance that no mortal man has got.
First time he leaves the wheels and cranks his sweetheart's hand to take,
His artificial bird will flop and spill her in a lake.
Although I do not hanker for the aero martyr's fame,
I'll have to take Bess flying or she'll say that I'm not game.
But this I ask the aeronauts, and hope they'll kindly tell—
How can one drive an aeroplane and not neglect the belle?



"HOW do you like my hat, dear?"
"Immensely. It gives you such an air of distinction. I should never
have known you."



WHAT is "Fate"?
A man's brain—a woman's husband.

AT HER BEHEST

By Harriet Gaylord

LINDA PAYNE, standing in the mellow radiance of the candles on her dressing table, looked critically at her reflection in the mirror, and smiled as she touched a chamois skin to her rosy nails. Louise had done very well with her that late afternoon, even to those last deft touches which so enhance the power of a pretty woman to charm. From her waving bronze hair to her silken-shod feet there was no doubt that Linda Payne was charming; she reasoned, therefore, and not without cause, that she could charm.

As the bell in her apartment sounded, she hesitated in the act of giving her lips a last touch of carmine, and a light of interest flared for a second in her soft, slant-lidded eyes.

"I wonder who that is?" she queried in assumed unconcern. Her maid, on the way to open the door, paused to ask:

"Are you in, madam?"

"Better not know until you bring me the card, Louise."

"Very well, madam."

The voice inquiring for Mrs. Payne was familiar and disappointing.

"Just Roddy!" She shrugged her shoulders slightly, as she selected a flower from a deep crystal bowl nearby and absently twisted its stem about her finger.

"I wonder," she added, "how long this is to go on? I'm so tired of purring and rubbing against his hand! I know I shall spit and scratch and bite some day. And yet—why? He has at least threescore and ten good points. But he eats out of my hand too humbly. If—"

"Yes, Louise," she said resignedly as the maid reappeared, "I'm in. Tell

Mr. Freeman I will see him in a few moments."

Although completely attired for possible guests, she seated herself in a lounging chair near the telephone table and deliberately read two chapters of a stupid novel—one, however, that was on her summer reading list. That task completed, she rose, yawned, patted and pulled her hair, and admired the svelte lines of her figure before the long mirror. Then, with her usual stately and sinuous grace, she passed down the hall to the reception room.

"You, Roddy!" she purred. "How dear of you!"

Roderick Freeman, whose sunburned face was harder at that moment than Linda had ever seen it before, did not attempt a smile. His eyes—blue, if the light were right—looked at her coolly, and she noted with joy that his emotional temperature had taken a drop from the expected boiling point.

"I'm inclined to agree with you," he said ironically. "No doubt it's distinctly forgiving and forbearing and—tame catty on my part. But I'll say this much, Linda: If I were half the man I was before I met you, you'd never see me inside these doors."

"There, there!" she cooed delightedly. "Why, its back fairly bristles, so it does! Tame catty? Oh, do yourself better justice than that, Roddy. At least, it's wild cat."

"Imitation, merely," he growled, his eyes softening in spite of himself as he took in the line-upon-line marvel of her costume.

"By Jove, Linda!" he commented admiringly. "That's a ripping frock and no mistake! How do you do it?"

"A woman must be artistic in at least one line, or be a wasted product," she replied, watching the rise of his temperature. "Nature is prodigal, but I don't care to be one of her cast-offs."

She noted that her charm had begun to do its usual deadly execution, for Freeman was actually smiling now.

"One line!" he repeated. "I'd be inclined to think you have at least two."

"The other?" she queried.

"Heartless, ungodly fascination. Really, Linda, if I had been that wretched ex-husband of yours, I should have established a jail bungalow for you in the heart of some unfrequented mountain range. I'd never have let you see another man. Then you'd have been forced to adore only me."

"So tiresome!" yawned Linda.

"So safe," asserted Freeman.

"But not particularly flattering to the husband if he succeeded in winning a few little attentions."

"Possession would be flattery supreme and satisfaction complete—possession of you, Linda."

Her yellow-brown eyes gazed at him meditatively.

"Sometimes you do make very pretty speeches, Roddy; and then I almost love you."

"I wish I knew what I could do to make you love me wholly. What is wrong about me, Linda? Fond mammas consider me an eligible."

She laughed merrily.

"You are modest, sir. You know you are New York's eligible *par excellence*."

He snapped his fingers impatiently.

"But with you, Linda?" he insisted. "What do you find wrong about me?"

Her slanting eyelids dropped deliberately lower.

"Let me see," she said in pretty, assumed perplexity. Then she droned out carelessly: "Clothes, your tailor's best advertisement. Figure, fine and upstanding. Size, enormously satisfactory. Your eyes and skin please me; your mouth—" She hesitated, poised her head backward and pursed her lips. "Yes, my imagination tells me your mouth would be attractively kissable."

He strode over to her and demanded: "See here! How much do you think a man can stand? If you look at me like that, I shall kiss you a million times; and then you'll know what's *right*—instead of *wrong*."

She waved him back coldly.

"Go sit down, Roddy, and calm yourself. Don't interrupt my analysis with primitive heroics. Anachronisms are so banal, you know."

He clenched his fists at his side, but turned meekly and strode back to his chair.

"Your tame cat obeys," he growled in obvious self-scorn. "Go on."

"What is wrong, I wonder, about you?" she continued, as if seriously considering the matter. "Roddy, I don't know. I imagine there's a sort of clock arrangement placed inside of every woman—whether to keep her from being a fool, or to make one of her, I can't pretend to say. Anyhow, the clock is there, and if it doesn't strike, she'd better not let the man concerned do more than kiss her finger tips. If she does, they'll both lament the day."

Freeman looked at her, his eyes covetous, but he said nothing.

"So you may just as well brace up and bear the shock, dear, devoted Roderick," she added mockingly.

"You mean that the clock doesn't strike for me?"

"The clock doesn't strike for you."

"And never will?"

She gave a lissome shrug.

"How can I answer that? Why not kneel before the lap of some lady goddess and find out, dear seeker after knowledge? By the way—" She stopped her teasing suddenly as her alert mind grasped a possible amusing combination of goddess and man. Then, pellmell, she hastened to apply the match. "Roddy, I don't know that I ought to tell you, but I do know one sweet lady divinity in whose lap lie the highest favors for you. No, don't look incredulous. It is quite true; and in fairness to yourself, don't you think that you might at least investigate my tip? Don't waste further time on me; I'm hopeless. Try her."

"You must think me an everlasting boulder!"

"Not at all. Wait till you hear her name. She is the Lady Galahad of widows—animal kingdom, not vegetable like me."

"Mineral, you mean, you flinty-hearted enchantress!" he interrupted reproachfully.

"Very well," she agreed indifferently. "One has to be—in dealing with men. 'Diamond cut diamond,' you know. But to return to the lady divinity: you'd never have the presumption to guess who she is in a hundred moons. Any man would feel that an aspiration toward her was the desire of the moth for the star. And this heavenly goddess, my dear Roddy, has confided in my yearning ears the fact that she loves you."

"Loves me!" Freeman nearly jumped out of his chair. He gripped the arms just in time. "You're amusing yourself at my expense, Linda."

"Not a bit. I'm doing only what is inevitably expected of me—betraying another woman's confidence. Why not? You know the amended proverb."

But Freeman evidently had not heard her. For the first time since Linda had known him, he seemed to be pursuing a train of thought in which she was not included. She watched him amusedly.

"Who is she?" he inquired finally, coming back to the main attack.

"She raves about you, Roddy," Linda replied, deliberately prolonging his suspense. "You haven't an imperfection in her eyes. I assure you she is wholly mad!"

"Nonsense!" said Freeman, reddening. "But go ahead and tell me her name."

"You're sure you are ready? That's right; grip that chair harder; brace your feet well; make up your mind that if you go through the roof you go chair and all. Now I'll break the news gently. Her name is—Alma Cameron."

Roderick's jaw dropped. It was the only part of his anatomy that he had forgotten to grip.

"I told you!" challenged his tantalizer.

"I don't believe it!"

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"No man would; but any man who had been given the tip I am giving you would be a spiritless idiot not to find out the truth, wouldn't he? The most exquisite and desirable widow in New York, Roddy. I am not to be mentioned in the same breath."

"In one way, no," admitted Freeman slowly. "But you're so—diabolically fascinating."

"Exit me!" she laughed lightly. "Enter Alma Cameron!"

Not long afterwards, still protesting disbelief, Roderick took his departure. For twenty-four hours the seed sprouted; then by chance he found at his right hand at dinner the desirable Mrs. Cameron, and naturally the wind of excitement and curiosity blew most of his conversation in her direction. She warned to his challenge.

At first glance, Alma Cameron showed simply enough personal charm to excite interest—the only toll in reason that a first glance could demand. Her eyes, as they met Freeman's searching, half critical gaze, held merely the frank but waiting disinterestedness of a child. Roderick, who was of the rash opinion that he could discover more about a woman in a first five minutes than he could in the next succeeding fifty, was forced to admit that, in the case of Mrs. Cameron, his belief had no working value; for he learned practically nothing of her in that length of time.

But he shortly decided that Linda Payne had done scant justice to Alma Cameron's charms. The strawlike gliten of her hair—dead spots of which seemed constantly leaping into life under the resurrecting magic of the dinner candles—the fresh, rose-lined tan of her face, and the mystery—he began to notice it after a time—of her deep though light-colored eyes, were compellingly obvious. Freeman wondered how he could have been previously so blind to her desirability.

In the drawing-room he sought her out conspicuously, and later she offered him a lift homeward. When he said good night as the door of her house swung open, she looked at him quizzically and remarked:

"It is early yet. Won't you come in?"

"I'd be charmed, if you're sure I won't be a nuisance."

"You are not flattering in your discernment of character. I never ask a nuisance to enter my motor, far less to bow to my Lares and Penates. I'll ring when Mr. Freeman wants the car, Hawkins."

"Dismiss the man," ventured Roderick. "I'll taxi home."

"But it's cheating you of the lift I promised," she laughed.

"You give me one skyward instead," he declared.

She raised her eyes briefly to his, then dropped them as suddenly. "Very well, Hawkins," she said quietly; "that will do for tonight."

When Freeman left, an hour afterwards, he was so heady with the unexpectedness of it all that he decided to walk home. He had that pleasant sense of just managing to hold himself down on the sidewalk.

"By Jove!" he kept muttering to himself. "By Jove! Who would have believed it?"

Alma Cameron, undoubtedly, had shown him unmistakable favor. Was it possible that Linda had spoken the truth? No, that would be too stupendous, too disillusioning even to consider. Nevertheless, he considered little else on his homeward walk. Stray memories of Linda which came to him were set aside; somehow the thought of her indifference was less desolating than usual that night.

He had promised to ride with Mrs. Cameron in the park the next morning, and every day thereafter they met—sometimes more than once. Linda was practically forgotten, and the raw scar in Freeman's heart was healing rapidly. But in spite of Alma's charming banter and repartee, and her evident enjoyment of his society, Roderick felt that he must proceed slowly. He had a sense of being reined in, checked so high, metaphorically, that, while he was conscious of being driven, he had no choice of the roadway. She never allowed him to take the bit in his mouth.

Her control was so perfect, so unending, that instinctively he obeyed her slightest guidance.

Two weeks later, as they were sitting cozily in her library, he ventured a meditative question:

"I wonder why you have never married again?"

She shot him a sudden, half-startled glance, as if in recognition that his verbal short cut had precipitated them to some foreseen end; but her voice was evenly quiet as she replied:

"I have sometimes wondered myself. I am not the sort of woman who likes to meet the world alone. But—at first the idea of marrying anyone else seemed preposterous. I was overwhelmingly fond of Dick, you know."

"He was good to you?"

"Heavenly good! He had all my heart. Sometimes I fear that such marriages as ours unquestionably was are very rare nowadays."

She gazed thoughtfully at Freeman.

"You are right. Most of us are brutes," he admitted.

"Do you know, I like best about you that strain of modesty which comes out every now and then. Roderick Freeman has so little to be modest about."

"Do you mind telling me what under the canopy I have to make me the reverse?"

"A challenge?" she inquired. The sweetness of her eyes thrilled him again; then she turned them away, as if to drop a screen before her soul. "I could say a great deal, dear friend, but I'd rather keep you unconscious. I would not willingly destroy one charm. But your friendship already means more to me than I can say. You have saved me from myself—just as I was getting to be such a tiresome, boring creature."

"You are heavenly good to me," murmured Freeman gratefully. Then suddenly they both realized that he had used her own phrase. The moment grew tense. She stirred and caught her breath sharply.

"What is it?" he asked quietly. "Is it—can it be—I?"

"Yes," she answered just as quietly; "it is you. But let us not talk about it

just now. Give me a few days to realize that the gods a second time have smiled."

Their faces were white, exaltedly white. He crossed to her chair, sank on one knee and raised her hand to his lips.

"Dear," he whispered, "it is I whom the gods have smiled upon;" and as she smoothed back the hair from his forehead, she read the truth in his eyes.

That was all, but Roderick felt like a newly canonized saint as he walked home that night.

The next morning, as he tried to grasp the wonder anew, he found himself annoyed that Alma Cameron, so reticent, so exquisite, could ever have confided to Linda words which she found difficult to say to himself. He could not picture her seeking another woman's boudoir to babble out love secrets; he might as easily have fancied a rose making audible its desire for the dew.

While he was still puzzling over the matter, his telephone rang. Linda herself—to his surprise—and a summons to her apartment. Freeman's voice, although he replied in the affirmative, was nervous and reluctant—a fact that did not escape Mrs. Payne, and which elicited from her a sweet, imperious little laugh. Until that moment, Roderick thought that he had forgotten her laugh. Now its lilt went over him again—through and through him—until, had he been clever at making extempore excuses, he would have put up the receiver unpledged to be in her apartment within the next half-hour.

This time she did not keep him waiting; but as she welcomed him, with a glimmer of the same maddening smile which Freeman hoped he had forgotten, he was conscious of a change in her manner. He could not have put it in words; it was one of those subtle, intimate changes that sometimes take place in women who find new interests, or have their old ones suddenly turned into new channels. Like some fragrance, unnamable, exquisite, it seemed to hover about her, never quite touching her, but as if from thenceforth sorrowful

to leave even at her bidding. He saw it brooding in the deeper seriousness of her eyes, their velvet brownness more than ever shot with moving flecks of gold; it was in her smile, abbreviated and soft; most of all he sensed it in the fluttering tenderness of her fingers which had touched his in greeting.

"What have you been doing with yourself all these days?" she inquired, her voice challenging and sweet.

"Your behest, fair damsel," Freeman essayed in light reply. "Trying to forget you."

Her eyes narrowed.

"I have heard of your attentions to Alma Cameron," she said slowly. "How are you getting on?"

He sobered at once.

"Linda, you're a wonder!" he exclaimed impulsively. "I can't be grateful enough to you! Not many women would have done what you did. Most of them are so selfish about keeping victims they don't want dangling for the world to see. You, however, are a mighty good sort!"

She lifted her brows as if about to speak, then motioned for him to continue.

"You frankly realized the—the futility of my aspirations," he went on, staggered a little by her expression, "and gave me a straight tip about the loveliest woman in the world. I—"

"The—what?" she interrupted, as if not crediting her hearing.

He repeated, with incautious enthusiasm, and added in conclusion:

"I won't forget it; and I'm your good friend forever." He held out his hand.

She waved it aside impatiently, and her whole body stiffened to rigidity with an emotion that he could not fathom.

"Just what do you mean?" she asked curtly. "How far have matters gone between you and Alma Cameron?"

Freeman stared at her in bewilderment. He wondered if he had heard aright.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have made love to her?" she went on, with that lithe, springing note of demand in her voice which Roderick had learned of old to dread.

He flushed deprecatingly.

"Don't think me a cad, Linda, because I owe it all to you," he answered, reined in nervousness in his voice and attitude. "I think—she will marry me."

"Marry you! Marry you! Have you asked her?"

"Practically, yes."

"What happened?"

"Now really, Linda—"

"You don't mean to say that she has given you any reason for this assurance? You are not a conceited man."

"But, Linda, how can I tell you? You ask the impossible!"

"Are you trying to assure me that Alma Cameron has not repulsed your advances—has never boxed your ears—she, that Lady Galahad of devotion to the memory of the one and only man worth loving?"

"Certainly not." Freeman was stiff with amazed indignation.

"And you feel she will marry you—marry *you*?"

"I dare to hope it, yes."

Linda stared at him a long sixty seconds in bewilderment, then broke into peals of hysterical laughter.

"Oh, but the gods are funny—funny!" she cried.

Roderick did not relax his stiffened attitude. "I don't understand you," he said coldly.

"No," she said softly, her face instantly sobering; "how could you? Here I am, missing you and wanting you—yes, wanting you, dear—ready at last for anything—for anything! And you say that Alma Cameron is—is— Oh, I can't bring myself to finish it!"

"But," he stammered in amazement, "it was you who—"

"Yes, yes, I know," she interrupted, catching her breath sharply. "I sent you to her in a moment of desperate boredom for the little joke that was in it. It was all a lie. Alma Cameron never mentioned your name to me. It was all a joke, Roddy, and I thought it would be such fun when you came back to me in a frenzy because she had boxed your ears. I was so sure that—that—"

Something in his face made her hesitate.

"Why don't you—say something?" she demanded, leaning tensely forward in her chair. "You cannot—you shall not look at me like that! Alma Cameron isn't going to have you. You're mine, Roddy, mine! At last I know!"

She rose with all of what he called her diabolical fascination rampant, and kneeling by his side, dropped her head on his shoulder.

"The clock inside me is striking hard now, Roddy," she said, the old allurements in her voice. "I know I'm—just yours. Kiss me—kiss me—at last!"

Her warm cheek was against his own; the elusive fragrance and sweetness of her fought at the barrier between them, fought with every primeval, potent charm that was hers by heritage. Freeman's face whitened. He gripped the arms of his chair and stared straight ahead of him. Although he had loved her two years, and hungered for that kiss, he braced himself against it—at first.

"Good God, Linda!" he said tensely. "I can't be such a cur of a bounder! You cut me off fairly and squarely; and she is—"

"Everything a man could desire," she finished for him. "I admit it; but—I'm your Linda—yours for the taking. Kiss me!"

Again that tigerish, tender impulse swept her to his arms. Again he resisted, but she saw that his strength was shaken.

"I can't now—in honor," he parried, mad with the charm of her voice and touch.

"Dearest, listen! I'm going to pack and sail by the *Cecilie* in the morning. You are called to Europe suddenly. Don't see her again; that will make it easier. This is the real—the other is only the fancy. Think, Roddy, dearest; you have loved me so long!"

"But—"

"Send her a letter. Then—come with me. I love you so! Roddy, you are trembling—you know that I love you!"

That afternoon Freeman sat at his desk and began the letter to Alma Cameron. An hour passed and it was still

unfinished. Her sweet face rose constantly between him and the paper, and seemed to intercept the words that his reluctant pen tried to write. He was irritated and yet thankful that composition, after all, came so hard; that the ink dried on his pen again and again as he scowled steadily before him, seeing nothing but Mrs. Cameron's fresh, sun-tanned cheek and its changeable rose lining that from the first he had found so alluring.

Finally he flung down his pen and leaned over his desk, his head in his hands.

"I can't do it!" he groaned.

The battle was on. All his plans were made for sailing, and for branding himself a cad in the eyes of the woman best worth while. Nevertheless, even at this late moment, his two selves gripped in a death struggle. It ended at last. He shoved back his chair, seized his hat, and within half an hour was at Alma Cameron's door.

"What is it?" she gasped, startled by his face.

"Alma, did you mean that you loved me? Tell me; there is no time to waste!"

"Yes," she said seriously, "I love you."

"You—would you marry me?"

"Yes."

"You think me worth saving?"

"Richly."

"Then will you come out and marry me at once? Listen! I've been wholly untrue today to my hope of winning you. I've been desperately, despicably weak. I have made my plans to sail for Europe tomorrow morning with another woman; but—I want to be saved. Will you save me?"

She laughed—a sweet, choking little laugh.

"Wait till I run upstairs for my hat, won't you?" she asked, an accent of unmistakable tenderness in her voice. "Then—just as soon as I'm really Mrs. Freeman—you shall send the other woman a telegram; and I won't look over your shoulder to see who she is."



MOON SONG

By Pierre Vivante

HELENE of the Silver Face
Mysterious moves across the night,
And, smiling from her lofty place,
Transfigures earth with her pale light.

Her flowing locks of shining hair
In silver ripples stream the seas.
Anon she veils her face most fair
In filmy cloud afloat the breeze.

Her white arms wave within the wood
And beckon elf and faery
To join the goblin brotherhood
At play beneath the greenwood tree.

She glides along close at your hand,
In trailing mantle of the dew,
Whose folds are gathered by the land;
And, when dawn comes, she fades from view.

SOME GIRLS

By B. M. Connor

SOME girls are plain pretty and some are pretty plain.

Some girls have so much cheek they let men kiss them on the mouth.

Some girls are well-meaning, and some are—well, mean.

Some girls are born with beauty and some have it thrust upon them—by the newspapers.

Some girls have an air of their own and some have their own hair.

Some girls can write almost eight words on the page of a letter.

Some girls don't talk gossip and some are born dumb.

Some girls die for love and some love to dye.

Some girls are pressed for time and some for pleasure.

Some girls are clever but are clever enough not to show it.



“**D**ID Adam have a family tree?”
“Yes—the tree of knowledge.”



BOX OFFICE MAN—Where do you want to sit, lady? Orchestra or balcony?
SPINSTER—Er—er—next to some man.



GILLET—I'll give you an idea of the size of the trust. Why, Perry's salary is fifty thousand a year.

BACKWOODS—My word! He's the president, isn't he?

GILLET—President! Not much. He's the office boy.

EXPIATION

By Archibald Sullivan

S*HE writes :*

I shall have to pay double postage on this letter, and the thick folded sheets will never fit the envelope. It will go to you hurriedly and untidily, like an overfond woman in a great hurry. Little smudges and blots will crouch all over it, but, dear, respect those smudges, be gentle with those blots, because they're tears born somewhere between my heart and the ink bottle. I want to ride straight to the point of everything—at least, as straight as a woman can. If I pause at tiny inns of introspect and put up for a moment at some analytical hotel, forgive me. Smile slightly: think of me as a white flower that doesn't know any better.

Now for the ride straight into the heart of truth! I can't marry you. Wait just one moment. Don't put down this letter and begin to think. Love hasn't changed one iota. My heart hasn't been a rose petal caught by some passing wind during your absence. I just can't marry you because I can't be poor. It isn't the real actual me who rebels. It's my body, my hands, my hair—my body, that sits calmly down and refuses point blank to wear anything but French clothes; my hair, scorning the hairy halo of a tam o'shanter; my hands, lifting up like two pale children begging a stable diet of marquise rings and black pearls. I didn't find all this in a book. It's a fact in the raw—under the microscope—held up to the sun. If we married I'd sit on the inner rim of heaven when we were together. I'd drink from a Sunday star and wear perpetual slippers of moonlight. When you had to leave me I'd break my heart over an old lace

jabot and sob because we couldn't afford orchids in January.

Oh, I know how pitifully small and trivial it must sound to you—great big brown-tweed you, who are certain the world can be used for a boot button and the Atlantic converted into a canary's bath. You're a man, and can think in pyramids and argue with lumps of granite; but a woman has to go forth with a brave smile to the ploughing of a solitary hair. Of course you know whom I'm going to marry. You've seen him here. Once you called him a blot on the gray palette of my drawing room. Yes, he's a blot, but he leaves a golden stain. I rub the stain and the gold comes off on my fingers, my body, my hair—my fingers, that shrink from the contact of pots and pans, and my body, that shivers over the very word "kitchen." But it's only part of me being married, just the outward and visible sign. All the inward and spiritual grace has been hidden away labeled with your name and marked, "to be called for in the Blue Beyond."

But I feel I owe you a monster debt, dear brown-eyed tradesman. You've sent in your account and now I am refusing to pay. Oh, how you have slaved over me these two sweet laboring years, slapping me tenderly back to my self-respect and a possible view of life! Almost every day you called and took me to school. You taught me spelling on unauthorized but glorious forms; taught me that "ME" really spelt "you" and *vice versa*; that when circumstance subtracted us there was nothing left but a great aching divide. And then when school was over you gave me a happy hour, sweet as a sugar stick, and told me

I'd been a good little girl. Now I've flung down my school books, made faces at my teacher and got myself expelled. I'm not trying to be clever or witty or anything a woman strives to be in her letters. But my mind's a perfect chaos, full of strange things—dead friends, musical comedies, kisses, bad face powders, old frocks, mother's funeral; and over everything my latest silk petticoat fluttering like a triumphant flag. Though I am writing to you, my hands seem running up and down the piano. Though in reality there's nothing but you in my brain, the memory of a drunken man I saw four years ago glides about begging for recognition.

And I can't marry you. You see, I have come back to it again. Perhaps God issued me a return ticket and I've been the round trip. I'm not going to ask you to forget me the way women do in books. I'm going to be natural, cruel—selfish. Think of me a lot. Make yourself perfectly miserable over me. Grow thin and haggard. Neglect your work. Feel that someone had promised you eternity and sent a raindrop in a pill box instead. Above all, write to me. Tell me I'm a cheap toy of tinsel sawdust and pink string—a toy that only jumped and danced for one little day, then broke. But men are always kind to broken toys and tired children. Just remember how often toys break on account of the "frailty of the string."

He writes :

I am going to be absolutely generous, because I feel I can afford it. I'm sorry for the broken toy because it can never be mended properly. They'll substitute gold wire for the pink string and cabochon emeralds for sawdust. They'll dress it up in dollar bills and finally dangle it over a chequebook. But the toy won't work. There will be no give to the gold wire, and oh, my dear, how unutterably heavy emeralds can be at times! Then the pretty toy in its gilded play box will weep real honest tears and never be mended, because in a millionaire's house they don't have pink string.

There—I've taken your light note—the lightest I could find in your tragic

letter. I'm not angry, but I'm hurt. Not for myself so much as for you. The door of your heart is locked and I hold the key. When your future husband tries frantically to open it the pain will be beyond all expression. Two things are unreturnable—tears and the keys of hearts. Willingly I would help you if I could—come to you, take your hands and tell you to be brave. You're really ill, and will insist on going to the wrong doctor. Doctor Comfort didn't attend you the last two years. Doctor Love did, and he thoroughly understands your case.

How your letter shines through mine! When you want me I will come. When you feel that nothing in God's wide world can draw together the great rifts in your heart, I will appear with a ball of pink string. Perhaps the toy will hunger after sawdust and learn to dance again.

She writes :

I'm humble enough now because I've got to ask you for something. I can't get any further without you—with my marriage, my time, my thoughts, with anything at all. I feel like a woman who has all her clothes in one wardrobe and can't find the key. You wrote you had the key of my heart. It's got to be returned. I can't get at my emotions, my moods; and my very charm seems hidden away. Until you come I can move neither hand nor foot. I've been robbed. I sent you away never having searched you for stolen property. Everything of any value you stole. This man is buying me, but he'll scorn the bargain unless I am completely furnished throughout. He will examine the very attics of my brain before the deal is closed. If I am a blush too short, or lack a dimple that is down in the official catalogue, I shall be cast into the outer darkness of the undesired. I'd write you rationally if I could, but I've had this shock. I am nothing without you. Be generous. I know it's like a woman to ask impossibilities, but that's because the impossible lies on the other side of the moon. Come and see me; water and cherish me as though I were some rare exotic

flower, and at the word of command hand me over to somebody else.

He writes:

Oughtn't I to hang the Stars and Stripes from every finger and go and have my breakfast under the nearest triumphal arch? Of course you can't do without me. It's not egotistical; facts never are. I feel that you are sitting at the head of this legal-looking paper, and that I am actually talking to you. Can't you get on without me? It's infinitely wiser, as it blocks out all possibility of an aftermath. I know it's no use again asking you to marry me, but I do ask the boon of forgetfulness. Let me slip away. Go like a shadow; vanish as if there had never been any me at all. You'd cry and lose a few night's sleep, but you'd appreciate your gowns and dinner coffee just the same. Your thoughts would throw circles like a stone flung into water. The first two would be pain, the fifth criticism, and the tenth touch the borders of Lake Forgetfulness. Perhaps I'm unjust—I know what that brain of yours is so well. A quivering live thing almost incapable of quiescence. And I know what that face of yours is, too. Perhaps it is your face that brings me, perhaps it is your need. I'll come.

She writes:

We arrived at this huge hotel last night, and I feel like a serious butterfly trapped in a candy box. The memory of yesterday's wedding follows me round as though it were a pet dog. When I sit down it curls into my lap. When I go out it patters after me. I can't get away from it.

Thank you—I should have headed this worded tangle with those words. Thank you for helping me through yesterday. Over the top of a scarlet arm-chair I can see the white shining circle of my husband's bald head. It looks like the decoration on a Japanese screen. I'd love to have so many shots at it for a penny. The first thing I'd throw would be my wedding ring—after that I'd fling this entire hotel. You didn't know things were so bad? No, neither did I

until we reached here and the rice fell out of my motor veil. You want to ask me if I repent the bargain already. I don't know. I'm scented, jeweled, wonderfully frocked, stared out of countenance. The coquette that lies hidden in every woman is delighted. She chuckles over the jewel cases and changes her shoes eight times a day to prove she's got the things. Don't ask the real woman what she thinks, because she's doing her level best not to think at all. My heart doesn't ache—it's only numb. Paquin has promised to crush every decent feeling out of it in a month. Oh, I don't mean that—I don't know what's in my heart. You've got the key. Good-bye.

He writes:

Once you hurt me horribly in a letter, and this is my revenge. I'm engaged. Please don't jump at conclusions. Love for you remains strong, deep and lasting—a love that neither God, man nor woman can take away. But I'm lonely. A man has a certain right to happiness. I want it. I'm hungry for it. I don't pretend it will be the life wonderful we would have led together had you accepted me—nothing could ever be that. What I see in the future is this: a cozy twilight with a red lamp pitched into the middle of it; a kind little woman in a chair; somewhere near the fireplace a discarded Teddy bear, and upstairs a child being sung to sleep. The little woman in the chair! I think of your wonderful poses—your hands held out like imploring marble to the fire, the scent of your hair that could never be defined or understood because it was only an echo; then I come back to the little woman in the chair. You'd call her faded; she's like a rose two days old—very sweet, very gentle, but her youth has been touched by an angel's wing; the bloom is gone. We have no plans. Perhaps in January what you used to call a "coat and skirt" wedding. And afterward a tiny house in nowhere four miles from an impossible somewhere. The sort of place you'd keep your motor car in. I am happy as a convalescent would be happy—frail and undecided.

It's an odd sensation for a big man. I feel as though my hands were too clumsy even for my pipe.

She writes:

A flashing footman starred all over with crested buttons brought your letter to me in the Winter Garden. I knew he was bringing me something horrible because he smiled. Servants always do. Somehow I pass quickly over the fact of your engagement. That had to come sometime. Don't you remember my saying your shoulder was the ideal height for a woman's head? And God doesn't waste shoulders—at least, not men's.

I seem to have run down a very long road of thought and just round a corner discovered the little woman in the chair. It's a wicker chair, and she's mending your socks. She's wearing penitential brown and a tiny necklace of turquoise forget-me-nots. Her mouth is wonderfully patient, as though she'd been waiting in Life's Emporium a long while and had only just been served. In picking up pins she loses sight of the stars, and yet I think you will be happy. I hope so. Do I still interest you in any way? Please notice I don't use the word "love"—you're only loving me now from a vague sense of duty, a feeling that it wouldn't be quite gentlemanly to leave off, even though I am married. I didn't tell you I'd been ill—very ill. Ill because I miss you, ill because the need of you is physical, mental, well nigh imperative. Doesn't your heart beat faster for that? Listen again. I've been—I *am* ill because we're not together. If even you sent me an old coat to kiss, the fever would creep away ashamed of itself. Give up the little woman in the wicker chair and let me come to you. I don't ask very much, do I? So little would make her happy, and I need such a terrible lot. I'd send her your socks each week to darn, and allow her to see you on Christmas Day. She's not young—you said so; she isn't glorious—she doesn't love you—she only thinks you've got a fine character. I can't write any more, I'm so tired. I'm always tired now.

Her husband writes:

Being a business man yourself, I hope you will read this letter in a purely business way. My wife is ill—seriously ill, and she misses you. I have known of her attachment for you, also her reasons for marrying me. I was the rich man, you were the poor; and it is because I am the rich man I can write to you like this. Come and cheer my wife up and get paid for it. Anything within reason or out of it. Crude facts, you will say—but I can't help facts now. She's ill—possibly dying; and because I love her I'm capable of this letter. I can't ask you to come as a friend, knowing what I do, but I can engage you as I would engage a specialist. Bring her back to what she used to be. Now she sits with your letters, still, silent, like an exquisite piece of machinery waiting some subtle power to stir the life within. Telegraph the time of your arrival, and I will meet you.

She writes:

I know all about my husband's letter. He showed it to me and I kissed the stamp into place. The doctors say I'm making no effort. I can't, till you come to me. There's nothing in the world now but my chair and the memories of you. Touch me, and make me whole. Don't think of me as suffering. It's not pain, only a gradual drawing away of everything. I feel like a beautiful room slowly being dismantled. The outer contour remains the same, but some huge brutal hand is tearing down the delicate fabrics and putting the lights out one by one.

Perhaps I shall never see you again. Very well; there's nothing to do but die as tidily and quickly as possible. It's a battle between body and brain—the brain slowly drawing up the essence of life as the sun draws up the mist at sea. My power of writing is going, too. The pen is as heavy as a tombstone, and I feel that I'm not writing the words, only burying them deep in this gray expanse of paper.

Her husband writes:

You can't have got my letter. But perhaps you did, and have decided not to come. She's much worse, and there doesn't seem anything to do. Her life rests entirely with you. God, man, can't you see? Won't you understand? Anything, everything, if you will come at once. Don't argue and analyze. I know it's all a horrible nightmare, but if you come in time you can lead us out into daylight.

She writes:

You are not coming, and this is going to be almost my last letter to you. I'm all propped up with pillows, and it's so difficult to write. Perhaps the woman in the basket chair won't let you come. Behind the fading of some women there's an iron wall. I'm all in the past now. Our happy hours have come back to me and are playing over the brocade coverlet like happy children. Your kisses are perched on the end of the bed as though

they were birds. Now and then one of them flutters to my lips, so cool, so comforting. And I'm dying! Oh, don't worry—don't be sorry for me! For once I'm doing the proper thing at the proper time. I only ask one thing: always remember me when you see violets.

Her husband telegraphs:

Not expected to live through the day. Can't you come?

She writes:

It's good-bye. They're holding me up to write this. Don't cry about me, because it wouldn't suit you. I'm very comfortable. It's only like going on a little trip. I feel I've got an appointment with you somewhere behind a star. I won't be late!

The woman in the basket chair writes:

They have only just brought me the telegram and letters. He'd have come if he could, but he died yesterday.



COMPENSATION

By Stanley Olmsted

SOMEWHERE within the world of men
 You waited.

And I was there, distraught beyond your ken,
 Unkempt of mood, wistful of doubtings. Then
 Your face was fated
 In lines like bursting spring across the gray of dawn.
 You smiled—
 You held your hand within my clasp of brawn—
 You looked and said "Good-bye"—and once again
 "Good-bye"!

We loved—but life urged as a billow o'er;
 And though we knew what we'd not known before
 We went our way; and though for aye,
 There yet was born a joy transcending pain.

THE DUEL

By Godfrey Montague Lebhar

JUDGE— You say you witnessed this affray?
Well, state just what you saw—
These midnight brawlers must be taught
To keep within the law.

WITNESS— Well, Judge, as I was walking home
I glanced up at the tower,
I saw the Clock's hands move, and then
The Clock just struck the Hour.

JUDGE— From that I understand this was
An unprovoked attack.
You're sure the Hour did not strike first,
And then the Clock struck back?

WITNESS— Well, now you mention that, it seems,
As I recall the case,
Although the Hour did not strike first,
It had advanced apace.

COUNSEL— Ah, Judge, that's just what we assert:
The Hour advanced apace,
And then the Clock, in self-defense,
Just struck to save its face.

JUDGE— Well, now go on and tell us what
Occurred right after that.
You say the Clock did strike the Hour;
Did one blow end the spat?

WITNESS— Oh, no, Judge, no, that was not all;
Full many blows were struck.
The Hour was struck so many times
I marveled at its pluck.

I stood and watched for quite a while
To see what they would do;
Most times it was the Clock that struck,
But once the Hour struck two.

Now, Judge, to get home late at night
And hear this constant strife
Just fills my soul with sorrow, and
Besides—it wakes my wife!

THE STEEP WAY

By Edward Price Bell

ARLO BARRETT rose to go. The episode had been brief—an affair of a few candid words—but it had left him a changed man. Lady Emily found herself surveying him amazedly. Experienced of life as she was—who keener-eyed, acuter, wiser?—she could recall no personal transformation so quick, utter and dramatic. Suddenly, two minutes ago, he had seemed to her insignificant—handsome, cultivated, witty, but insignificant. All at once she had grown thoroughly weary of him—almost yawning in his face. Now he stood above her, a lofty, great-shouldered, luminous-eyed man who might have passed for a king.

"Good night, Lady Emily."

"I am afraid I have mortally offended you," said she, rising.

Her slim, stately figure was closely silked in soft gray. At her throat sparkled a single jewel. She probably was under thirty. Her hair was a mass of dull gold. Her limpid complexion, if tinted at all, was all but invisibly tinted. Her eyes, ordinary in size, were extraordinary in character—violet-toned, reflective, sagacious and full of some strange, sweet power no analysis could compass. Possibly her color had heightened a little; possibly her breathing was just a shade otherwise than natural; but she appeared absolutely self-possessed in the soft lampglow of that splendid room.

"No, Lady Emily. You have interested and touched me deeply. You also have greatly surprised me."

"By my rudeness?"

"By your honesty."

"Are you quite sure," smiling somewhat archly, "you are not offended?"

"Believe me, Lady Emily, never before have I felt so strangely grateful. I rather imagine that something important has happened this evening—for me."

Interest lit her eyes like a flame.

"Yes?"

"Is it not normal for great things to be found in small? I wonder if a psychological oak was ever found in the acorn of a syllable or two?"

Lady Emily's arch smile swiftly softened into one of great sweetness and beauty.

"Then," cried she, extending her hand, "you are *not* offended. We shall be warm friends, as we have been this long, long time. You will come as usual? Perhaps we shall motor together tomorrow, if the weather is fine. Think of that wonderful road which sweeps over the heath, pitches into the valley and climbs up through that wooded fairyland beyond! I should be delighted!"

"It is too lovely of you, Lady Emily."

That small group of exclusive clubmen seemed quite unable to settle down to the time-honored pastimes of the night. Search in the library, in the billiard room, in the lounges, yielded no result. Telephone calls to two or three other clubs brought the reply, "Not here." Repeated efforts to get a connection with a certain bachelor suite in the West End elicited only, "No answer." At last the group gathered about its accustomed round table, curiously sensible of a vacancy that had not occurred before in nights immemorial.

The fact was that Arlo Barrett, at right angles with his life wont, was having a few pregnant moments "on his own." From Lady Emily's drawing

room he had walked straight to his residential apartments—striding rigid and introspective through the flash and roar of London. Entering his living room—a cozy little world of easy chairs, engravings and books—he stood his silk hat on end, dropped into a chair and snapped a cone of light across a paper-strewn table. He drew a deep breath and bit his lip. The room seemed stuffy. Stalking over, he threw up a window opening on treetops, patches of turf and a sheet of light-smitten water. Then, pushing a button, he flung himself down again by the table.

"John, I'm not in. Don't answer the telephone. I'm hungry. I'll eat here."

"What'll you eat, sir?"

"Anything."

"What'll you drink?"

"The same."

"Thank you, sir."

"I say, John!"

"Yes, sir."

"What am I drinking?"

"Whiskey and soda, sir."

"John, I'm afraid one seldom thinks high thoughts on whiskey and soda. What d'you say?"

"I—I don't know, sir," said John, apparently at a loss to reconcile the observation with his own experience.

"Fetch me something quickening—something that will make my mind luminous."

The food spread on a small table at Barrett's elbow, John passed noiselessly out, and the master supped alone. The bread and butter were sweet, the celery crisp, the fowl white and tender, the wine dry, sound and delicious. Barrett ate slowly, sipping his champagne with especial deliberation. The radiant cone had been turned on the board. Barrett's face was in gray shadow—brow high and white, hair slightly silvered, nose long and prominent, jaw square, mouth and chin rugged, mustache dark brown and rather coarse, eyes seemingly quite black. And such eyes! Literally they appeared to spill liquid fire. As for the man's body—chest, arms, legs—one scarce would have been surprised to meet them in the ring.

"I wonder if she saw a proposal of

marriage on the tip of my tongue? I'm afraid she did. She spoke very abruptly."

Barrett called for coffee and lit a cigarette. He was sitting bolt upright, eyes fixed on the table.

"It was damned cool!"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"John, go away!"

Barrett watched the door close on the lean, black figure of his old servant. Then he got up, flooded the room with light, and scrutinized himself in a full length mirror.

"I should have supposed"—he thrust his hands into his pockets and resumed his seat—"that I could win any free feminine heart wherever woman is woman!"

As he smoked and thought, his lip curled.

"After all, am I so trifling a person? Do my assets end with wealth and position, with face and physique? Have not great men been glad to come to these rooms—poets, scholars, soldiers, statesmen? Would not many a politician acknowledge a heavy debt to me? Have I not put the soul into more than one brilliant effort in the House of Commons? Is imperial policy, in some of its greatest phases, wholly untouched of my ideas? Have the permanent heads of departments, triumphant cabinet ministers themselves, disdained my advice? By heaven, my old lackey John could tell the world, 'No'! My wit, judgment, magnetism, eloquence have widened a hundred narrow natures, caused a hundred arid intellects to blossom!"

Barrett sank a cheek on a tight clenched fist. So long did he remain silent—the clock across the green had flung forth the night's long chime—that John ventured to move the door slightly and peer in. He drew back with a pang of alarm. Never before had he seen his master look like that—lineaments hard, skin unwontedly white, magnificent eyes deeply clouded.

"John!"

The old man ambled forward.

"John, you will stay here and take care of these rooms. I expect that you will be vigilant and loyal. Report me

away on a foreign mission. I want my bags and boxes packed tonight—a state-room trunk and two large ones for the hold. Call me at eight. Have a four-wheeler at the door at ten.”

Barrett disappeared into his bedchamber, leaving John to grapple single-handed with a ponderous sense of confusion and dismay.

Something in the motion of the splendid corridor train was highly exhilarating to Arlo Barrett. Other passengers were in his compartment, but their presence did not disturb him. At last he was an independent spirit—unfettered and alone.

Just before falling asleep the night previous, he had cried out in the dark: “I must have more room. People press too closely about one in London. The din is incessant. After all these overfull years, I yearn for space to find the full reach of myself—for silence to catch the keynote of my own soul!”

How smoothly, almost noiselessly, the long column of carriages flew! Settling into his corner, Barrett tuned himself for the journey. His compartment was roomy, airy, luxurious. Outside the sun lavished gold, the meadows flashed emerald, the trees took every form that charmed. Across the fleet picture broke occasional streaks of silver—happy waters whirling into jeweled foam. Deliciously tender, the sky glowed blue and white, anon traced by the swoop of wings. Town after town winked past during the hours of the greyhound flight. And then the great port Liverpool, with the day fading and the street lamps firing and the pale-hued sky shooting bluish glitter.

High over the landing stage towered the mammoth liner. Beneath her vast hull the tide raced darkly toward the sea. There were sailors toiling, brown-skinned and heavy-limbed; ropes dangling, cranes swinging, machinery creaking; gruff voices vexing the air; stewards hurrying, hatless, blue-trousered, white-jacketed; the cabins a gleam, boxes and bags and bundles everywhere; people storming up the gangplanks, overflowing the decks, choking the companionways;

people asking questions; people clamoring for letters and telegrams; people thronging the rail to wave and shout to friends ashore—the men snug in ulsters and caps, the women heavy-coated and peering from close reefed veils.

Pacing the deck, Arlo Barrett smoked and thought. Ere he knew it—how could so massive a thing move so soundlessly?—the ship was in mid-stream, and dropping seaward with the tide, her mighty engines throbbing gently. Gaining the opposite side of the deck, Barrett saw the lights of the city receding. Down from the Irish Sea bore a keen wind. He turned up his ulster collar, drew his cap more tightly and shook off a sense of chill. Nobody, he knew, had been on the quay to wave to him, but somehow he regretted that the English faces there had faded into the dark without his catching a final glimpse of them. Not a familiar countenance had he noted on the ship. Hundreds of eyes—curious, friendly eyes—were bent upon him, but invariably they shifted, with no sign of recognition. All strangers—those jostling, babbling crowds, bright-visaged, eager-hearted, so plainly uplifted by thoughts of far-away, pleasant places—of home.

“Home”—Arlo Barrett formed the word mentally. With all its denotation and connotation it dissolved in his consciousness. Once more he shivered, and this time it seemed less a chill of the body than a chill of the heart. Teeth set, eyes closed, he grasped a stanchion to make sure he should stand quite steady. Then, accelerating his pace along the deck, he took the breath of the Irish Sea full in his face. The engines had begun to beat more rapidly, more powerfully. Through all the ship there was a ceaseless quiver. Barrett leaned into the wind at the tip of the prow. Beneath him the water curled, plunged and spread away in gleaming sheets. Before ran the black current. Far ahead whitecaps leapt out of the flat darkness. On either hand were scattering lights. Behind sounded the hubbub of the unresting ship. All vague environment!

What Arlo Barrett saw vividly was

an elaborate figment of memory—his father, strong-jawed, white-haired, austere; his mother, frail, fine-souled, beautiful—both long since asleep in the grand old village where they were born. His brother also he saw—shy and tender, but with a lion's heart in his poor frame. This was the boy with the explorer's nature—the boy who, scorning timid counsel, traveled to the tropics, left behind the outposts of civilization, and died in some uncharted desert, leaving only black men to carry the story to the world. So hard did Barrett shut his eyes that great drops sprang out upon his drawn cheeks. "Fetch me something quickening—something that will make my mind luminous." Tonight how superfluous the magic of the grape to produce luminosity, emotion, pictures!

The ship had cleared the river, ridden out the tide and rounded southward across a high sea swell. The engines were in full action, the vessel progressing by measured pitches, trembling from stem to stern. The crowds on the deck were thinning. The wind cut like a knife, tearing at the canvas, whistling through the ropes. Barrett took a last look at the flare to port that was England, and dived into the smoking room. He sat down in an upholstered corner quite by himself and smoked and thought. These people were going home—these people with the curious, friendly eyes, these singularly jubilant people. Very shortly they would be in the midst of scenes steeped in memories delightful and touching and sacred.

But himself!

Down the black channel pressed the light-ringed boat, the sea quartering roughly against the dipping, dripping prow. How measured it all seemed, how resistless—like motions tidal and planetary! The bugles rang through the ship. Dinner was served in the dazzling cabins, with their close-ranked chairs. But Barrett remained in his secluded corner. Out of the distance, asserting itself subtly over his senses, reached a strange, penetrating power, diffused, impalpable, yet with a grip like a grip of iron. It had to do with a gigantic

material monotone—with brick and mortar, with arch and pillar and steeple and tower. It had to do with ways narrow and broad, ways crooked and straight—dingy, delectable ways, forever a-thunder with shuffle and buzz and rush. What close, advancing siege the thing laid to his soul!

Came bits of long forgotten street, bright, not a detail missing; glimpses of delicately tinted sky; Piccadilly and Green Park and the Palace; London in the rich, glorious sun of spring; London in fog; London in sun-pierced mist; London regal and London ragged; the Tower—the frown-fronted literary storehouse unmatched in the world—the domed shrine of the devotional heart—the pointed temple of liberty—the tomb of glory; theaters, restaurants, clubs, blazing fire canyons through the dead brick. And then the water, the sinuous water! The ripple and flow of it! Dark and fascinating and light-flooded water—less water than beauty, mystery, mesmerism in fluid form! Crystal clear, finished, Arlo Barrett saw it all looking in upon him there alone out of the fresh risen years.

Suddenly Barrett found that this vision had given place to another. The background was still London, but the foreground was something else. London had been diffused, varied, shifting, elusive. Now London was the setting for a single jewel, and this single jewel held Barrett's whole mind. Lady Emily had been the close friend of his lifetime. His frigid father had melted under her influence. His mother had loved her. She was on the pier when his brother bade farewell to all of them—and to the white cliffs of imperial England. Lady Emily was the most charming and the most forceful feminine spirit he had known. He had intended to propose marriage to her. But had he loved her? Had he ever really loved anybody but his own? The scene in the drawing room came back to him, and the blood rushed to his temples. He got up, took a stride or two and again sat down.

He felt singularly destitute. His reflections no longer were bearable. He rose, crossed the room, stepped out on

the deck and caught his lungs full of icy air. Bracing himself, he forged against the wind to the saloon entrance. By chance his eyes were arrested by the level moon on the ocean. He stopped and faced the spectacle. He saw a vast, tapering fabric of light—broken, tangled, raveled, frayed—rippling and fluttering on the water as a flag ripples and flutters in the wind. For once, at least, he knew the sense of humility—knew what it was to be personally lost in an engulfing realization of vast things. He went down to his berth, awed and soothed, and the moon was still before him on the ocean.

For hours he lay awake, remembering, speculating, listening. There was a grim pleasure about hearing the waves lunge against the brass-barred porthole. Always they fell away shattered, but always they came again, often seeming to make the iron monster groan with the power of their charge. Every sound died out of the ship but the beat of pistons and the creak of timbers. Then Barrett could hear the voice of the sea more distinctly. And its voice was as the hiss of serpents and the snarl of wolves. He felt bitterly cold. The berth seemed the last word in cramping discomfort. Drawing back the tremulous curtains, he crept out, dressed, made his way along the swaying, creaking corridor, climbed the main staircase and passed out upon the deck.

The deck was wet and glistening. The sky was whitening unto day. The hard running sea was gray as a ghost. Far away across the starboard quarter a column of smoke pierced the air. Abeam on the same side lay a long, low, shadowy line. Barrett's face was the hue of the paling sky and the scudding sea, but he no longer looked the chief actor in a tragedy of regret and irresolution. His eyes were definite. His jaw was square. The blood began to color his haggard cheeks. Deep within him some new life was stirring. He felt warmed and exalted. And he thanked God for that column of smoke off the starboard quarter, and for that faint, irregular, low lying token paralleling the great ship's course.

August, 1912—9

Lady Emily instructed her chauffeur to drive slowly. She was in the sumptuous tonneau alone. The drive, having extended to the sea, was drawing to a close. The west was full of color. Pink rays lightly touched Lady Emily's cheek. She did not look to the right or left, but straight in front—a great-hatted figure as beautiful as it was solitary.

Nearly the whole day the long, low car had been speeding—a white stretch of road, flanking green-blue sky, and ever the full strenuous hum of the motor. Scenes of exceeding beauty, yet Lady Emily unobservant—so preoccupied and serious that more than once the silent chauffeur had stolen a searching glance at her face.

The sun disappeared. The car was stopped, and the lamps lit. The lights of London threw up their hazy flush. Some cobblestones were crossed. Lady Emily was entering the City Wonderful.

As the chauffeur took the south approach to Westminster Bridge, he throttled his car to a creep; his mistress always wished to go slowly by night over this splendid span between two absorbing worlds. He kept to the center of the roadway, in order that the wide windows of the limousine might fully command the northeastward. As habitually on these occasions, the traffic to the rear evoked from the chauffeur an excessive vigilance; he liked to glance at that exquisite face, the soft shadows upon it, the violet eyes kindling under the vastness and splendor of the spectacle. Suddenly he saw the face grow marble white, and Lady Emily gave an abrupt double signal. For the instant the way was clear, and the chauffeur deftly swung his car to a stop at the curb. The next moment he was at the open door, his look one of anxious wonder.

"Touch that gentleman's arm!"

In the direction indicated the chauffeur beheld the figure of a man, in head, features and frame splendidly modeled. He stood quite erect, shoulders slightly back, the gloved fingers of one hand touching the green parapet. The other hand held a gold-headed stick, firmly planted upon the pavement. The large

head was lifted. The nostrils seemed responsive to a strong exaltation. Two or three pedestrians, stock still, stared at the remarkable figure—the stalwart body, the long, rugged, masterly face, and the somber eyes that appeared to turn back all the light and shadow in the river and in the city.

“James!”

With a start, James hastened forward and touched the gentleman’s arm. Making no impression, he laid a firm hand on the stranger’s shoulder and drew him round. For a moment the eyes of the accosted man blazed angrily upon the intruder. Then, noting the livery, they shifted to the roadway, and discerned the outline of the slender figure in the dim tonneau. Instantly the man strode forward, brow gnarled, lips parted as if to cry out. He stopped before the open door of the car, his silk hat in his hand.

“Do come in!”

Straightway and silently he obeyed, and the car moved quickly on, the soft-toned motor filling the stillness soothingly.

“Arlo”—they were humming along Birdcage Walk—“I was told in the Row this morning that you had gone abroad mysteriously, leaving no confidant but your reticent old butler.”

“I started—got as far as Queens-town.”

Lady Emily’s impulse was to burst into laughter, but Arlo Barrett’s face was too sternly lined, too melancholy.

“I am pleased to know that you love the night view from Westminster Bridge. So do I. I never see it without an emotion of immense delight.”

Barrett turned his magnificent eyes full upon Lady Emily’s.

“But you never have seen it as one sees it after a long exile!”

Again Lady Emily’s inclination to laugh quickly succumbed. She began to feel distinctly uneasy, and gave a sigh of relief when the car stopped at her door. Barrett ascended the steps with her, and they entered the fine old house, while neither spoke.

“Lady Emily”—they sat facing each other in the drawing room—“some

paltry hours ago—what an unreal thing is time!—we chatted here together. You were astoundingly straightforward. At first, feeling that London was crushing me, I had a wild, half-maniacal notion that I must fly or be destroyed. Deliverance for me seemed to be in distant lands. On the sea I grew desolate. To this inexplicable gloom was added the shame of a craven heart.

“I am back. The mania is gone. My father and my father’s fathers, as far back as I have knowledge, were worthy of the name of Englishmen. They knew how to lock their minds. They knew how to steel their souls. They knew how to live for their country in peace and to die for it in war. Lady Emily, some of their strain, I need not tell you, ran in my poor brother’s veins; I hope it may not prove wholly absent from my own.”

Lady Emily’s eyes were shining; she was following his every word.

“You declared I was a gifted man. You called it a ‘revolting wickedness’ for a gifted man to waste his life. And you affirmed that I was wasting *my* life. ‘Guilt like this,’ you said, ‘cannot elude its Nemesis.’”

“I am closing my London den—a place I love; I am going to my country estate. My old, my conventional town friends I must leave. They cannot help. The hour is one for self-study, self-trust, self-appeal. Lady Emily, I fear the day may come when our own will have need of the least of us. My political life hitherto has been behind the scenes; henceforth it shall be on the open stage. It is my will to rise to a recognized position as a fighting power in the state. The ascent may be slow, may have its moments lonely and bitter. But, if I may speak frankly, I have not a doubt of the result. And”—he rose, smiling gravely, and held out his hand—“once up the steep way, perhaps I might be justified in asking the woman I love to share with me the gladness of the summit.”

“Ah, but, Arlo,” tears springing irrepressibly to her eyes, “do you not know it would be the chief joy and glory of that woman’s life to toil up the steep way by your side?”

CUPID ON THE DOORSTEP

By Thomas Grant Springer

*Go, take your land of Arcady
And Phyllis' smile; I ask no more
Than the city's dusky step for me
And the one long kiss in the darkened door.*

I REMEMBER my mother singing an old song concerning one "Belle Brandon," in which the old arbor tree is referred to. I have heard of many "Lovers' Lanes"; in fact, I am quite certain every country place boasts at least one. I have run across many allusions to couples holding up decrepit front gates and trysting places innumerable. All of these refer to love's young dream in the country, these various boughs on which the doves of Venus bill and coo. No doubt they are all admirably adapted to their circumstances and certain literary purposes, but I am city born and bred and doubt my ability to make use of these amorous cozy nooks should opportunity ever bring them within my range. To be sure, we have the parlor, the drawing room or the cozy corner in the hall, and our less fortunate brothers and sisters the benches in the park, but the most dangerous lurking place of Cupid is the front steps.

Prosaic? Not a bit of it. For instance, listen. You stroll home with Her, say after the theater, after a call or from any one of the various amusements we city people seek. She shyly asks you in for just a moment. You hesitate, thank her; really, you would be delighted but it is late—a pause, a long, soft pause.

"Well, good night."

"Good night."

No movement on either's part; then a soft little sigh which you echo, perhaps a trifle more gustily, but somehow you have no inclination to hit the home

trail. It is as if something held you, something unseen, unfelt, yet more potently strong because of its intangibility. You have no consciousness of any movement either on your part or hers. A moment before her foot had rested a step higher, yours a step lower; now, if you stop to notice it, she is standing with both feet a step lower, you in the same relative position a step higher. This brings her face on a level with yours. Her breath, in shortening respirations, fans your cheek. It is warmer, sweeter than the night air. You stir uneasily. It is not a movement of departure but she takes it as such. Her little hand unconsciously steals out in a gesture of detention, half bold under the velvety cover of darkness. Magnetically it touches yours and your fingers close on it stealthily. It is cool for she has stripped it of its glove; perhaps it is so cold it does not feel your timid grip at first but lies passive in your clasp. A moment flits by, during which your breathing becomes difficult. The little hand is warmer now. It makes a timid movement of withdrawal. You press it gently. "Good night," you say as an excuse for having held it.

"Good night"—it is a little sigh that barely forms the word.

Still she does not turn up the steps nor do you move your foot to the lower one. It is as if you both had something still to say and are searching your memory for it. In the meantime you retain possession of the little hand, caressing it subtly. It is much warmer now and not so passive, yet its slight movement carries no hint of withdrawal.

A belated pedestrian comes down the street. You hear his echoing footsteps

a long way off. You both listen attentively to him drawing nearer, nearer. You cannot go till he has passed, and you think of him savagely as an intruder. What right has he to be out so late? It is time all respectable people were in bed. You drop the little hand and take one step down. She draws back and takes one step up. The pedestrian passes. You both stand statuesquely listening to the clatter of his receding footsteps.

"Good night," you whisper softly, taking the step up.

"Good night," she breathes, taking the step down. There is a long pause, during which you somehow regain possession of the little hand.

"I am to see you Tuesday then?" you whisper. (In fact, all conversation

carried on after eleven P.M. on the front steps is conducted in whispers.)

There is a soft little sound of assent, and you press the tiny hand more tightly. "Well, good night," you half gasp.

"Good night"—begun and ended in a sigh.

Still you linger, hesitating, agitated. Her face is very close. Her breath meets yours, then her lips. Your arms slip round her; she yields for one rapturous, palpitating moment. Then she scurries up the steps; you hear the key grate in the lock, catch the flutter of her hand in the dim hall light; then the dull thud of the closing door recalls you, and you turn out into the deserted street while Cupid singles out another doorstep, for he feels certain now you two can look after your own.



THAT LOVE IS DEAD

By Alonzo Rice

THAT love is dead, I know not whom to name
For censure now. I sometimes think, instead
Of my own self, you are the one to blame
That love is dead.

The rose for me will never be as red
Now that we separate, no more the same
The pomp of summer on the hills be spread.

And grief above enjoyment now will claim
The noon of night, when dimmer overhead
The silver crescent hides in mist for shame,
That love is dead.



A MAN may love the ground a woman walks on and still object to cutting the grass on it.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT A WOMAN*

By Maverick Terrell and H. O. Stechhan

CHARACTERS

NELL TROY (*the woman*)
LAWRENCE BRAINO (*alias "College Larry"*)
LUKE WEDGEWOOD (*from Texas*)

PLACE: *New York City.*

TIME: *The present—late afternoon.*

SCENE—*Parlor of a suite on the third floor of a cheap hotel. At the right is a grate with a fire burning. At the back are two doors leading into the adjoining room. One of these is a "panel door." Built to the center of it is a small shelf table, having the appearance of merely standing against the door. Both sides of this door are identical, and it turns easily and noiselessly on pivots. At the left is a window through which a fire escape can be seen. There are a sideboard and a few chairs in the room, which is sparsely furnished.*

As the curtain rises LARRY is heard whistling in the adjoining room. NELL enters, tosses her hat and wrap carelessly on a chair and walks over to the fireplace.

LARRY (*off stage*)
Hello! Is that you, Nell?

NELL
You're on. It's me, all right.

LARRY (*still unseen*)
Thought you never would come—been gone nearly three hours.

NELL
That long?

LARRY (*still from the other room*)
Every minute of it! (*He appears in the doorway.*) Did your prospect turn up?

(*He walks to the fireplace and stands beside NELL. He is dressed in a business suit, without a coat.*)

NELL
Not till after three. (*Looking around*)
Room all set—I see you ditched the other table.

LARRY (*nodding*)
May look a little bare; but you'll find everything ready.

NELL (*enthusiastically*)
Gee, Larry, this is a great game!

LARRY (*smiling indulgently*)
It has its good points. How'd our Texas friend talk?

NELL (*with entire self-satisfaction*)
Followed m' freight train o' thought, all right.

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LARRY

Sucker, eh? Well, don't be too confident. Some of these country boys are pretty cute. (*He walks to the window and looks out.*)

NELL

Sure as I'm a white liner—he's landed!

LARRY

You followed my instructions?

NELL

To a hairline finish! An' if I didn't stall him right—it's the disappearing act for me as a skirt come-on. (*She curls up on the settee.*)

LARRY (*petulantly*)

Why don't you stop that *argot*, Nell—your thief jargon? It gets on my nerves.

NELL (*pouting*)

Don't be so touchy, Lal! I can't make this transformation in a flash. Slingin' de slingo's too natural for me to break it off suddenly.

LARRY

Well, refinement pays—even in this line.

NELL

Easy enough to talk! You've got this dress suit conversation down pat. Honest, Larry, I do the best I know how.

LARRY (*patting her on the shoulder*)

I know—I know; but try a little harder.

NELL (*pointing to the door at the right*)

How'd your panel work out?

LARRY (*going and looking at it*)

Fair—but took longer'n I thought. Center pins didn't seem to want to fit.

NELL

Don't some of these hotels have doors already paneled?

LARRY

They used to—before the police became so hungry.

NELL

Nifty stunt—rigging up your own trap.

LARRY

To play this game safe, a man's got to be a jack of all trades. When's he coming? (*He looks at his watch.*) Five?

NELL (*nodding*)

Sharp.

LARRY

Then there's still time for a few breaths before he shows up. I must be out of practice—sort of nervous today. (*Earnestly*) Little girl, this is your try-out; and I hope everything goes right.

NELL (*coaxingly*)

How'd ye ever come to take up with an amateur like me, Larry?

LARRY (*seating himself on the settee arm*)

Because I detected in you some skill, Nell—in your line of petty outlawry—the kind that can be trained for high class work.

NELL (*admiringly*)

My, but you'd make a swell mouth-piece!

LARRY (*smiling*)

Well, I know most of the law pertaining to the green goods profession.

NELL

I never did any of this passing bad money before; but if this Texas tyke's the usual run, I don't think your parlor polish'll make much of a hit with him.

LARRY

Always take your man off guard—and the best way is to be so smooth that he can't even see your sandpaper marks.

NELL

Trust me, Larry; I'll make him fall for it.

LARRY

Nell, Nell—if you don't look out you'll be talking like a crook in a magazine story.

NELL

Don't rub it in, Lal. Most of the trip I've tried to forget the raw stuff.

LARRY

That was one of the reasons why I took you to South America.

NELL

To shine me up as a lady? (*He nods.*)
And there were other reasons, too?

LARRY

Yes—to get you away from that mob
of rats you were running with.

NELL

Larry, how'd ye get the line on this
Wedgewood?

LARRY

Through one of my country papers.
It pays to advertise when you've got
something to sell. (*He looks out the
window.*) Did you tell him to slip up
here quietly? And give him the steer
about the secret service men being on
the lookout?

NELL

Yes—and say, he's dead easy. He
took a fatherly interest in me!

LARRY

Good! That's just the line I want
you to develop along.

NELL

Think I need it? (*She jumps up and
looks around.*) Where are the bags?

LARRY

That's so! Here I am, talking like
an old woman. I'll forget to work the
panel next. (*He steps through the door
at the right, and reenters with two small
black traveling bags identical in size and
appearance. He sets one on the floor,
opens the other and takes out wrapped
bundles containing real paper money, then
replaces them, closing the bag and smiling.*)
There's seventy-five hundred dollars—
in real money.

NELL (*indicating the other bag*)
And this one's the phony?

LARRY

Yes. The bundles inside are done up
just the same—but they're stuffed with
paper. This is my last stake—all
that's left after our South American
jaunt. And remember—it wants to be
played safe. (*He puts one bag on the
panel door shelf.*)

NELL

Say, Larry, how'd ye ever happen to
go in for this crook finance?

LARRY

Love of excitement, primarily. The
fun of it—sheer love of the game.
Then, too—I've got to live. And to
live as I do—well, I've got to have
money—and plenty of it. But playing
hide and seek with the police has kept my
interest in life keyed up for many years.
You know, girl, to me every new job
I undertake is like working out a prob-
lem—like putting on a play. I set my
stage, time my scenes and conceive each
character. Every situation is carefully
planned; and then I sit back and watch
it all acted out before me—prepared to
make any change that the eleventh hour
may demand. This is my life—my
game—matching my wit against that of
the world. It's a contest all the time,
with no let-up. And, win or lose, I en-
joy every minute of it.

NELL

I could almost think you had a con-
science.

LARRY

No moral compunction at all. I take
life as it takes me. Doing society no
harm—even if the law condemns our
craft. Those I outwit would beat
Uncle Sam, and I live easy as a result of
their cupidity.

NELL

Sly old dog!

LARRY (*looking at his watch again*)

About time for your man. (*He points
to the bag on the shelf.*) Don't forget to
put that little bag back there when I'm
ready for it. I'll take the other child
into the nursery. (*He picks up the other
bag.*)

NELL (*going to the panel door*)

Can you see and hear everything from
the other side?

LARRY

Enough for my purpose.
(*There is a slight, cautious rap on the
door from the hall.*)

LARRY

S-s-sh—your man! Remember all I
told you. Keep your head. Whatever
happens—don't get rattled! (*He goes
out through the door at the right, taking the
bag.*)

NELL (*as another rap is heard at the door*)
Who's there?

WEDGEWOOD (*outside*)
Luke Wedgewood. Is that you, Miss Troy?

NELL (*opening the door cautiously*)
Come in, Colonel.

WEDGEWOOD (*entering*)
Glad I found you, miss. Thought this must be the place.

WEDGEWOOD (*as she turns the key in the lock*)

Do you have to lock the door?

NELL
With all the detectives runnin' around loose? Yes, sir-ree! Every door in this room's locked good an' tight. Won't you sit down?

WEDGEWOOD
Thank you. I guess you're right—can't take any chances in a business of this sort.

NELL
Did you do as I told you—let no one follow you up here?

WEDGEWOOD
I thought you people stood in with the police.

NELL
Sure—if you got fall money enough, you can square the whole bloomin' town.

WEDGEWOOD
Then protection comes pretty high, eh? (*In a kindly manner.*) Say, miss, you oughtn't to be playin' with fire this way. You're too nice—really. You could be married, down our way, and have a snug little home, with a good husband—and something to live for. You're too sweet for this. (*He pats her shoulder.*)

NELL
Cut it, Judge. You're too old for that. Anyhow, time is pressin'—an' we're here for business.

WEDGEWOOD
Reckon you're right. Business is business. Let's see the goods you were speakin' of. (*He takes a small magnifying glass from his pocket and polishes it with*

his handkerchief.) You see, I came prepared.

NELL
That's all right, uncle—you can fix any glass on it you want. (*She brings the bag.*) This is the real stuff in here. Even the government experts couldn't tell the difference. (*She sits opposite him and opens the bag.*) Brought your fifteen hundred?

WEDGEWOOD
Sure did. (*He produces a wallet.*) I'm old enough to carry my own money around.

NELL (*holding the bag in her lap, taking out a bundle, unwrapping it and extracting a crisp bill*)
All right, Mr. Texas, here's a dandy—fresh from the middle of the pack.

WEDGEWOOD (*examining it closely*)
Looks good to me, all right. But of course I'm no money shark.

NELL
An' you a banker! I thought you'd know good money by the feel of it!

WEDGEWOOD (*returning the bill*)
Let me see another one.

NELL
Sure, Colonel. (*She starts to draw another bill from the same bundle.*)

WEDGEWOOD
No, no—from one of the other packages.

NELL
Anything to please you. (*She unwraps another bundle, extracts a bill and hands it to him.*) All the same to me. If there was time I'd let you look at all of them.

WEDGEWOOD
Say your cousin made it? Have to own up—looks pretty real to me.

NELL
Well, it ought to—made off plates he snared from the Government Printing Office when he was an engraver there.

WEDGEWOOD
Certainly wonderful work. Even the threaded lines are the same as in the real stuff.

NELL

That's where Larry's great! (*She catches herself.*)

WEDGEWOOD

Larry—who's he?

NELL

Oh—my cousin. That silk fiber stunt is one of his specialties.

WEDGEWOOD

How does he do it?

NELL (*confidentially*)

Don't let this get out, Judge. He takes the finest hairs from silky dogs and works them into the paper, until it can't be told from the original. Got the old bleachin' process skinned forty ways.

WEDGEWOOD (*chuckling*)

No denyin'—you counterfeiters are a hard bunch to beat.

NELL (*apologetically*)

But I'm not a counterfeiter. I just help wholesale it.

WEDGEWOOD

How much of it did you say there was?

NELL

Five for your one. Seventy-five hundred plunks even.

WEDGEWOOD

And you're sure it's all as good as what I've seen?

NELL

Printed from the same plates. (*She holds out the bag to him.*) Better count it. Might as well be sure you're gettin' what you're payin' for. (*She takes out bundle after bundle and unwraps each one.*)

WEDGEWOOD

I'll take your word for it, sis. (*On second thought*) Still, it would be better to count it—more businesslike. (*She passes him the bundles.*) Ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—ninety—hundred—

NELL

Nothing but tens—a hundred an' fifty in each of the five packs.

WEDGEWOOD

That's right—fifteen hundred in each one. I'll take your word for the rest.

NELL (*taking back the bundles and re-wrapping them*)

All right. If you're satisfied, we'll put 'em away.

WEDGEWOOD

Wait—wait! Why the wrapping? If I'm going to buy the stuff, I want it where I can see it.

NELL (*with a glance of contempt*)

An' you running around without a guardian? Man alive, if anyone saw this in your valise—loose—you'd be up the river in a jiffy. (*She finishes wrapping, and replaces the bundles in the bag.*)

WEDGEWOOD

Leave it to a woman like you to remember everything.

NELL

Oh, you Southerners waste too much time talking. Come across with the fifteen hundred. No time to lose.

WEDGEWOOD

This bogus stuff looks so natural—say, why do you people sell it five for one? Why don't you pass it yourselves?

NELL

The Government's so hot on our tracks, we're forced to scatter it—to get it in circulation. An' we got to sell it cheap to get rid of it. They'd nab us quick if we tried to shove it all here in York. That's where you come in, uncle. An' if you're wise, you'll make a quick sneak for Texas with this bag under your arm the minute the deal's closed.

WEDGEWOOD

I won't open it till I'm plum back inside my little bank.

NELL

Come, come—we haven't all day to fool. Slip me that fifteen hundred and you can hike back there.

WEDGEWOOD

Just a minute. Considerin' the risk I'm takin', handlin' this stuff—er—

don't you think you could afford to shade the price a little, say to a thousand? Real money like mine is kinder scarce these days.

NELL

I thought you was a good sport from Texas—not a Vermont business man!

WEDGEWOOD (*astonished*)

How'n the world you ever know I was born in Vermont?

NELL

By your ears, uncle. Come—is it fifteen hundred, or all bets off. Full speed ahead—this is no rummage sale.

WEDGEWOOD

Well, if that's the best you can do, under the circumstances— (*He hands her a wallet.*) Here you are, sis—fifteen hundred in real stuff. Count it.

NELL (*extracting the bills and tucking them in her bodice*)

That's all right. I'll take your word. (*She gives him the bag.*) And now, to bind the bargain, let's have a little drink.

WEDGEWOOD

Drink—now—with all this money under my arm? Not much! I need a clear head.

NELL

You from Texas and can't stand one shot of corn juice—just among friends? Come on. (*She takes him by the arm and leads him to the sideboard.*) Put the bag on the table. (*She points to the panel door shelf.*) Nobody's going to take it away from you in here. The doors are all locked. (*She takes the bag from him and puts it on the panel shelf.*)

WEDGEWOOD

Well, just two fingers—to be sociable, sister—to show there's no hard feelings.

NELL

Good! (*She slaps him vigorously on the back, turning him completely around, and holding her own glass high, as if pledging good fellowship.*) That's right, old man—here's mud in your eye an' a quick trip back to Texas!

(*As WEDGEWOOD's back is turned, the panel door at the right begins to revolve*

slowly; when it is halfway around WEDGEWOOD wheels to the right unexpectedly, dropping his glass and knocking NELL's from her hand. He pulls two revolvers quickly and gets the drop on LARRY, who can be seen in the act of manipulating the panel door; he also covers NELL.)

WEDGEWOOD

Panel door, eh? I thought so.

NELL (*falling back*)

Good Lord!

WEDGEWOOD (*to LARRY*)

Come through that door, brother—good and quick! (*LARRY appears to reach for his gun.*) None of that! (*LARRY steps into the room.*) And you, sister—out there, in the middle of the room.

LARRY (*sullenly*)

Well, what do you want with us?

NELL

Oh, Larry—what a mess I've made!

LARRY (*to NELL*)

One of those chances we always take. (*To WEDGEWOOD*) Well, what's the game, partner—secret service?

WEDGEWOOD

Secret service—hell! I've been waitin' a long time for this chance. I'm your sucker, all right—Luke Wedgewood, from Castorville, Texas. But you've played your game on me just once too many, son.

LARRY (*puzzled*)

Once too many? (*Shaking his head*) Never saw you before in my life.

WEDGEWOOD

Well, I saw you in Chicago about five years ago—and it cost me two thousand cold. Good thing I never forget a face.

LARRY (*deliberately*)

Never been in Chicago. Say, what are you leading up to?

WEDGEWOOD (*chuckling*)

Squirm all you want to, now that I've caught you in your own trap. But I knew your "ad" in the *Long Horn News* the minute I saw it. Been watchin' for

it every week for five years. (*To NELL*) Now, sis, hand back that fifteen hundred of mine. Come, quick—you two'll know pretty soon that I'm not to be fooled with.

(*NELL hesitates, looks at LARRY, then takes the money from her bodice.*)

WEDGEWOOD (*indicating with one pistol*)

Haven't got a hand to spare—just put it down on that side of the table, there with the real money. (*To LARRY*) And now, brother, as soon as sis steps back you open the bag and put the fifteen hundred beside that seventy-five hundred of yours—that I oughtn't to have any trouble passin'. Quick, son; I'd just as soon finish you right now as not.

(*LARRY turns, walks sullenly to the panel door, crouches beside the bag and appears to be drawing a gun.*)

Up with your hands! (*LARRY obeys.*) I thought so. An' keep 'em up or I'll shoot you like a coyote. (*To NELL*) Now, sis, you march over an' pull brother's fang—from his inside pocket on the left. I know the trick. An' if you try to pot me, I'll kill both of you, just for luck. I was raised on the trigger, an' I can shoot as quick as any man alive. (*As NELL fails to respond*) Better move—or you'll wake up on a cold slab in the morgue. (*She obeys reluctantly.*) Now lay it over there with the money. An' while you're about it—might as well put both in the bag, to save time. (*NELL obeys.*) Just hold that money up, sis—I want to know it's the right bag. Nothing like being sure. Slip in the gun and the fifteen hundred.

NELL (*to LARRY*)

I'm a Jonah!

LARRY

I warned you, girl, about these games; you never know how they're going. And, besides, this one may not be played out—yet.

WEDGEWOOD

Not played out, eh? Well, don't let that fret you. Reminds me—it's about time for you two to drive on.

LARRY

Want us to go, I suppose?

WEDGEWOOD

Glad you understand English. (*He points to the door.*)

LARRY

If you don't mind, I'd like my hat. It's in the other room.

WEDGEWOOD

None of those tricks on me, young man. Got another gun in that room, eh? Have to go without your bonnet this time; make your hair grow. Now when you get downstairs—keep right on walking. (*He motions them through the door.*) I'll see you out—kind of a polite way we Southerners have. (*As they go out*) Shoo—an' good-bye!

LARRY (*bowing with mock courtesy*)
May we meet again!

WEDGEWOOD (*in the doorway, calling after them*)

Not if my eyes get you first. Twice in a lifetime is enough to meet your sort. (*He steps back, closes the door carefully and locks it. He goes to the panel door and lifts the "phony" bag from the shelf, carries it to a chair, opens it, takes out the bundles and rips the wrappers with a penknife.*) Paper stuffing—pretty neat work, Mr. College Larry! (*He puts the bundles back in the bag, returns it to its former place on the upper side of the panel door and revolves the door slowly, exposing both sides and both bags.*) An' I'm not denying that your door's pretty nifty, too. But, young fellow, St. Nick sent me just in time to teach you a lesson. (*He halts at the door with the bag containing real money almost in front of him.*) Seventy-five hundred dollars! Fine hair from silky dogs! (*He laughs and looks through the panel door.*) Fire escape in there, all right. (*He closes the panel door, with the shelf holding the bag containing real money in front, goes to the window at the left, raises the sash and looks out.*) That's better—lands in the alley. (*There is a rap on the door at the left.*) Who's there?

NELL (*outside*)

Me—Bess.

WEDGEWOOD (*opening the door*)
Come in—quick!

(NELL *slinks into the room; WEDGEWOOD closes the door immediately and locks it.*)

NELL (*fearfully*)
For God's sake, let's clear out! This double crossin' gets my goat. I don't want never to see Larry again—the poor mutt!

WEDGEWOOD
Where'd you leave him?

NELL
Planted down in front. I was to watch the alley.

WEDGEWOOD
Good! Then this is the getaway for us. (*He indicates the window to the left at the back. In the meantime it has grown dark outside.*)

NELL
Four-flushin' a swell guy that was square enough to take me to South America!

WEDGEWOOD
Well, he made it pay! Now cut out that remorse, kid. It's all in the game. Well, I got my fifteen hundred back an' seventy-five hundred more—of Mr. College Larry's. This ought to crimp your fancy friend for a while.

NELL
Leave 'im alone. Now that you've got his money, there's nothing to do but keep out of his way. Take that bag off the table—gives me the willies to see it there.

WEDGEWOOD
The money—I was forgetting!

NELL (*pointing to a bottle on the side-board*)

Oh, Luke—we can't let this waste. Larry always did have good stuff.

WEDGEWOOD
Not on your lifeboat—no drink for me!

(*Just as he is on the point of reaching for the bag, a slight noise is heard outside; he turns suddenly, facing the door.*)

NELL
S-s-sh! What's that?

WEDGEWOOD
Sounds like out in the hall! (*He tiptoes toward the door.*)

NELL
Hall! Wonder if Larry could have followed me upstairs?

(*As they both stand facing the door at the left, intently listening, the panel door turns for a complete switch of the black bags, unseen by either*)

WEDGEWOOD
If he did—he hasn't any gun. Oh, it's our nerves; no one out there. But we'd better make a quick sneak while we can. (NELL *nods and starts to the window; he thrusts her aside.*) No, you don't—me first this time! (*He takes the bag from the panel shelf.*)

NELL
But you got all the money!

WEDGEWOOD
You can trust me, Bess. (*He goes to the window and starts to climb out on the fire escape landing.*) Ain't we old pals? Now, listen, kid; we'd better scatter—no tellin' who's hangin' round down there. I'll better drop down an' see that the road's all clear.

NELL
But what about me?

WEDGEWOOD
Meet you in an hour at Billy the Mug's. (*He disappears.*)

NELL (*looking at the bottle on the side-board*)

I'll leave you here, old fellow. Larry might come back—he'll need you. (*She climbs out on the fire escape landing.*) There—he's off! Good-bye, Lal, old boy—you were one good pal. (*She disappears, leaving the window open.*)

(*NELL has scarcely gone when the panel door opens slowly, and LARRY steps through jauntily, with a black bag. He opens it and takes out six bundles of real*

money, takes his own gun from the bag and puts it in his pocket and counts the money.)

LARRY (*smiling*)

A college education isn't such a bad stunt, after all. (*He looks out the window and shakes his head sadly.*) I really didn't think it of you, Nell. But a man's pal is only human, after all—part of the uncertainty of the game. These women!

(*NELL appears suddenly on the fire escape landing and jumps into the room.*

LARRY *wheels instinctively, drawing his pistol.*)

NELL

Well, here I am, Larry—back on the job!

LARRY (*falling back*)

You back—Nell?

NELL (*nonchalantly*)

Sure—an' for good. (*Smiling roguishly*) You never can tell about a woman!

CURTAIN



SHADOWS

By Kelsey P. Kitchel

BELOVED, there are secret places in my heart
Which even you can never come to know;
Haunted forests where no wind will blow;
Lilied pools whence forbidden shadows start
At call of memories in which you bear no part—
Shadows that, mocking, watch our young love grow;
And while your kiss is on my mouth, ah, slow
They steal between us to crucify my heart!

Not any prayer of yours or mine can lay
In pool or forest the ghosts of yesterday;
Only the hope we have that all the years,
In welding our souls with love, may weave a screen
Of perfect peace between our shadows and our dream—
For secrets of yours gaze up through these, your tears!



SOME men marry for love, some for money and others 'simply because they crave excitement.



THE ideal man only exists in the mind of a woman before she marries him.

A BUTTERFLY ON BROADWAY

By Louis Untermeyer

BEGONE, bright innocent, begone,
Preserve your buoyant gold and blue;
Here, where all things grow drab and wan,
Here is no place for you.

Go and live out your little hour—
Here you can only come to harm:
The city is a poisoned flower
That spreads its evil charm.

Its brilliant petals flame at night,
Its mingled odors urge and call;
But taste it not—the lure and light
Make honey out of gall.

Not here but elsewhere make your goal,
Where Beauty dreams and stirs and sings—
The town would break your fluttering soul
And rob you of your wings.

Then go, ere you are broken, ere
Your splendors cause your own defeats.
See, in their tattered thousands, where
Your sisters walk the streets!

*Begone, bright innocent, begone,
Preserve your buoyant gold and blue;
Here, where all things grow drab and wan,
Here is no place for you.*



FRANKNESS—A modern subterfuge for uncouth brusqueness; a blunt instrument for bruising your friends' tenderest feelings.



THE longest way round is the shortest road to happiness.

LE BOLÉRO

Par André Couvreur

LA BELLE ROSÉRO, la danseuse en vedette, sauta vivement de voiture, confia sa cape aux serveurs empressés; et les dîneurs en plein air s'aperçurent qu'elle portait son fameux boléro tramé de pierres précieuses. Indifférente à l'émotion que soulevait sa parure, elle chercha des yeux Algy Sterney, le riche Américain dont elle allait bientôt devenir l'épouse. Il n'était pas encore arrivé. Elle alla alors s'installer à une table inoccupée et, pour patienter, ajusta devant un miroir de poche les deux coques brunes de ses cheveux, où saignaient des fleurs rutilantes.

On ne l'avait pas encore oubliée qu'une magnifique auto, menée par un chauffeur de grand style, vira, puis haleta un instant devant la rotonde vitrée. Il en sortit un exotique blond, musclé, rasé, avec des angles maxillaires fortement accusés, et d'une recherche de mise que d'importants cabochons rendaient du plus parfait mauvais goût.

Aussitôt, la jolie fille se précipita:

— Enfin, vous voilà, Algy! . . . Et c'est votre nouvelle auto?

— Yes, darling. Très confortable pour vous mener après dîner.

— Où cela, Algy?

— En enfer, darling, répondit-il avec un sourire.

Il congédia John, le chauffeur, en le priant d'aller attendre là où il avait dit, et entraîna sa fiancée vers une cabane rustique moins en vue que la place qu'elle avait déjà choisie. Ils s'attablèrent devant un couvert fleuri, doucement éclairé, et il commanda le repas: oxtail, homard grillé, poulet au cari; comme dessert, des pêches flambées; et, pour arroser le tout, un capiteux extra-dry.

Ils étaient tranquilles, dans leur coin gracieux. Les feux de leurs bijoux eux-mêmes semblaient se reposer de luire. Elle admirait sa tête énergique aux yeux calmes, sa coiffure impeccablement rayée.

Il déclara:

— Votre boléro vaut beaucoup, n'est-il pas vrai? Vingt mille livres sterling, je pense?

— Combien cela fait-il, en argent de France? Cinq cent mille francs?

— Plus, Algy . . . beaucoup plus!

Un émoi, vite éteint, flamba dans les yeux de l'homme. Il commanda d'autre champagne et des cigarettes d'Orient. Elle se sentait gagnée par une langueur tendre et reconnaissante. Partir du peuple et finir dans le palais d'un milliardaire, quelle clémence du sort! . . . Et, les coudes sur la table, en propulsant de ses lèvres avivées de rouge les volutes blondes de sa cigarette, elle l'écoutait raconter sa vie d'aventurier: comment, officier pauvre aux Etats-Unis, il s'était fait mettre en disponibilité pour brasser des affaires, truster des conserves de viandes et y gagner de quoi devenir membre du club le plus riche de son pays. Il possédait des chasses, une galerie de tableaux, et subvenait à l'entretien de deux yachts. Il semerait d'or et de diamants les sentiers qu'allaient fouler les petits pieds de la danseuse. . .

Ne croyez pas que c'est votre richesse, Algy? . . . protesta-t-elle.

Il lui serra énergiquement la main, appela le maître d'hôtel et régla le repas, en abandonnant ostensiblement un pour-boire plus important que l'addition. La terrasse étant encore bondée, malgré l'heure tardive, il prétextait qu'il lui

serait odieux qu'on commentât son bonheur; et il fit sortir sa fiancée par un petit sentier détourné aboutissant juste à l'endroit où stationnait son auto.

— Vous me déposez chez moi? . . . pria la Roséro.

— Et notre promenade, darling?

— Vos phares ne sont pas allumés, cher, et l'orage se prépare.

— C'est correctement le temps qu'il faut pour aller en enfer. Vous avez peur?

— Oh! pas avec vous.

Elle monta crânement, mais fut surprise de sentir sous ses pieds des objets en fer. Le gentleman en expliqua la présence: il avait tout à l'heure fait l'acquisition d'haltères utiles à son entraînement. Et l'on partit en vitesse. On croisa des autos rapides et des fiacres lents, ramenant des couples. Puis on s'engagea dans de moindres lacets du Bois que l'obscurité et la menace du mauvais temps avaient déblayés. L'allure devint plus modérée. Alors, l'Américain baissa les stores.

— Que faites-vous, Algy? . . . balbutia-t-elle, frémissante, sentant approcher un drame.

Il ne répondit pas. Le premier éclair de l'orage, filtrant par l'entre-bâillement du rideau, vint toucher sa face, la révéla féroce, avec du crime dans le regard, des appétits formidables dans les mâchoires écartées. Il plaqua sur sa gorge une lourde poigne. Elle se raidit pour éloigner la main de fer, ouvrir la portière, se sauver. Mais l'étau des cinq doigts se resserrait. Et ce fut

l'affaire de quelques secondes, qu'emplirent des convulsions, un râle d'agonie, puis du silence.

— Stop! . . . Faisons vite, John.

Le dépouillement s'effectua aussitôt. Les aventuriers enlevèrent d'abord le boléro à la chair tiède. Ils le plièrent soigneusement, le rangèrent dans une valise. Ils arrachèrent ensuite les bagues des doigts, les diamants des cheveux. Et, leur butin achevé, ils fixèrent aux pieds du cadavre les lourdes haltères.

— Allume les phares, John. En route pour le Havre, maintenant!

L'auto reprit sa randonnée sous l'averse, franchit l'octroi sans s'arrêter, puis s'engagea à soixante à l'heure sur la côte de Suresnes, Rueil, Chatou, le Vésinet furent traversés dans un vertige. Saint-Germain dura deux minutes. Puis ce fut un train de foudre le long des routes miroitantes, les bois succédant aux plaines, les pentes aux paliers. A Gaillon, un crochet, et la voiture s'arrêta sur un pont désert. La Seine y roulait tranquillement ses eaux majestueuses.

— Amène le macchabée, John.

La belle Roséro, alourdie de fer, bascula, disparut.

— Elle ne voulait pas croire que je la menais en enfer! s'esclaffa le gentleman.

Le lendemain matin, les assassins, après avoir abandonné leur voiture dans un bois, quittaient la France. Quand la terre fut lointaine, ils gagnèrent leur cabine et ouvrirent la valise chargée de leur précieux butin. Mais alors, quelle rage, quels effroyables jurons! . . . Les bijoux de la belle Roséro étaient en toc.



MÉLANCOLIE

Par Cécile Sauvage

MON cœur fut un triste arbrisseau
Jamais visité des abeilles,
Et l'on eût dit que les oiseaux
Craignaient ses épines vermeilles.

THEATRICAL BILLINGS AND COOINGS

By George Jean Nathan

I AM going to Paris! Nothing can make me change my mind now! *Nothing!* For I have just learned that every afternoon all the girls in Paris put on tights and hang around the Place de la Concorde, that the moment an American appears on the scene they all get into a fight to see who will be the first to kiss him, and that Fifi, Lolo, Mignon and the other dancers at the Opéra spend most of their free time marching through the streets of the city in their underclothes singing, "Nussing Mattaires But Luff." *Yes, sir*, me for Paris! New York? Bah! Newport? Bah-bah! Narragansett? Pooh! Atlantic City? Thrice pooh! I have seen Mr. Harry Askin's La Salle Theater music show, "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," librettoed by Addison Burkhardt. I have learned things I never suspected. And I want to remark in advance that if Paris is anything like the Burkhardt picture of it, my last will and testament will soon become public property.

Just a word in digression as to this will. Lest there be post-mortem quibble, as is ever the case when a rich man dies, permit me to stipulate three specific bequests which I have included therein. Ten thousand dollars out of my estate shall be presented annually to any dramatic critic who succeeds in going through the year without instructing Winthrop Ames how to run his business. Twenty-five thousand dollars out of my estate shall be divided annually among those novelists who, during the period, have absolutely forbidden their works to be dramatized. I believe I can show

my affection for the theatergoing public in no more emphatic manner than this. And, finally, thirty-two thousand dollars out of my estate shall be presented each year to any music show librettist who is bold enough not to incorporate in his book the whimsey: "You're an odd fellow!" "No, I'm an Elk." Mr. Burkhardt thus far in life has given no signs of being a candidate for this last named bequest.

"THE SWEETEST GIRL IN PARIS," a prospective metropolitan billing and already divulged to Philadelphia, is (so I was assured in advance at the Walnut Street Theater) a "typical Chicago show." I refuse to believe it. I admit I've tried, but I can't. If two dozen girls clad in colored B. V. D's, a parcel of sullen sallies, a dense, pervading Gothicism, a demented Baedeker and a lot of cymbals and drums thrown together in a heap constitute a typical Chicago show, then I am ready to believe anything—anything. That Chicago honestly regards Donald Robertson as a great actor, for instance. Or that Chicago really, truly thinks that its Drama League will exercise any final tonic effect on native theatrical ware. And my imagination can go no further. In spite of the fact that I live in New York, therefore, I still retain enough respect for the second city of America to believe that "THE SWEETEST GIRL IN PARIS" is typical of nothing more than Chicago's commendable desire to get some easy box office money in the East without working for it.

Revealed in Philadelphia also was the forthcoming Elliott-Belasco production

of Miss Alice Bradley's new play, "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY." Before expressing personal estimate of the presentation, I deem it only equitable to state that the piece proved the largest success of the year in the Quaker City, and that the "guests of the management" who traveled to the première returned to fill the metropolitan ear with hysterical panegyrics as to its vasty virtues. Despite these two facts, I believed that the play might actually be a good one. And, in contemplation of a sufficing evening spent in the playhouse, I freely and not ungenerously presented a fee to the Pennsylvania Railroad to bear me to the seat of the exhibition. It is a prevalent New York conviction that after a dramatic critic has given a certain play a "bad notice," as the argot has it, he usually feels it incumbent upon him to "let down" the subsequent production of the same management (even if that production does not agree with him at all) somewhat easily and gracefully. I am sure I do not know whether this is true or whether it is not. Whatever its quality, the belief goes that such action on the part of the critic keeps the manager's advertisement in the newspaper, gives the critic a reputation for "fairness" and permits the manager to go on calling him by his first name. Without the slightest desire to shatter any portion of the tradition born of this belief, I still feel that I owe my readers an apology for the honesty of the succeeding appraisal of the play in question. If you name me revolutionary and unfair for giving this most recent exhibit a "bad notice" when only a few months ago my intractable pen commanded me to give a truthful analysis of a production by the same sponsor, then I suppose there will be nothing left for me to do but cast myself into the East River or take to writing musical comedies for Grace LaRue.

Seriously, however, and into the facts! "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY," so far as drama is pertinent, is tepid tea. Probably inspired by the procedure of a conspicuous official in the Steel Trust, the tale spun is of Daniel Slade, candidate for the governorship of Colorado,

and his wife Mary. Slade, ambitious, iron-jawed and copper-riveted, has risen in short order from the lowly life of a miner to one of permeating prominence in the commonwealth. And with his advancement, he has developed in himself much of the social nicety, the know-how, the more Caucasian manner of the individuals who have come to surround him. Not so his wife. She, floating in the slovenly backwaters of his earlier life, resists her mate's every effort to persuade her to accustom herself to this new sphere. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, Dan," she tells him; "I can't change." She refuses to meet his friends, men and women who are essential to his career. She refuses to unhook her bustle and make herself look less like a fishwife, less like a sticky-haired, wrinkly-stockinged washer-woman, and more—a bit more—like an appropriate partner. Her husband, a decent, clean, sensible fellow, coaxes, wheedles, implores—but to no avail. "I simply won't do it," says his wife. Slade, with the woman a dead weight upon him, eventually is driven to urge a separation upon her. But no. The lumpish slouch, the "heroine" of the exposition, babbles and whines and stamps her foot. "Then for God's sake," begs Slade, "help me. I want my wife to be worthy of this new position that has come to her and me."

Battling in vain against the woman's unreasonable primitiveness, Slade eventually turns with his plea to a newer, a more intelligent, a more inspired and cleaner female animal. They become close friends, these two, fit and honest and helpful and worth while. Here is a woman with sense in her lookout, with clear sympathy in her locomotive—and this woman is the "villainess," or the equivalent, in the piece! (Do not omit the exclamation mark, Mr. Printer.) Up to this point in the play we have merely the story of "Elevating a Husband" reversed, the Mary Slade being the Charlie Sample. Little need be added to insinuate the balance of the narrative. Of course the two women meet. Tears, protestations and more tears. And then, in an act resembling

very closely the last act of "The Only Son" (it even is laid just outside of Denver), back comes Slade, like Brainerd, and back comes Mary into his heart via his stomach. "You always were a good cook"—or something of the sort. But halt! In order to get another act wherein to present a completely irrelevant, if completely *vraisemblant*, setting disclosing a Childs' restaurant in New York, the producer causes Mary Slade, for no reason whatever, to rebuff her spouse, thus postponing the perfectly patent reconciliation for the mere purpose of bringing it about in front of an elegant piece of scenery.

I am presuming that the play makes pretense as drama. For not only as drama, but as consequent drama, have its outriders seen fit to proclaim it. Hence this extended comment. In all conscience, I cannot find it in me to characterize the exhibit as anything other than a rhinestone of intensely feministic sentimentality placed in an elaborate Belasco setting. To the regularly-minded spectator, the piece is overly garrulous, devoid of stimulating novel situation, possessed of a juvenile *naïveté* so far as its intrinsic dramatic motivating power is concerned, and made finally and completely artificial through the subterfuge of disclosing to its audience a wholly extrinsic view of a Childs' eating place, after the fashion of the final ultra-splurge of a Pain's fireworks "Good Night." What sympathetic interest might otherwise attach itself to the character of Mary Slade is lost by the author through her oversight in not causing the woman to try, try, try with all her striving heart and struggling soul to keep pace with her forward marching husband, only to discover that it actually is not in her to change herself and that she is beaten. In the present exposition, the wife just sits around, whines, refuses to assist her mate in any way and gives every outward indication that she needs a bath. This seems to be the specific nature of her "old-fashionedness." It is due to this misconception of the dramatic values of her central character and to the consequent total shifting of in-

terest that Miss Bradley's maiden effort fails of effect. If the David Belasco of yesterday, the admirable Belasco who bears the credit for having produced the greatest of American dramas, the suavest of recent foreign comedies, and, before these, one of the most compelling dramatic spectacles ever thrown before the native eye, if this other and worthier Belasco will only be born again! If only he will abandon such Childs' play and return to man's play, to the genuine drama of the stuff of "The Easiest Way." If only he will take to his heart Théophile Gautier and believe with him that the aim of art is not the exact reproduction of nature, but the creation, by means of forms and colors, of a microcosm wherein may be produced dreams, sensations and ideas inspired by the aspect of the world. If only he will care less about what dramatic critics write about him and more about what the great public feels. If only, in the instances of such dramatic-scientific works as he chooses for production, he will realize their splendid possibilities and inspirational potentialities by a sounder censoring of the professorial hysteria that is presented to him as proof positive. For even "The Case of Becky" might be cured by the new and simple blood pressure expedient, instead of via the vastly more problematical and intricate Charcot route. If only the old David Belasco will return. *That* Belasco knew a real play when he saw one! *That* Belasco would never have produced "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"!

Much advance billing and cooing as relates to the stage of the approaching season has emanated from the dens of the managers. My faithful dachshund, Henry Louis, has made the rounds of the supply stations and has collected the data on my behalf. From the mass of promises, I have selected such as would appear to bear the stamp of genuineness. Let us take off our collars, seize our knives and forks and begin. The Liebler Company will open the Century Theater with an Oriental spectacle by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, called "The Daughter of Heaven," and will follow

this with Max Reinhardt's widely talked-of dramatic smite, "The Miracle," the narrative of which closely resembles that of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." This firm may present Marie Lohr in this country, will divulge B. Macdonald Hastings's play "The New Sin," and will show Rachel Crothers's piece "The Herfords," the story of which has to do with a man and his wife, both sculptors, who forget their young daughter in the vain pursuit of their work, and with the sudden discovery by the wife and mother that her child is more important than her art. The central idea of Zangwill's drama "The Next Religion," also announced, is summed up in this speech: "Just as the millions who died of yellow fever might have been saved if instead of looking to the skies they had wiped out the mosquito, so we might have cleaned out our swamp of misery and evil centuries ago if we hadn't looked to some gigantic genie in the clouds to do all our dirty work and give us golden floors to squat on into the bargain." "The Unwritten Law," by Edwin Milton Royle, is, I understand, a symphony of wife, cruel husband, nice other man and revolver all assembled in a tenement room. "General John Regan," they say, is satire à la Irish.

Charles Frohman, among other plays, will present Pinero's "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," the tale concerned being that of Lily Parradell, Pandora show-girl, and her young admirer of the British aristocracy. The viewpoint of the playwright directs itself toward the theory that the showgirl, with her fine body, white teeth, red gums and good hair, is to be regarded as a valuable eugenic mate for the fading blood of blue rather than as a hostile social force. Miss Billie Burke will play Lily. "Bella Donna," a dramatization of the Hichens Egyptian novel, will have Madame Nazimova, and possibly William Gillette, for its interpreters. "The Heart Disposes," by François de Croisset, is a bucolic tale of young love. "The Model," the new play by Augustus Thomas, originally known as "When It Comes Home," deals with the love of an

artist for his model, with the latter's Common Lawless attitude toward the conventionalities, with the suggestion made to the artist by an elderly French friend that he accept the girl's proposition and make her his mistress, with the foreign and native viewpoint of the situation and with the coming home of the moral truth of the thing when the elderly Gaul discovers that the girl is his own daughter. "Papa," by Caillavet and De Flers, has to do with an amorist who begins to feel that his gay days are over, and who sets about devoting himself toward getting his son properly married. He learns that the boy has become engaged to the daughter of a man whose reputation is as foul as the other side of the third base line, determines to break the attachment—and ends by marrying the damsel himself. Henry Kistmaecker's "The Spy," in which patriotism, instead of the habitual I-would-lay-down-my-life-for-you-sweet-heart, is the keynote, together with Bernstein's "L'Assaut," to be called "The Onslaught," are also announced. The latter play, to be interpreted as to leading role by John Mason, spins the tale of the attack made on one man of affairs by another through newspapers, and of the fight back. "The Perplexed Husband," by Sutro, "Primrose," by Caillavet and De Flers, that has something to do with the present state of the church in France (exciting!), and, best of all, a new Barrie play, presumably for the use of Miss Maude Adams, are among the Frohman statistics brought to my chamber by the devoted Henry Louis.

William A. Brady—his plans. "Just like John," a farce by Broadhurst and Swan, setting forth the adventure of a married Secret Service man who gets mixed up with anarchists, is coveted by one of the ladies associated with the bombastic coterie, is mistaken for someone else and is still intact at eleven o'clock; "Little Women," a dramatization of the Alcott fiction; "Sisters of Fear," Jules Eckert Goodman's treatise of the women who tremble before the ogre of age and its allied tiger pits; and "Little Miss Brown," Philip Barthol-

omae's anecdote of a young bride, an absent spouse, a hotel at midnight, the appearance of another man wearing the same name as husband and the consequent alarms, are in the line of march. "The Drone," by Rutherford Mayne, to be described as an Irish "Bunty," will be presented at the new theater in Thirty-ninth Street. "The Divided House," by a young novice named Thomas, the tale of which has to do with a standstill wife and a forceful, fighting mate who batters his path into society whence he may the better direct his enterprises, and a dramatization by Goodman of Gouverneur Morris's story of "The Man Who Played God," the narrative of a deaf husband who becomes adept at lip reading and learns from afar through a strong pair of opera glasses of the love his young wife bears another, are also in the procession. Miss Grace George will appear in an imported play that, in Mr. Brady's words, "will be as unlike 'Just to Get Married' as 'Just to Get Married' was unlike."

Winthrop Ames, in association with the Shuberts, will present Henry K. Webster's "June Madness," the story of the confidential stenographer of a millionaire who has permitted herself to be enticed in the warm days gone by and who discovers that her employer's daughter is now about to wed the enticer. At the Little Theater we shall behold Arthur Schnitzler's delicious "Anatol," with John Barrymore as the young man whose cycle of giddy amours makes up the recitation; a dramatization of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive"; three one-act plays from the pen of Maeterlinck; and the fairy story "Snow White." Edward Sheldon, whose "Egypt," the romance of a gipsy girl who deserts her white husband on their wedding night to answer the insistent call of the road, will be produced by Margaret Anglin, and who will supply Mrs. Fiske with her forthcoming play, is also scheduled. Unless he suffers writer's cramp, matrimony or some similar incapacitating affliction in the meantime, therefore, this dramatist will be on view at Mr. Ames's playhouse.

Annie Russell will head a repertoire

company of her own, and will place on view several comedy classics, Shakespeare and a *soupeon* of Ibsen. The Shuberts will show an adaptation from the Teutonic called "The Master of the House," the parable of a masculine soul become shabby and jellied and of its final reassertion of self; "Tournadot," the imported Oriental spectacle; Charles Klein's dramatization of Rex Beach's Panama Canal romance, "The Ne'er-Do-Well"; and Marie Doro, unless something happens before this magazine appears, in "Improper Peter," a comedy by Monckton Hoffe that discloses what may transpire on your yacht after you have sneaked a pretty girl aboard. "The Whip," a Drury Lane melodrama of the racetrack, and the Christmas pantomime "Op o' My Thumb" are billed, as are Shaw's British success, "Fanny's First Play" and "The Five Frankfurters," Carl Rossler's Rothschildiad. We will now step across the street for a few moments' rest and refreshments.

Back again. Come, Henry Louis, bring us the intelligence you transport in your mouth. Ah, Cohan and Harris—their projects! "Broadway Jones," a comedy by the writing member of the firm, leads the catalogue. Its nature is not disclosed, but it may be ventured with an assurance born of the experience of many years that it has to do with proving beyond all doubt that Broadway is a dear old, grand old lane; that Forty-second Street has got a whole lot of things on Heaven; that Longacre Square, believe me, kid, is the garden spot of the world; that the only reason Americans ever go abroad is so that they may long for Herald Square, and that the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia and all those other royal guys can't hold a candle to the fella with a handle that's a Yankee Doodle name all the same he is game for it's true his blood is blue hooray hooray we'll sing the jubilee and the Star Spangled Banner long may it wave when Broadway Jones his hat in hand leads the band while people stand and shout out grand: "He's the kid that Uncle Sam calls his own!"

George Nash is heralded to venture forth in Eugene Presbrey's play "The Other Man," the outline of which uncovers the promising idea of a roué who is confronted one night with his other self and of the battle that ensues between the Jekyll and Hyde elements in his being. Winchell Smith's dramatic version of "Queed" will serve as Brandon Tynan's play. "Room 44," a farce by Frances Nordstrom, "The Kleptomaniacs," by Carlyle Moore, and numerous musical pieces add bulk to the statistics. David Belasco, in addition to the two plays which I have already described for my readers, will probably disclose Eugene Walter's drama of the Black Hand, called "The Assassin," to the presentation of which one is inclined to look forward with keen interest. Three so-called "crook" plays will be introduced to New York early in the season. "Ready Money," a farce by James Montgomery, spins the story of counterfeiters, detectives and the moral effect that an obese bankroll, genuine or spurious, has on the American public. "A Romance of the Underworld," with Holbrook Blinn as the leading performer and from the studio of Paul Armstrong, is a panorama of police court and alleyway machinations, and "Within the Law," by Bayard Veiller, concerns the false imprisonment of a young shopgirl, her futile effort to win back the shroud of respectability and her revengeful determination to get even with her oppressors and persecutors and still remain this side of the grip of the police. Klaw and Erlanger will present Elsie Ferguson in either a dramatization of "Keeping Up With Lizzie" or of "The Winning of Barbara Worth." The detective play supervised by William J. Burns, which will be presented at the Liberty Theater, has to do with a murder and the tracking down of the criminal by means of finger print, and similar theatrically novel, clues. "Milestones," the London success from the pens of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, showing the progress of a family through the time of three generations, together with the foreign musical pieces, "The Count of Luxembourg,"

"Eva" and "The Little Café," are included among this firm's prospective offerings. William Faversham will surround himself with a carefully recruited band of players and will exhibit "Julius Caesar." Lewis Waller will house himself as actor-manager at Daly's, and, among other plays, will show us what he can do with "Henry V." A. H. Woods announces any number of musical comedies and a play called "For Sale" by Elmer B. Harris. Henry W. Savage will start the season with Avery Hopwood's musical fantasy, "Somewhere Else," the engaging conceit of the presentation having to do with a man whose troubles follow him all over the world, and who, in final despair, decides to elude them by going somewhere else. "A whole lot of people always say they think they'll go somewhere else, but not one of them ever does go there," he remarks; "I'm going!" And he does, the last act being laid "somewhere else." Mr. Savage will also exhibit the Japanese idyl, "The Mousme."

Weber and Fields will have a music hall of their own and will become a fixture in New York. The Winter Garden will probably show an adaptation of the ebullient Gallic operetta "La Parisienne." Strindberg will have a "season" at the Berkeley. "Partners," a new play by Edgar Selwyn, will see the light. Laurette Taylor will appear in a comedy of Manners called "Peg o' My Heart." Robert Hilliard will present a piece of which he is part author—"The Avalanche," 'tis called. Its story: Wall Street, panic, revolver to temple, hush, what-was-that, stocks-going-up-going-up-going-up, saved, curtain-going-down-going-down-going-down. Charles Klein has a play called "The Outsiders," that may or may not be revealed with the capable Jane Cowl in the leading role. The piece, I believe, concerns the maneuvers of a Western family in the metropolis.

What I have attempted here is merely a speedy hop-skip-and-jump view of the general dawning theatrical year. That the season promises well is to be observed chiefly through the absence of any announcement relative to dramas

by Louis K. Anspacher, through the non-appearance in the statistics of dramatizations of Robert W. Chambers' novels, and through the fact that as yet no manager has asked Arnold Bennett to make a play out of "Hilda Lessways."

Since the disclosure in this department last month of the solutions of several of the deep theatrical mysteries of 1911-'12, my mails have been replete with passionate beseechings to penetrate into still other perplexing enigmas. Implores one correspondent: "Can you not deduce for me how such a play as 'The Stranger' ever came to be written?" Begs another: "Can you not figure out for me how such a play as 'The Three Lights' ever came to be composed?" In reply to the first query, it may be explained that "The Stranger" was written because there are still one or two playwrights left in the world who believe that a great climactic idea for a play lies in a scene at the end of the second act where one character shouts a fat swear word at the top of his lungs into the face of another character. To these playwrights, there are exactly three marvelous ideas that they believe may be worked into play form and out of which they believe they may make a couple of million dollars in royalties. The ideas, arranged in the inverse order of their preference, are:

1. The screaming of a swear word.
2. The screaming of a worse swear word.
3. The screaming of a still worse swear word.

Every once in a while this school of playwrights also waxes enthusiastic over the fine dramatic idea that centers in the sudden nocturnal return of the husband in the third act and the discovery of his wife in Delancey Google's arms. Additional trig ideas that now and again appeal to this coterie of playwrights as being possessed of powerful dramatic possibilities are the following:

1. The wife whose husband neglects her in his mad rush for money and who, eating her heart out in loneliness, finds herself gradually drawn to another and more sympathetic man. The latter is really a scheming scoundrel at the bottom and is ordered out of the house by the husband who has not gone to Buffalo after all. "I hate you!" screams the wife; "If you

loved me you could not have done it!" To which the husband makes quiet rejoinder: "It was *because* I love you that I did it."

2. The poor, innocent woman who has been seduced by a plausible rascal and who, one afternoon nine years later, discovers that her dear, sweet little sister Angelica is about to become engaged to none other than the same man who "Oh Gawd, how can I tell you? You wouldn't understand. The moon—the sea—the soft fragrance of the roses. I believed him. Don't cry, darling. It is you who is to be pitied—not I."

3. The girl who has been tempted by a man under promise of marriage only to learn when it is too late that he has a wife still living; the repentance of the man and his vow that he will do anything in his power to make atonement for the wrong; the girl's "I can never forgive you—leave me!"; a ring of the telephone; "I'll answer it," says the man; his face shows that he has heard startling news; "What is it?" cries the girl; the man hangs up the receiver blankly; "She died at three o'clock," he says simply.

In the matter of "The Three Lights," produced by Miss May Robson, it will be recalled that several of the leading characters bore the same names that blessed them off-stage, and that the thread of the theme carried a rather intimate ring. The solution of the vitriform mystery concerning the writing of this play, therefore, is to be discovered in the popular and enormously flourishing hallucination that you have a story in your own life that would make just a *wonderful* play. Inasmuch as Miss Robson was part author of the piece referred to—ah, how one is led to compliment oneself on one's acumen in analyzing the situation! Among all the earthly canards, none is quite so preposterous and amusing as this widespread belief in what might be called the drama of personal experience. There has been no more valid drama, no more drama that might be transferred to the stage, in your life, you dear old foolish soul, than there has been in mine. That is, no drama suitable to be shown in the theater. What drama there is they probably wouldn't dare show!! And the rest wouldn't count. The most astonishingly dramatic experience you men have ever had could be matched by a dozen bartenders, two dozen icemen and three dozen—oh, *at least* three dozen—room clerks. And the most extraordi-

narily dramatic experience you ladies have ever had could be matched—yes, beaten by a league—by twenty manicure girls, forty shop girls, sixty artists' models, eighty cloak models and ten thousand chorus girls. So please don't be silly.

Still another eager searcher after wisdom. His goal: "Why the unbounded and continued popularity of the moving pictures?" Here behold a gentle mystery that indolent theatrical commentators regularly endeavor to explain away in terms of dollars and cents. If, say they in their infinite prescience, a man can find entertainment for ten cents, would he not be foolish to spend two dollars to the same end? This transplendent argument is much like saying that if one wishes to spend an evening reading is he not foolish to pay a dollar and a half for "Zuleika Dobson," when he can fill the time with a ten-cent edition of Archibald Clavering Gunter? Money is never a reason or an answer, save in the minds of men who work away their lives on small salaries. This accounts for the fact that, with one lonely exception, no rich man has ever proved himself to be a philosopher of any appreciable perceptivity. Philosophy is the pauper's champagne souse, his costless orgy. It makes him for the moment coequal with the president of the firm; it makes him for the moment a proper suitor for the hand of a lady fair and high at court; it makes him for the moment blissful, proud, contented, a condescending snob and ready to lick the headwaiter at the drop of a hat. Philosophy, in other words, is the poor man's mental money, bequeathed upon him by an all-providing God wherewith to purchase sweet and soothing hopes and dreams. Being a very rich man, I realize that, however smart I may think myself, I really am not a genuine philosopher. Probably, incidentally, that is *why* I am a rich man. In my guileless way, nevertheless, I believe I have penetrated as a pioneer far into the thick occultism of the moving pictures.

In the first place, while attendance upon a moving picture show has all the

irritating effect upon the eyes that is exercised by a drama of the conception of Charles Rann Kennedy, and while two hours spent in observation of an unremittingly active screen is quite as monotonous as two hours spent in the theater in observation of, let us say, three French adaptations out of every four and four musical comedies out of every three, it must yet be confessed that the moving pictures have their appealing virtues. I have given many hours of patient application to the mysterious problem, and I have finally arrived at the conclusion that much of the erstwhile theatergoing public has schot-tished itself over to the cinematograph chambers for the following good and substantial reasons:

I. Because the public, not being compelled to read with sickened disrelish day after day that such and such a film has lost its diamond necklace or that such and such a film has just been sued for divorce, has gained respect in one direction where it has lost it in another.

II. Because a film does not pronounce "hundred" as if it were spelled "hunderd," "suggestion" as if it were spelled "sujestion," "uniform" as "unaform" or "association" as "assoshiation," and because a film has not got the habit of playing to its friends in the boxes.

III. Because moving pictures tell a story naturally and without interruption instead of walking over to the fireplace at L. C. every once in a while and remaining meekly in the background until some "star" delivers himself or herself of some irrelevant scene that has been "written in."

IV. Because the managers of the competing moving picture syndicates do not publish newspapers for the express purpose of calling one another in insulting manner by their nicknames, and because, consequently, the public retains a sufficient quota of regard for them and for their enterprises.

V. Because Walter Hackett, Charles T. Dazey, Henri Bernstein, Harry B. Smith, Owen Davis, Caillavet and De Flers, Paul Potter and Rida Johnson Young have not as yet taken up the writing of moving picture plays, and because Oza Waldrop, Louise Galloway, Constance Crawley, Robert Drouet, Harry Mestayer and a whole lot of other "popular favorites" have not as yet taken up the acting of them.

and

VI. Because it is possible to go up to a moving picture theater box office and purchase a seat without suffering a contemptuous look, a saliva-laden sneer, a couple of disdainful oaths and, if one dares ask for a chair on the aisle, maybe mortal wounds!

ZOLA

By H. L. Mencken

EMILE ZOLA was a famous man so long ago as 1877 and for a quarter of a century thereafter there were few to dispute his primacy, among living novelists, in influence if not in actual achievement, and yet at this late day, ten years after his death, a number of his best books remain unEnglished, save in corrupt and maddening form, and many of his short stories are not to be had in English at all. The recent appearance of three of them in a thin but extremely xanthous volume only points eloquently to the field unworked. Alison M. Lederer, the translator of this trio, which issues under the collective title of "FOR A NIGHT" (*Brown*), says that his (or is it her?) versions are the first in the vulgar, and all the bibliographies at hand seem to agree. Certainly we lag behind rather absurdly in such matters. All three stories, along with dozens of others and the full canon of the Zola novels, have been procurable in German for years, not to say in Danish, Russian, Polish, Dutch, Italian, Swedish and tongues even less dispersed.

Not one of the three shows Zola at his best, or, for that matter, at his second best, but in every one we get a glimpse of him in process of development—a snapshot, as it were, of the nascent genius of later days—and so they must be of great interest to the serious student of letters, whatever their lack of charm for the idle reader and their high capacity for outraging the virtuoso of virtue. The first of them, "Pour Une Nuit d'Amour," here called "For a Night," with the love left out, was written in the late seventies, at the height of the memorable controversy over "L'Assom-

moir," and in consequence there is no surprise in the fact that it reveals Zola in a defiant, uncompromising mood. Here, indeed, he touches the ultimate outposts of the disagreeable. His heroine, in the short space of ninety-four pages, kills one lover and drives another to suicide, and these pleasantries, I may tell you at once, are quite the least indecent of her doings. Mr. (Miss? Mrs.?) Lederer says that Zola got the story from Casanova, and Ernest A. Vizetelly, in his critical biography, says that "Poe might almost have written it," but I half suspect that much of its detail, if not its actual plot, came from Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade, whose "Juliette," "Justine" and "La Philosophie dans le Boudoir" have echoes in more than one of Zola's later books, notably "Nana." It is, in brief, an abominably unpleasant story, and not at all for sucklings, and yet, as Mr. Vizetelly points out, there is a certain fantastic poetry in every paragraph of it. The divine afflatus still buoyed the Zola of '79. He was already, true enough, the Bayard of the Naturalist movement, but he could not quite forget his late sweating over alexandrines and his siege of the Académie des Jeux Floraux.

The other two stories, "La Vierge au Cirage" (The Maid of the Dauber, *i.e.*, the blacking brush) and "Les Repoussoirs (Complements), are in his earliest and liveliest manner. They were written in 1865, a few months after he published his first book, the "Contes à Ninon." He was then in his twenty-fifth year and had but recently emerged from the slums. He got his living in part by writing advertisements and

keeping books for Hachette, the Paris publisher, and in part by doing hack work for the newspapers. Every evening, after ten hours of hard work in Hachette's office, he would go to his room in the rue de Vaugirard, overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens, and there manufacture articles for the *Petit Journal* and a paper at Lyons. That done, he would proceed to the real business of his life: the writing of stories, novels and plays. Thus, during the winter of 1864-65, he not only saw the "Contes à Ninon" through the press, but also wrote "La Confession de Claude" and a one-act play (rejected by the Odéon), and contributed a number of short stories, including "La Vierge au Cirage," to *La Vie Parisienne*. That periodical was of an extremely saucy character: even Vizetelly, certainly no prude, admits that it was "somewhat *demi-mondain*." What it wanted was grotesquely humorous stuff, and that is what young Zola fed to it. "La Vierge au Cirage" tells the story of a slavey raised to luxury in the half-world. One morning, while her friend, the count, enjoys his after-breakfast cigar, she slips from her eider-down couch and disappears in the direction of the kitchen. Suddenly inspired to follow her, he discovers her in the scullery, busily shining his shoes! "She has swathed her laces about her bare knees, which she holds apart. . . . Her bosom and her arms of alabaster are covered with spots, some tiny as pinheads, some as large as beans: the blacking, as it flies from the bristles, has flecked that dazzling whiteness with black stars." Force of habit, of tradition, of caste! "She is the daughter of her father, her mother." (Observe! The heredity *motif*! Here first given out!) "She has a passion for the dauber, as other people have a passion for flowers." "Complements" is even slighter—the tale of a clever fellow who provides plain girls with even plainer foils. Both stories belong to Zola's springtime. The earnest purpose of his later life is not in them.

Why doesn't some enterprising publisher venture upon a complete and unexpurgated edition of Zola in English, or

at least of his incomparable Rougon-Macquart series of novels? His later work, and particularly the series called "Les Quatre Évangiles," is of less value. In "Fécondité," for example, the Zola of the last phase, the pontifical, booming Zola, reduces himself and his cause to absurdity. It is impossible, indeed, to read the closing chapters of that book, with their solemn description and praise of the prolificity of the Proment family, without laughing aloud. The thing is too, too comic. But the great works of the author's middle period, beginning with "La Fortune des Rougon," belong to the flower of the world's prose fiction. At least four of them, "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "Germinal" and "La Débâcle," are indubitable masterpieces. Allow all you please for Zola's ardent pursuit of scientific half-truths, for his air of an anatomist dismembering a corpse, for what Nietzsche, in a bitter moment, called his "delight to stink," and you still have an extraordinarily acute and penetrating observer of the human comedy, a creator of vivid and memorable characters, an accomplished workman in large forms, the high priest of a new cult in art. Zola, I am well aware, did not invent naturalism—and naturalism, as he defined it, is not now the fashion. But it must be obvious that his propaganda, as novelist and critic, did more than any other one thing to give naturalism direction and coherence and to break down its antithesis, the sentimental romanticism of the middle Nineteenth Century—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," "David Copperfield," "La Dame aux Camélias"—and that his influence today, even if he has few avowed disciples, is still wide and undeniable. I pass over Moore and Hardy, and point to many lesser men: Wells and Bennett in England, Sudermann and Wedekind in Germany, Norris and Dreiser in America, Gorki and Andrieff in Russia, a whole school of writers in Scandinavia. The thing he introduced into the novel was the conception of man as a mammal—man swayed and fashioned, not by the fiats and conspiracies of a mysterious camorra of arbitrary gods, but by natural

laws, by food and drink, by blood and environment. He taught his fellow-craftsman to sit down in patience before a fact, to trace out its cause, to see it largely, not as something *in vacuo*, but as something fitting into an inevitable and unemotional process. You will find his tracks all over "A Mummer's Wife," and you will find them no less in "McTeague," in "Sister Carrie," in "Clayhanger," in "Das Hohe Lied," and even in "Mr. Polly." He has colored the whole stream of current fiction. In so far as it is significant of our time, in so far as it belongs assertively to today and not to some golden yesterday, it reflects the principles and practice of Emile Zola.

And yet there is no satisfactory edition of Zola in English! Is it because he is utterly without prudery? Then why do the book-agents sell de Maupassant by the gaudy set and Rabelais in scarlet volumes? Is it because his shock of novelty is gone? Then why do they sell Flaubert and Daudet, D'Annunzio and Tolstoi—and why the new Ibsen for the newly-intellectual, in thirteen stately volumes, with photogravures and deckle edges? The real truth is, I suppose, that the neglect of Zola is an accidental overlooking, like the neglect of Dostoevski. Some day an idle publisher will stumble upon the opportunity lying open, and then we shall have the sixteen volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series, properly Englished and *entirely unexpurgated*. Meanwhile, that student of Zola who hath no French must root in second-hand book-stores for stray volumes of the original Vizetelly edition, suppressed by the virtuous British police and since grown more and more rare. The prevailing price of "Nana," in the 1885, octavo form, is twenty-five shillings, or say six dollars a copy—and a copy is not to be had every day. Even the novels that were reissued, after the prosecution of Vizetelly, in bowdlerized, dephlogisticated versions, are now bringing substantial premiums. The later editions, particularly those published in the United States, are so cut and perfumed that they are worthless. If we are to have

Zola's books, let us have them, by all means, as he wrote them. The expurgator is a vandal without the slightest excuse. His very willingness to undertake his task is proof enough of his unfitness for it. What American publisher, discharging him without thanks, will give us the real Zola? How much longer must we wait?

Certain other exotic authors, far less worth while than Zola, are clawed into English with truly staggering assiduity. For example, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Pole. After the great success of his "With Fire and Sword," in 1890, each succeeding volume from his pen was Englished instantane. The Jeremiah Curtin version of "Quo Vadis?", I believe, was actually published in Boston before the original was published in Warsaw, and during the two years following two other translations were made. "Knights of the Cross," published in Warsaw in 1900, was translated four times before the end of the year. And "The Field of Glory," published in 1906, was translated three times. Now comes an English version of Sienkiewicz' latest, "IN DESERT AND WILDERNESS" (*Little-Brown*), a story for children. In it we see how young Stanislaus Tarkowski, aged fourteen, and young Nellie Rawlinson, aged eight, the former the son of a Polish engineer on the Suez Canal and the latter the daughter of an English canal director, are captured by dervishes near Cairo and taken to the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman, there to face triumphantly a host of hair-raising adventures. They eventually escape from the Mahdi's men and undertake a journey across Abyssinia alone, to be rescued at last in the vicinity of Mt. Kilima-Njaro. A fairish juvenile, full of moral saws and physical impossibilities, but by no means a work of genius, nor even, in any true sense, a work of art. Put it beside "Huckleberry Finn" or "Robinson Crusoe" or any other boys' story of the first rank and it quickly goes to pieces. The admirer of "Quo Vadis?" or "With Fire and Sword" or "Pan Michael" will probably find it very weak pap indeed.

Greater merit is in the posthumous

Tolstoi tales which now pour from the press—"HADJI MURÁD," a novel, and "THE FORGED COUPON," a collection of short stories (*Dodd-Mead*). The former is a reminiscence of Tolstoi's youth, for the central character is a Caucasian bravo whom he actually met in 1851. Tolstoi, a youth of twenty-three, was then serving as a subaltern in the Russian army and saw much fighting in the woods of Chechnya, along the frontier between Russia proper and the wild country of Central Asia—fighting which gave him material for "The Cossacks," his first great novel, and for many an excellent shorter tale. The Hadji Murád of the present chronicle is a native chieftain who one day came into the Russian camp and announced that he was ready to swear fealty to the czar. The Russians hailed his surrender with delight and proceeded to make use of his knowledge of the country and of the leaders remaining in rebellion. But one of these leaders was fortunate enough to capture Hadji's family and that fact seduced him into a second treason. In brief, he essayed a return to his old friends, to save his wives and children—and was done to death by pursuing Russians. Tolstoi's story of the episode is sympathetic and full of color. The fantastic figure of Hadji, it is plain, left an indelible picture upon his memory. Even after the lapse of half a century—for he did not write "Hadji Murád" until 1902—that picture was clear and full of detail. But aside from the vividness of this principal sketch, the story has a good deal of interest, for its snap-shots of the Russian camps in that inhospitable wilderness are in the author's best manner, and there is also an illuminating glimpse of the czar and his ministers at St. Petersburg. The stories in "The Forged Coupon" are rather more polemical, and in consequence, rather less entertaining. The one which gives the book its title is a study of what may be called the infectiousness of evil—a favorite theme with Tolstoi. But why, oh why did the great Leo Nicholavitch take to preaching, that trade of the safe and stupid, that conspiracy against joy and

beauty, that bottomless bog of artists? Who knows what masterpieces he might have given us had he remained true to his youth? Who knows how many "Anna Karéninas" his pious wind-jamming cost us?

Now for an American best-seller—but not, I am glad to say, a best-seller of the standard breed, of automobiles, divorcées, stolen gems, society burglars and gynecology all compact. On the contrary, this is a quite dignified book, seriously written and on a sober subject: the ways and means, to wit, whereby the enormously complex and costly machinery of government is operated in these States. It is called "THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT" (*Lippincott*) and is by Frederic J. Haskin, perhaps the most widely read of all the writers now flourishing among us. Mr. Haskin, who lives in Washington and has been everywhere, contributes a signed article six days a week to nearly a hundred American newspapers, which gives him a circle of probably three million daily readers. With such an audience before him it is no wonder that his first book has sold well, but even so a circulation of nearly four hundred thousand copies is still rather staggering. And yet that is the record the publishers of "The American Government" are already claiming for it, with only six months of selling behind it. In the face of such a success, what becomes of the supreme achievements of the Indiana genii? Any novel which runs to twenty-five thousand copies during its first half-year is a best-seller; one which runs to one hundred thousand gives its author immortality and a competence. But here is a book of frankly didactic aim, without so much as a single mention of the Seventh Commandment from end to end of it—and yet it bounds far ahead of "David Harum," "Trilby" and "Three Weeks" and actually noses the dust of "Ben-Hur," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Science and Health."

The volume is divided into thirty-one chapters, each of which is devoted to a single department of the national government. After completing each chapter Mr. Haskin dispatched the manu-

script to the one man most competent to judge the truth and sagacity of his asseverations, and it now bears the imprimatur of that gentleman. The discourse on the organization of the army, for example, was submitted to Major General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff, and that on the Panama Canal to Col. George W. Goethals, the engineer in charge, and that on the public health service to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, then commander in the Pure Food fight, and to Dr. Walter Wyman, then surgeon-general of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. Eminence did not dazzle Mr. Haskin: he wanted to make his book absolutely authoritative and to that end he tackled the highest dignitaries. The chapter on the foreign relations of Uncle Sam went to Secretary of State Philander C. Knox and that upon the duties and prerogatives of the President—one of the most interesting, by the way, in the book—to Mr. Taft himself. Only the justices of the Supreme Court seem to have stayed the assiduity of the author. If they read and approved his account of their work the fact does not appear directly, for the signature appended to it is that of their clerk, Mr. McKenny. But I suspect that they were not utterly unaware of the matter. Whatever the truth, this chapter, like all the others, is full of sound information attractively presented. Mr. Haskin, indeed, is always far more the entertaining journalist than the laboring pundit, and he has managed to get a lot of odd and human facts into his chronicle. Who knows that the President of the United States, were he accused of murder, could be tried only by the Senate, and that even the Senate could not arrest him? Who knows that a Federal district judge may be impeached if he goes to live outside his district? Who has heard how the late Chief Justice Fuller, presiding in the Supreme Court, took his little grand-daughter to sit upon his knee? Who knows the exact batting average of the government weather prophets? These and a hundred other such curious things are set forth in Mr. Haskin's book. Add its official patronage, its clear and graceful

writing and its good illustrations, and at once its startling shaming of the best-sellers begins to grow comprehensible.

Hark! . . . Poets! . . . I gave them no less than six pages in May—meaty, hospitable stuff, with plenty of nice paragraphs in it for their scrap-books and family Bibles—but here they come again, a whole horde of them, and the music of their luting is as the song of nightingales and starlings. Keep them out, Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms, until certain more solemn authors are noticed briefly—authors hortatory and expository, descriptive and critical, persuasive and explosive. For instance, Mr. Gilbert E. Roe—a fine old legal name!—who exposes the hunkerousness, stubbornness and stupidity of the American judiciary, or at least of one wing of it, in “OUR JUDICIAL OLIGARCHY” (*Huebsch*). The newspaper reviewers seem disposed to treat Mr. Roe somewhat coolly: perhaps they suspect him, without reading him, of preaching the recall and other such deviltries. As a matter of fact, he does nothing of the sort, and his book, in general, is a very temperate composition. If he errs at all, indeed, it is on the side of toleration, for he constantly assumes that the gentlemen of the bench, whatever their defects of observation and ratiocination, are still always honest and learned in the law—an assumption scarcely borne out, I fear, by common experience. Just as Mr. Roe thus defends the thing he denounces, so John Spargo, in “APPLIED SOCIALISM” (*Huebsch*) sometimes denounces the thing he defends. That is to say, Mr. Spargo admits frankly that much of the Socialism preached on street corners and in kaifs is moonshine—and then proceeds to show that an intelligible and workable residuum remains. So it does. Under Spargoic Socialism, as it is here revealed to us, the individual worker would have plenty of incentive to effort. He might even grow rich, in cash and goods if not in bonds and lands. The one thing forbidden to him would be the enslavement—*i. e.*, the employment at starvation wages—of his less alert and efficient fellows. Alas, for Mr. Spargo, but this picture does not quite harmo-

nize with others in his gallery. He tells us, for example, that under his Socialism "marriages for fortune will not take place"—but how does he reconcile this with the wide differences in fortune among his beaux? What reason has he for believing that the fair young charmer of the Marxian State will be less alive than her sister of today to social and financial advantages? True enough, she will have to keep house for her husband, whatever his wealth, but certainly there is a vast difference between keeping house for a man with a garage full of automobiles and Rouen duck on his table and keeping house for a man who uses Shank's mare and dines on liver. Once you admit this difference you admit that shrewd mammas, even under Socialism, will still do their foul work, and that True Romance will still suffer devastating wounds. Thus Mr. Spargo, upsetting other Utopias, shows that his own is wobbly too—but let us not push too hard here, for Utopia-making is a difficult and ticklish business, and in the main he does very well indeed.

Tomes preaching varied and arresting doctrines. In "WHAT TOLSTOY TAUGHT," by Bolton Hall (*Huebsch*), there is an elaborate but well-ordered presentation of all the great Russian's pious piffle; in "THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR," by Max Meyer (*Badger*), there is an equally elaborate presentation of the mechanistic philosophy, with many ingenious and illuminating drawings; in "LOVE AND ETHICS" (*Huebsch*) Ellen Key summarizes her famous plea for the ennoblement of instinct, and in "THE SUPER RACE" (*Huebsch*) Scott Nearing undertakes to show how we may devise a substitute for the law of natural selection, now robbed of its teeth by civilization, and even find something better. It is a vision of human progress that also engages Edwin Björkman in "IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?" (*Kennerley*). Mr. Björkman's Utopia, it appears, stands midway between those of Nietzsche and the Marxians, for though it is filled with supermen, those supermen are philan-

thropists. Besides this venture into second sight, the book has appreciative essays upon William James, Henri Bergson, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy and Hjalmar Söderberg, the last-named a Swedish novelist of truly appalling pessimism. Another current essayist is Michael Monahan, who deals with a great variety of men and things, from Auguste Comte to Guy de Maupassant and from old book shops to the horrors of virtue, in his "ADVENTURES IN LIFE AND LETTERS" (*Kennerley*), a book joyfully and ingratiatingly contrived, and one leaving a flavor of agreeable personality behind it. Finally comes Holbrook Jackson, a London journalist, with "ROMANCE AND REALITY" (*Kennerley*), a volume of commonplace essays of the type printed *ad infinitum* by the London weeklies.

I say finally, not because there are no more weighty disquisitions and treatises to notice—there remains, indeed, a stack fully up to my Galways—but because the poets in my antechamber refuse to wait any longer. Let a few of them in, Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms—and then drop the portcullis on the rest! Ouch, what a caterwauling! Five hands caught in the jam! Nevertheless, two sturdy fellows seem to have got through, unscathed but frowning, and one of them turns out to be Samuel John Alexander, of San Francisco, author of "THE INVERTED TORCH" (*Robertson*). Hear the sinister Samuel:

What God so cursed me that I took to wife—
For surely some mad Boy God aimed the jest
That laid the ancient wanton on my breast—
His cast-off concubine, that men call Life?
Five hath she borne me—Fear, Despair and
Strife,
To loot my scanty stores of peace and rest;
And black-browed Hate and Scorn, to bring
as guest
Pain, and the pang of his red dripping knife.

And then hear the other one—David M. Cory, to wit, author of "MOODS" (*Badger*):

O love, O dreams! O cruel Time
That parts us from ideals sublime!
O good resolve at early dawn,
O broken vow when shadows yawn!
O ruddy cheek at sun-bright noon,
O pallid lips beneath the moon!

O early love like clover sweet,
O poppy-lips and naked feet!
O compromise that prostitutes
Tomorrow with her rightful fruits!

And so on. Obviously, a bard with bile in him—and yet it must be said for him, as it must be said for Mr. Alexander, that he occasionally offers some very gracious and melodious writing. Both poets, in truth, know how to make an acceptable song, and it grows the more acceptable the further it lies from the mere making of faces. Departing with their honoraria they give place to a quartette, all four members of which are safe and sane metricians, with a healthy respect for the thing that has been said before. Thus Mr. Alexander Hynd-Lindsay, in his "SWEET JUNE" (*Broadway Pub. Co.*), pipes a copious variation upon a theme already given out by Charles Kingsley:

O, I have had my day, lad,
I have had my day.
In the morning time of youth, lad,
At my feet the world lay.
My days were glad and golden
From dawn till twilight's meet,
When every sound was melody,
And every dream was sweet.
No shadow crossed my rosy path,
I never had a care;
A boy then, 'twas joy then,
O lad, my day was fair!

Poor old Kingsley jammed the thing into two eight-line stanzas, but Mr. Hynd-Lindsay, by the aid of such novelties as "twilight's meet," manages to attenuate it to eleven of twelve lines each. The other three poets in the deputation stick pretty close to jingling doggerel. They are Will P. Lockhart, author of "LONE STAR LYRICS" (*Badger*), Florence Emily Nicholson, author of "THE CROW'S NEST" (*Badger*) and Gertrude Capen Whitney, author of "ROSES FROM MY GARDEN" (*Sherman-French*). Mrs. Whitney's volume is an extremely gaudy and costly piece of book-making, with a cover in four colors, a large number of illustrations, and fancy borders, initials and tail-pieces. But in the midst of all that finery one finds such stuff as this:

Weep, world, weep,
Your mourning vigils keep;

But soon
Your tears shall pass away
In smiles before the day,
And noon,
In all its radiance bright,
Shall grant you strength and light—
God's boon.

How does that sort of rumble-bumble ever get into print—particularly into such pretentious print? I ask the question, but I'll be hanged if I know the answer.

An embassy of English poets? Pass them, Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms—but don't let them stay too long, for good Americans, our own dear *camarados*, have had short shrift today. Chesterton with a metrical piece in four sections, "THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE" (*Lane*), a hundred and more pages of lordly, clangorous verse, all about King Alfred and his feats against the invading Danes, and the noble victories of the faith in Albion. Who reads "Marion?" Who is for "The Lay of the Last Minstrel?" Then let him not miss these glowing stanzas, for something of the barbaric eloquence, the yellow battle music, the medieval spaciousness and romance of old Sir Walter is in them. They do vastly more credit to Chesterton, indeed, than any of his later prose work. His paradoxes begin to pall; we have heard all of his sopnistris; in fiction he runs to detective yarns and such garbage. Can it be that a new Chesterton dawns, a Chesterton convinced at last that faith is for ballads and not for syllogisms, that the Old Testament is a poem and not a scientific tract? I wonder—and I hope so.

Even better stuff is in the volume called "THE EVERLASTING MERCY," by John Masefield (*Macmillan*), an author now in high fashion in London. Here we have two long narrative poems, both tragedies of the poor. The first tells the story of the regeneration, by sudden, blinding mercy, of the loosest ruffian that ever was—a story recalling that of "Mulholland's Contract," by Kipling, but one worked out with considerably greater daring and ingenuity. The other poem, called "The Widow in the Bye Street," has for its principal tragic figure the mother of a felon hanged.

How easy it would have been, with such themes, to have descended to the obvious, the mawkish, the cheaply pathetic! And how easy, with Mr. Masfield's liberty of phrase and epithet, to have been merely shocking! But how superbly he evades both mires—how truly moving he makes his drab dramas—how magnificently he adorns them with the colors and lights of poetry! I myself have a frank prejudice against narrative verse—the prejudice of every man rowelled and exasperated by "Paradise Lost" as a schoolboy. But I have read this strangely beautiful book twice and I hope to read it again. In his poetry, as in his prose, Masfield strikes out into new and fantastic fields. He is utterly unlike any other poet of the day.

The remaining British bards are
 9 James Stephens, who offers "THE HILL
 OF VISION" (*Macmillan*), Gerald Gould,
 10 who offers "POEMS" (*Kennerley*) and
 Herman Scheffauer, who offers two
 books, "THE MASQUE OF THE ELE-
 MENTS" (*Dutton*) and "DRAKE IN CALI-
 FORNIA" (*Fifield*). I reckon Mr. Scheffauer among the Britishers despite his German name and his American birth, for he writes in England and usually publishes there. His masque has its moments, but it is certainly not first-rate poetry. The obvious is shot through it; it is such a thing as any one of forty harpers I could name might have devised. The ballads in the other volume are of far more consideration. That "Of the Battlefield" and that "Of the Fair," indeed, are excellently done. Following them come three painstaking translations of bad poems by Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. Mr. Gould runs to less desperate deeds. Grace and *gaucherie* are mixed in his songs. Here he is at his best:

The clouds have wings but fly not,
 The winds have strength but spare;
 The quiet eve approves me
 Because I hush my prayer;
 I know she would deny not
 Her heart's appointed task—
 I know my lady loves me,
 And yet I will not ask.

In this neat balancing, no less in the doctrine preached, one sees proof, of

course, that Mr. Gould has not neglected the gorgeous Algernon Charles, and the same influence is visible elsewhere—for example, in a resounding song to Democracy and in some of the other lyrics of amour. But Mr. Gould, let it be said, is by no means a mere echo.

Mr. Stephens (like Mr. Scheffauer, only by courtesy a Briton, for he is really an Irishman) runs to the grotesque in thought and word. This, for example, is from a piece called "What the Devil Said:"

It was the night time. God the Father Good,
 Weary of praises, on a sudden stood
 Up from His throne and leaned upon the sky,
 For He had heard a sound, a little cry,
 Thin as a whisper climbing up the steep.

He found it in a ditch outside a town,
 A tattered, hungry woman crouching down
 By a dead babe—so there was nought to do,
 For what is done is done, and back He drew
 Sad to His heaven of ivory and gold;
 And as He sat, all suddenly there rolled
 From where the woman wept upon the sod
 Satan's deep voice: "O, thou unhappy God!"

The affairs of the Most High ever engage Mr. Stephens. He is most humorous, in his extravagant morality-play fashion, in a piece describing the visit of one MacDhoul to heaven: how MacDhoul, hidden in a rose-bush, watched

. . . those dull angels drooping left to right
 Along the towering throne, each in a scare
 To hear His foot advance;

and how, in punishment for his ribald laughter, One displeased

Gripped him in half a finger,
 Flipped him round and set him spinning high
 Through the hot planets. . . .
 Scraping old moons and twisting heels and
 head. . . .

And, on the other hand, the high point of dignity is reached in "The Lonely God," a poem with beauty in it as well as daring. I do not know that it would be quite wise to follow some of the English reviewers and hail Mr. Stephens as a great poet. I am in some doubt, indeed, that he is a poet at all. But certainly he is a salty and original fellow. No sedulous aping here. The man is himself in every line.



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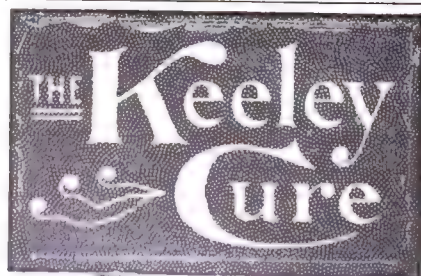
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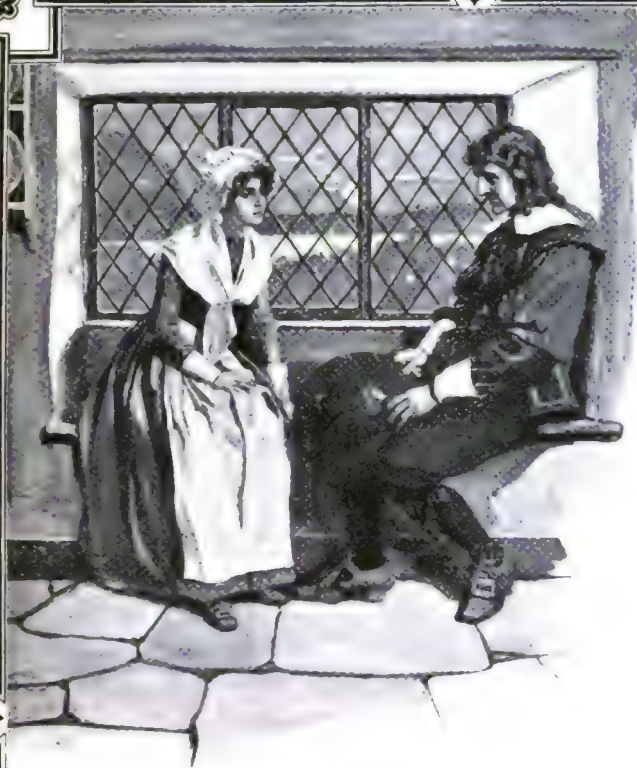
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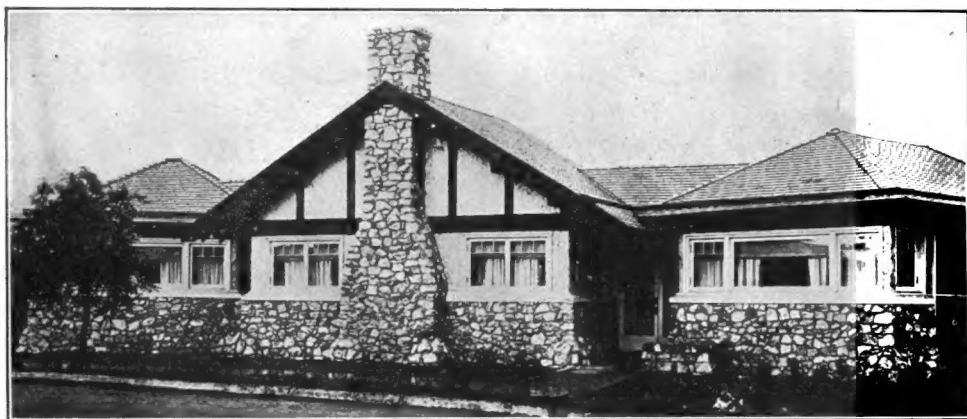
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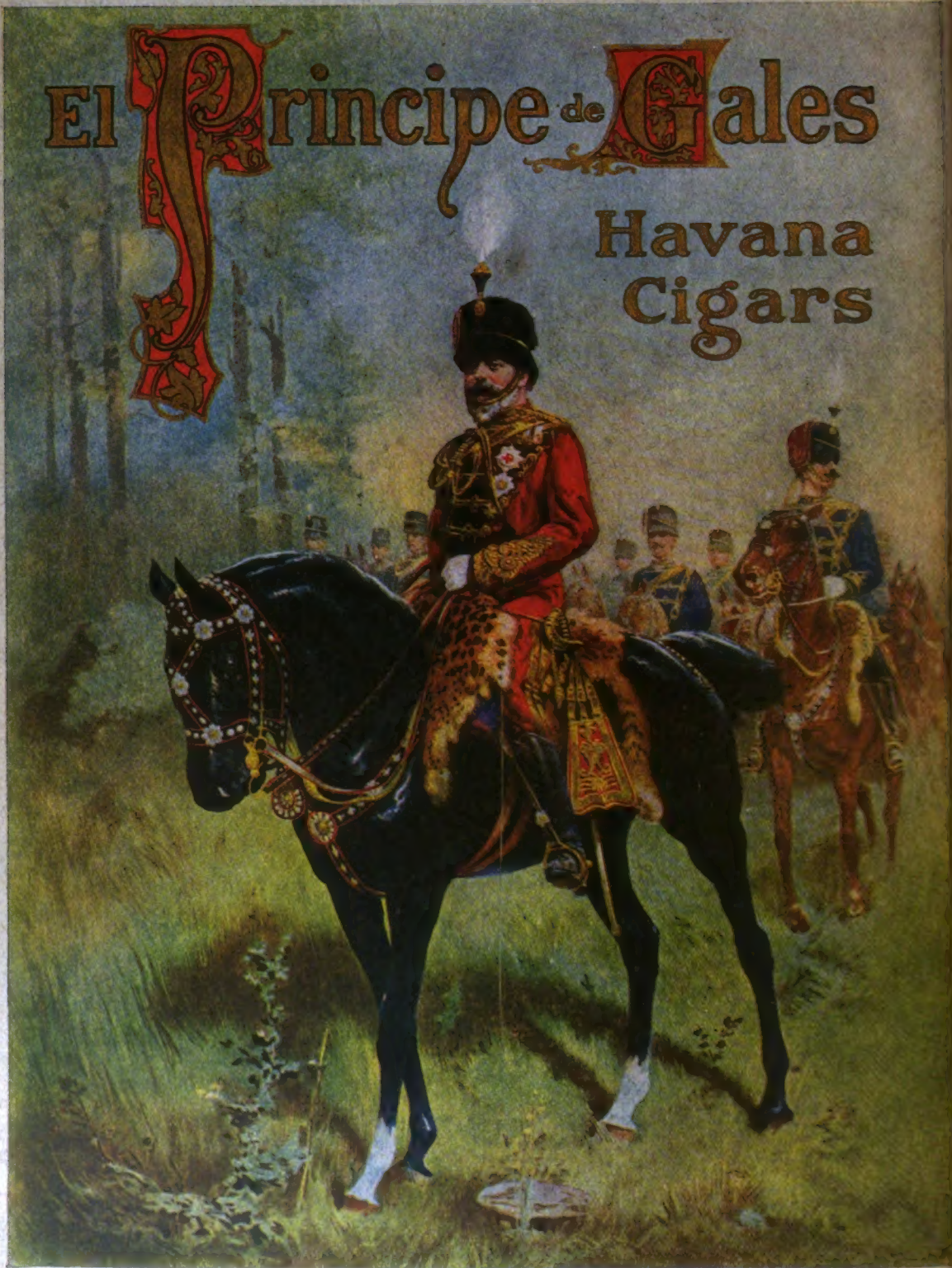
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